

# Current Literature

## A Magazine of Record and Review

VOL. XII. No.3. *"I have gathered me a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing. . . but the thread that binds them is mine own."*—Montaigne. MARCH, 1893

### CURRENTS OF THOUGHT, FACT, AND OPINION

#### BLAINE AND BRITAIN

The death of Mr. Blaine has called out the following interesting reminiscences contributed to The Speaker by Archibald Forbes:—

The centenary of the capitulation of Yorktown, when the army of Cornwallis surrendered to the combined American and French forces—an event which virtually ended the long Revolutionary War—fell on the 19th of October, 1881. The occasion was to be celebrated with great pomp and circumstance, notwithstanding that poor President Garfield, the victim of the assassin Guiteau, was dead barely a month. Blaine for the time was President Arthur's Secretary of State, as he had been Garfield's, and in his hands were the arrangements for the ceremonial of the commemorative cele-

bration. Living in Washington at the time, and on terms of some intimacy with Mr. Blaine, I received from him an invitation to accompany him to Yorktown on board a large steamer belonging to the Federal Government. In the great company which thronged the big ship, I found myself the only Englishman. The deck and the saloon glittered with the sheen of French and German uniforms. General Boulanger—who had not then exploited himself—was the chief of the military delegation sent from France, in his train descendants and collaterals of Lafayette, Rochambeau and De Grasse; the German element on the American side in the War of Independence was represented by military members of the families of Von Steuben and De Kalb. As the

#### MAGAZINE REFERENCE

(The following articles on Current Topics are indexed from the February numbers)

Revise the Tariff.....W. M. Springer.....No. Am.	Responsibility for the Spoils System.....Century
Immigration Suspended.....No. Am.	Contested Election Cases.....Century
Free Coinage.....No. Am.	*Silver Question and India.....Nineteenth Century
Gov. Aid to the Nicaragua Canal.....No. Am.	*Scotland and Home Rule.....New Rev.
Shall our Laws be Codified?.....No. Am.	*Ireland's Reply.....New Rev.
Reforms in the Army.....Gen. Gibbon.....No. Am.	*Bimetallism.....O. de Rothschild.....New Rev.
Hope of a Home.....E. Wiman.....No. Am.	*A New Poor Law.....New Rev.
Proportional Representation.....Arena	*Financial Aspects of Home Rule.....Contemp.
Compulsory National Arbitration.....Arena	Railway Charges.....Californian
James G. Blaine.....Cosmo.	*Quarantine Bill.....C. E. Hale.....Lend a Hand
Democracy and the Mother Tongue.....Cosmo.	James G. Blaine.....Cosmo.
Tariff Reform.....Forum	Lord Beaconsfield.....Cosmo.
Prevent Coming of Cholera.....Forum	Art of Writing History.....Forum
Silver Purchase Act.....Forum	Bristol in Time of Cabot.....Harper's
Men of the Day.....Lippincott's	New England History.....New Eng.
An Organ and a Reform.....Lippincott's	*January
Efficiency of Tariff Reform.....Century	

Continued on following page.

big paddle-steamer thrashed her swift way down the Potomac, Mr. Blaine called me into his state-room, and while we sat and smoked he detailed to me the programme for the morrow. Then he added: "After these ceremonies are over, which no doubt in the nature of things tend somewhat to our self-glorification, I have it in my mind to do something more. It seems to me that it would be a graceful and handsome thing, as a finale, to make a frank and cordial demonstration of respect and fraternal good-will toward England, which we have not ceased to regard as the mother country. I propose to haul down the stars and stripes, run up the British flag, and hail it with a royal salute. And since you are the only Englishman here among us, I want to put it to you whether or not, in your opinion, this intended compliment will, in the circumstances, be appreciated in England as it is honestly and cordially meant by us?" In long previous years I had worn Her Majesty's uniform, and as an old soldier it seemed to me on the spur of the moment, that complimentary as the projected demonstration was no doubt

intended to be, there was inevitably in it something of a patronising flavor. "You were the conquerors," I replied, sourly enough, "and are quite within your rights in celebrating the memory of your triumph; but I think it an error of taste on your part to pat the vanquished on the back in the way you propose. I would have you count us Britons altogether out of your programme, and confine yourself to the enjoyment of your own self-complacency. I shall be surprised if England should accept your compliment in the whole-souled way in which I am sure you mean it." "I cannot agree with you," said Blaine with cheerful assurance, "and I believe you will find yourself wrong. Anyhow, I am going to do it, and we shall see what we shall see." There was time the next morning for an early walk round the still traceable entrenchments with which Cornwallis had surrounded the position of his hapless army, and to visit the plain of the surrender, whereon a British army laid down its arms and twenty-eight British colors were delivered up in stern silence. Presently began the pageant of the day. In the centre of the great stand

#### MAGAZINE REFERENCE

(The following articles on Current Topics are indexed from the February numbers)

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|------------------------------------|---------------|--|----------------|
| Charles Sumner.....                | Scribner's    | *Columbus and His Times.....           | Goldthwaite's  |
| Russian Approach to India.....     | Lippincott's  | *Republic of Honduras.....             | Goldthwaite's  |
| Seward and Lincoln.....            | Lippincott's  | *"Ole Virginny" fifty years ago.....   | Worthington's  |
| An Embassy to Provence.....        | Century       | *Am. Prefigured.....                   | Har. Grad.     |
| The Voice for Russia.....          | Century       | *Tales of Arthur's Court.....          | University     |
| A Word from Russia.....            | Century       | *Tales of Arthur's Court.....          | University     |
| Real or Bogus Stuarts.....         | New Rev.      | *Columbian Celebration, 1792.....      | Mag. Am. Hist. |
| *Tsar Alex. III.....               | Contemp.      | *Gen. Jackson.....                     | Mag. Am. Hist. |
| *Eng. Parliament.....              | Contemp.      | *Age of Elizabeth.....                 | Mag. Am. Hist. |
| Boyhood of Louis XIV.....          | St. Nich.     | *Study of U. S. History.....           | Mag. Am. Hist. |
| *French in West Africa.....        | Blackwood's   | *Barbara Frietchie.....                | California     |
| *Mobs.....                         | Blackwood's   | *The Alamo.....                        | Munsey's       |
| *Christian Greece.....             | Blackwood's   | *"Terror" Episode.....                 | Gentleman's    |
| *Eng. Mission in Egypt.....        | Blackwood's   | *A Boy at Shiloh. J. A. Cockerill..... | Blue and Gray  |
| *Indians of the Mojave Desert..... | Goldthwaite's | *A Georgia Boy at Shiloh.....          | Blue and Gray  |
| *An Arctic Exploration.....        | Goldthwaite's | *McClellan and Jackson.....            | Blue and Gray  |
| *January.....                      |               | *America's New Navy.....               | Blue and Gray  |

#### BOOK REFERENCE—JANUARY PUBLICATIONS

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|--|---------------|--|---------------------------|
| Christopher Columbus...Brooks.....           | Lathrop       | Pol. Value of History...Lecky.....                 | Arnold                    |
| European Republicans...Linton.....           | Lawrence      | The Church of Scotland.....                        | Randolph & Co.            |
| England in Egypt...Milner.....               | Arnold        | Tragedy of the Caesars...Baring-Gould.....         | Scribner's                |
| History of the Christian Church...Hurst..... | Harper's      | Am. Statute Law.....                               | Stimson.. Boston Book Co. |
| Tuscan Republics...Duffy.....                | Putnam        | Whitelaw Reid in France.....                       | Macmillan                 |
| Nullification Secession...Loring.....        | Putnam        | Culture in Early Scotland.....                     | Putnam's                  |
| Story of Cavalry Regiment...cott.....        | Putnam        | Causes of American Revolution...John Hopkins Press |                           |
| Salisbury Parliament...Lucy.....             | Cassell       | History of the Indian People.....                  | Macmillan                 |
| Italy and Her Invaders...Hodgkin.....        | Macmillan     | Campaign of Waterloo.....                          | Scribner's                |
| Stuart Period.....                           | Macmillan     | Pathfinder in American History.....                | Macmillan                 |
| Queen Joanna.....                            | Baddeley..... |  |                           |
|  | Heinemann     |  |                           |

sat President Arthur; around him, on the rising tiers, his Cabinet, the veteran chief of the Civil War, the soldier-delegates of France and Germany, senators, and prominent citizens. Banners waved; cannon roared; odes were sung by massed choirs, the gallant and dashing Hancock, the hero of the Wilderness, led past the stand the defile of regiment after regiment of uniformed citizen-soldiers; and a venerable descendant of one of the Pilgrim Fathers pronounced a long and labored oration. The commemorative celebration had come to a close, and there was now to be proceeded with America's compliment to Britain. Round the lofty flagstaff the troops formed in hollow square facing inwards. The Stars and Stripes descended from the peak on one halliard, and the flag of England ascended on the other. As the folds of the grand old banner unfurled to the Virginian wind its "haughty scroll of gold," the president of the great American Republic rose to his feet and bared his head. The occupants of the stand, and the vast throng surrounding the parade, followed his example. From the cannon-mouths roared out the measured fire of a royal salute. The troops presented arms, and the standard-bearers, as if by one impulse, drooped their colors till they swept the ground. The massed bands around the flagstaff struck up "God save the Queen," and their strains were echoed by the pealing voices of a great multitude. As they died away on the still throbbing air, Blaine turned his radiant face towards me, and there was the flash of conscious triumph in his eye. But I had been conquered, convinced, and made ashamed before that meaning glance was darted at me. Men about me were humming Tennyson's "Hands all Round," and dear effusive old General Sherman was grasping my hand in his vice-like grip. But the triumph of Blaine's true intuition was not consummated on the parade ground of Yorktown. Two days later,

when we were all back in Washington, he sent me, without a line of accompanying comment, a large envelope full of extracts from the leading English papers, which had been cabled across the Atlantic. There was in them no single dissentient note; with unanimous voice the British press accepted the Yorktown incident as, in Blaine's words, "a graceful and handsome thing."

#### THE ELECTORAL AND POPULAR MAJORITIES

The electoral votes were opened and counted in solemn state by Vice-President Morton, in the presence of both houses of Congress, on February 7, and Cleveland and Stevenson were declared elected President and Vice-President of the United States. The electoral votes were cast as follows:—

	Cleveland.	Harrison.	Weaver.
Alabama .....	11	..	..
Arkansas .....	8	..	..
California .....	8	1	..
Colorado .....	..	..	4
Connecticut .....	6	..	..
Delaware .....	3	..	..
Florida .....	4	..	..
Georgia .....	13	..	..
Idaho .....	..	..	3
Illinois .....	24	..	..
Indiana .....	15	..	..
Iowa .....	..	13	..
Kansas .....	..	..	10
Kentucky .....	13	..	..
Louisiana .....	8	..	..
Maine .....	..	6	..
Maryland .....	8	..	..
Massachusetts .....	..	15	..
Michigan .....	5	9	..
Minnesota .....	..	9	..
Mississippi .....	9	..	..
Missouri .....	17	..	..
Montana .....	..	3	..
Nebraska .....	..	8	..
Nevada .....	..	3	..
New Hampshire .....	..	4	..
New Jersey .....	10	..	..
New York .....	36	..	..
North Carolina .....	11	..	..
North Dakota .....	1	1	1
Ohio .....	1	22	..
Oregon .....	..	3	1
Pennsylvania .....	..	32	..
Rhode Island .....	..	4	..
South Carolina .....	9	..	..
South Dakota .....	..	4	..
Tennessee .....	12	..	..
Texas .....	15	..	..
Vermont .....	..	4	..
Virginia .....	12	..	..
Washington .....	..	4	..
West Virginia .....	6	..	..
Wisconsin .....	12	..	..
Wyoming .....	..	3	..
Total .....	277	145	22
Total number of votes .....	444		
Cleveland's majority .....	109		

That the electoral vote should be

divided in no less than five States, and that in North Dakota each of three candidates should receive one electoral vote, will be the subject of much comment among those who think they see ways to improve the system of electing our chief magistrate. The following table of the popular vote cast for the principal candidates was compiled by the New York Herald, from replies received from the Secretary of each State:—

States	Cleveland.	Harri-son.	Weaver.
Alabama .....	138,138	9,197	85,181
Arkansas .....	87,834	46,974	11,831
California .....	118,174	118,027	25,311
Colorado .....	—	38,620	53,584
Connecticut .....	82,395	77,032	809
Delaware .....	18,581	18,077	—
Florida .....	30,143	22	4,843
Georgia .....	129,386	48,305	42,939
Idaho .....	2	8,599	10,520
Illinois .....	426,281	399,288	22,207
Indiana .....	262,740	255,615	22,208
Iowa .....	196,367	219,795	20,595
Kansas .....	—	157,241	163,111
Kentucky .....	175,461	135,441	23,500
Louisiana .....	87,622	26,134	27,993
Maine .....	48,044	62,578	2,381
Maryland .....	113,866	92,736	796
Massachusetts .....	176,858	209,927	3,348
Michigan .....	202,296	222,708	19,796
Minnesota .....	100,920	122,823	29,313
Mississippi .....	49,237	1,406	10,256
Missouri .....	268,398	226,918	41,213
Montana .....	17,581	18,551	7,334
Nebraska .....	24,943	87,227	83,134
Nevada .....	714	2,811	7,264
New Hampshire .....	42,081	45,658	293
New Jersey .....	171,066	156,101	985
New York .....	654,908	609,459	16,436
North Carolina .....	133,098	100,505	44,732
North Dakota .....	—	17,519	17,700
Ohio .....	404,115	405,187	14,852
Oregon .....	14,243	35,002	26,965
Pennsylvania .....	452,264	516,011	8,714
Rhode Island .....	24,336	26,975	228
South Carolina .....	54,608	13,384	2,410
South Dakota .....	9,081	34,888	26,544
Tennessee .....	136,594	99,851	23,780
Texas .....	239,148	77,475	99,688
Vermont .....	16,325	37,992	42
Virginia .....	163,977	113,256	12,274
Washington .....	29,844	36,460	19,054
West Virginia .....	84,467	80,293	4,166
Wisconsin .....	177,335	170,846	9,909
Wyoming .....	—	8,454	7,712
Totals .....	5,554,561	5,185,028	1,055,871
Cleveland's plurality, 369,533.			
Bidwell, Prohibitionist, received 270,876 votes.			
Wing, Socialist, 21,202.			
Scattering, 11,130.			
Total number of actual voters, 12,070,766.			

#### SUPPORT OF AMERICAN ART

John Armstrong Chanler's scholarship endowments are bearing their first fruit. With the spirit of an enthusiast Mr. Chanler challenged others to do as much as he was willing to do personally for the advancement

of American Art. With this challenge in hand, he evolved a scheme whereby the different cities of America should, through its patrons of art, contribute annually enough money to support a promising student in Paris through a period of five years, during which his faculties might be developed to the highest degree without having to stare black poverty in the face. Mr. Chanler purposed that New York, St. Louis, Chicago and Boston should each establish its own fund. As a result of his energy, Boston has taken the lead, and sends its first student to Paris, guaranteeing him \$900 a year for no less than five years. The first winner of the prize is John Briggs Potter, whose studies have been passed, first, by a jury of noted Frenchmen, including Gérôme, Puvis de Chavannes, Carolus Duran, and Benjamin Constant, and then by a home jury in Boston. The plan which Mr. Chanler has adopted is essentially patriotic and American. There is heard every now and then a cry, half smothered, from the artistic throat, calling on our Government for relief from poverty and oppression. The singer sighs for an opera with a subvention, the patriot for an illimitable flow of pensions from the treasury, the artist for the establishment of some closer relation between himself and his country. He would have a minister of the fine arts, the decoration on a lavish scale of all public works, and a liberal expenditure of money for the encouragement of painters and sculptors in general. The protest against this form of fatherly government is old established. So far as the arts may be made a part of primary education in the public schools, it is within the province of a democratic form of government to furnish this education; when it comes to the protection, fostering and encouragement of a class of individuals at the expense of other classes, it is folly to think of the thing. Primary education of citizens alone concerns the republic, specialism belongs to the individual.



## THE YOUNG KHEDIVE

Tewfik Pacha, the immediate predecessor and late lamented parent of Abbas, was, to all intents, a most obedient and satisfactory servant of the English. His prepossessions were strongly English. In his household he had English body-servants, grooms and coachmen, while his son and daughter were brought up under English tutelage. He was well fed and highly contented with his lot. This, however, does not seem to be the case with Abbas, whose attempt to dismiss his Prime Minister, on account of his English predilections and instructions, has been treated somewhat summarily by the Briton. The situation of Egypt is admirably and clearly summed up in a recent editorial in the *Chicago Inter-Ocean*, which we cannot do better than quote:—

As to France, it may be said that if, as the opponents of the Egyptian policy in England have always claimed, England herself has but little right or business to be in Egypt, it may be said that France has still less right to intervene in Egyptian affairs. The question involves the history of the dual control, established under Lord Beaconsfield in 1879, and the termination of that control, in 1883, by the substitution therefor of a financial advisor appointed by Great Britain. As to the establishment of the joint control of England and France, it arose from British pressure upon Ismail to appoint a commission of inquiry as to the state of Egyptian finances. Ismail's prodigality and improvidence had bankrupted the country, and in the interests of European bondholders—as well as in the interests of the Fellahs of Egypt who were being crushed under confiscation of property, and later in the shape of taxes—the great powers of Europe, acting in concert, secured the appointment of a commission of inquiry, and later, as a result of its report, secured the deposition of Ismail by the Sultan of Turkey and the establishment of the dual control, chiefly in financial mat-

ters, of England and France, as the two countries most largely interested in the prosperity of Egypt.

Later the attempt was made to overthrow this control, but with the bom-



Abbas

bardment of Alexandria the Khedive's authority was restored. France did not join in this restoration, and since then England has been alone in control.

## PANAMA AND PANAMINO

Eighty millions of dollars of Panama money are still unaccounted for. The prosecution has gone on in Paris, the names of honored and distinguished men have been successively tainted with suspicion, only to be found, as the case has been with Grevy, Rénault, Devès and Rouvier, that there was not evidence enough against them to place them on trial. The sentence of the octogenarian, Ferdinand de Lesseps, has brought the scandal to a climax in France. Crossing the waters, the scandal has awakened the American people in the appointment of a congressional

committee of investigation to learn what has become of the millions mysteriously spent in this country. Out of eight millions of dollars credited to the American committee, the accountant for the French government finds a charge of some four millions of dollars vaguely entered as for "offices in New York," without proper explanation. Had we legislators at the time, into whose capacious pockets this "boodle" may quietly have dropped out of the public sight? The former secretary of the navy, Mr. Richard W. Thompson, who was the executive head of the American branch, scouts the idea of any wrong use of funds in the United States, and maintains that every cent of money which came here was legitimately spent, and traceable upon the account books of the banks which handled the funds. The congressional investigation should at an early day be able to put the question of the suspected purchase of American influence at rest.

Meanwhile a sufficient part of the disgrace which has attended the revelations of dishonesty in France has not been attached to the newspapers of Paris, which have taken a despicable part in the whole affair. They have apparently been rapacious in their greed. As Mr. Marius Fontane, one of the four Panama directors tried before the commission of inquiry said, it was not alone the proprietors, but the editors and representatives on the bourse who had to be hired. In this way items of twenty, fifty and one hundred thousand francs at a time, to an aggregate of more than a million, drifted into the newspaper tills of the gay metropolis of France. These moulders of public opinion, these men who are now holding up to public gaze the monstrosities of the past, who are obliged to report or suppress the evidences of their own venality, are the most conscienceless of creatures. For years the Paris press has been branded for its

purchasability, and the ill-gotten gains from puffs in its critical as well as its financial columns have been considered a valuable asset in the sale of such a property. In the case of the Panama canal the exact opposite of the truth was told in the newspapers. The whole nation was thus hoodwinked upon the Hersent contracts. Confidence in the enterprise, when it really stared in the very face of ruin, was thereby stimulated for a while and the absolute rottenness of the scheme glossed over. For this the proprietors and editors of the greatest of Paris newspapers were responsible.

That bribery is not a natural outgrowth of a democratic form of government, as royalists and others in France have tried to show, has been peculiarly illustrated by the frauds which have recently been brought into the glare of day in other foreign countries. England has watched the bursting of a land scheme involving millions of dollars of small investments. Germany has had to explain the mysterious expenditures of the Guelph fund, while Italy brings up the rear with tales of wholesale bribery of ministers and ex-ministers in connection with the Banca Romana, which exceeded its legal issue of notes to the extent of some twelve millions of dollars, and has fallen with a crash which has resounded throughout the civilized world. Associated with this new scandal, which has placed the Italian ministry in a critical condition, there are also charges of embezzlement of the funds of the unfortunate bank by its directors and employees. In the chamber of deputies there were stormy scenes in the early days of February, when the air was thick with the insinuations uttered against prominent men. It has been brought out that the Bank of Rome and others have used their funds at least in illegitimate ways, that corruption of individuals and of the press has been

general, and that bribery can flourish as well under the wings of a monarchy as under those of a republic. The contagion has spread abroad, and Italy has dubbed its scandal with no little humor by the sobriquet of "Panamino," thus doing honor to the greater outrage which they were not quite big enough to emulate.

#### THE HOME RULE BILL

On February 12, Mr. Gladstone introduced in the House of Commons, his second and last Home Rule Bill. It has been promptly accepted by the Irish members as a substantial act of justice to their country. Though questions have been raised over certain clauses, notably the veto provision, yet in the debates there is displayed every practical evidence that the Irish party will view these provisions in the spirit in which Mr. Gladstone has presented them, and that the Liberal party will eventually vote bodily for the bill. Then, whether Mr. Gladstone lives or dies, and notwithstanding any obstacles which the House of Lords may interpose, Home Rule must be given a trial. The bill, as now presented, is stronger and more comprehensive, than the one of 1886. We append a synopsis of the Bill, as cabled to the New York Tribune by its London correspondent, who, after describing Mr. Gladstone's almost kingly reception in the House, and then the apparent waning of the great Englishman's powers, mental and physical, reaches a rather gloomy conclusion, by recording an impression, that, over this supreme effort at the close of an illustrious life hangs the shadow of failure:—

In all there are seven points which may be called cardinal; and three, if not four, of them are of the essence of Home Rule. Considered from the English point of view, the seven are: Imperial supremacy, the imperial veto, safeguards for Ulster and the Protestant minority, the retention of the Irish members at Westminster and their legislative powers when

there, the judges and constabulary, the land question, and finance. England lays almost equal stress on each of the first three.

It may be said that any Home Rule bill must stand or fall according as it succeeds or fails in offering a just solution of these three problems. How, then, does Mr. Gladstone deal with them? He relegates Imperial supremacy to the preamble of the bill, and confides the authority of the Imperial Parliament to a parenthesis: "Without impairing or restricting the supreme authority of the Imperial Parliament." If he has provided any machinery for asserting it directly, he omitted to say what, or perhaps his account of it was inaudible. The veto may be one means, the appeal to the Privy Council another. The veto question turns on the other question, by whose advice the Crown is to exercise it. If by advice of the Imperial Ministry, it may be effective; if by advice of the Irish Ministry, it is illusory. Mr. Gladstone has found a compromise. The Viceroy is to apply his veto with the sanction of an executive committee, formed, if I heard aright, from the Irish Privy Council. That seems to create a difficulty, rather than to meet it. There is, in addition to the veto, a provision by which acts of the Dublin Parliament may be submitted to the Judicial Committee of the English Privy Council, on the initiative of the Viceroy or of the English Home Secretary. There was a provision of similar import in the bill of 1886, but the machinery provided was of the roughest sort and unworkable. We shall know what sort of machinery is now provided when the bill has been printed. It is, in any case, a process requiring time. The value of the veto, which would be summary if a genuine veto, must depend wholly on the composition of the executive committee on whose advice the Viceroy is or is not to exercise it. Then comes Ulster. Ulster and the Protestant minority are simply

left to shift for themselves. There are no safeguards; there is no attempt at protection. Mr. Gladstone contents himself with a belief that the Irish Catholics will be fair, relies on a historical reminiscence of doubtful accuracy, and expresses a hope that Ulster will change her mind, accept the Government she has vowed to resist, and join hands with the Roman Catholics as, according to Mr. Gladstone's reading of history, she did a hundred years ago.

The Irish members are, as was known beforehand, to be retained in principle at Westminster, but reduced in number to eighty. What they are to do there is a question on which their English champion discoursed at length, giving the arguments for and the arguments against any limitation upon their legislative power. I thought that in his own mind the balance clearly tended toward the rejection of all limitations, and mainly because to impose any restriction upon them is to break with the great Parliamentary tradition of absolute equality between all members. But he knows, or has been advised, that public opinion would not stand this, that the English and Scotch would revolt against a scheme which gave the Irish exclusive jurisdiction over Irish affairs and left them unchecked authority in all English and Scotch matters as well; so he imposes certain restrictions. He referred to his own remark that to distinguish between Irish and Imperial affairs for Parliamentary purposes passes the wit of man. He still thinks it does, but has persuaded himself that, though it cannot be done completely, it can be done with sufficient fullness for practical purposes. Four-fifths of the cases are, he now thinks, easily distinguishable; and he has constructed a category of distinctions meant presumably to include these four-fifths. It may be that it does, but such was not the impression made by his statement. Whether it does or not, there seems nothing to prevent the Irish eighty holding the balance of power at West-

minster as between the English parties, and turning out or bringing in a Ministry. That, if anything, is an Imperial question, and not an English or Scotch question; and if the Irish have that, they have everything. The other three points, if less important, are still enormously important. What of the Irish judges? It was understood that, subject to certain delays and to the protection of rights now vested in individuals, the whole judicial bench, the whole Irish magistracy, and ultimately the entire police force are to pass into purely Irish control. It recalls Mr. Dillon's remark that when that day arrived the lot of the Irishmen who had opposed the Nationalist movement would not be a happy one. That, if not a sufficient, is a significant comment. The number of Irishmen not Nationalists is computed at a million and a half. Their property to some extent, their personal safety to a very great extent, will be in the hands of their deadly enemies. The land was not mentioned by Mr. Gladstone. It must therefore be inferred that the Dublin Parliament is to be at liberty to deal with the land and landlords as it likes. The hated English garrison will then be at the mercy of a majority whose avowed policy is a policy of confiscation. To hand over the landlords to an Irish Legislature would be, said Mr. John Morley not many years ago, an act of dishonor; but he has found some means of making that which was dishonorable then seem to him honorable now. There remains finance. Mr. Gladstone was of opinion in 1886 that to require Ireland to pay one-fifteenth instead of, as now, one-twelfth, of the Imperial charges would be liberal and generous to her. He has changed his mind, and her quota is now to be reduced to one-twenty-fifth. He makes her incidentally a handsome little present of half a million sterling a year out of the British taxpayers' pockets.

## THE LATEST ROYAL MATCH

No royal marriage has recently made so much stir as that of Prince Ferdinand, the Crown Prince of Roumania and the Princess Marie of Edinburgh. It took place on January 10, first in the Roman Catholic Church of Sigmaringen, and afterwards in the English Church of the same place. The National Observer says of the significance of the event:—

The royal wedding at Sigmaringen commands admiration for the magnificence of its ceremonial, and seems calculated (moreover) to further the peace of Europe. The Suabian Hohenzollerns are not mighty among princes, nor is Roumania other than a second-class State. Still, the family derives a real dynastic importance from both its antiquity and its relationship to the Kaiser; and the State can never be ignored in the



*Prince Ferdinand*

politics of Eastern Europe. At Plevna its soldiery showed excellent fighting powers; its frontier has been fortified according to the most scientific principles; the inspiration of its people is a strenuous patriotism. The alliance, therefore, of its future ruler with a grand-daughter of Queen Victoria and a niece of the Tzar is a matter of consequence to everybody save the common Radical, with his fixed de-

lusion that monarchs count for naught. It will certainly postpone, if it do not wholly avert, the Russian descent upon the Balkans. Alexander III. (you note) did not dignify the proceedings with his presence, which (of course) the Kaiser did. However, the open-handedness of his gift to the



*Princess Marie*

bridegroom, a stud of ten horses, may well have compensated for his absence; the more especially as it betokens an immense and august good-will.

## IN EGYPT

A new and strong generation of young Egyptian patriots has arisen. They hardly comprehend the meaning of the English occupation, and naturally look upon that country with suspicion. Abbas shares in this anti-English feeling. He is described as young, headstrong, ambitious and anti-English, and in these qualities is encouraged by a large part of the population, which has cultivated a hatred of the protectorate. Having accomplished the purpose for which they entered the country, it is difficult for the native to understand why the country should not at once be rid of its guardians and restored to independence.



## HAWAII

### FACTS ABOUT OUR POSSIBLE POSSESSION IN THE PACIFIC

When Captain Cook visited the Hawaiian Islands more than a century ago there were supposed to be four hundred thousand native Polynesians. To-day there are less than twenty thousand of the aborigines left, while the Mongolians and Caucasians are either of them present in larger numbers. The Polynesian, like the Ameri-

Liliuokalani, the deposed queen, is the last of a long line of hereditary monarchs, beginning with King Pili-kaeae, who reigned from the year 1095 to 1120 A. D. She is a dark-skinned native, sister of King Kalakaua, and like him a constitutional monarch. The attachment of constitutional limitations to the throne seems to have been the result of American and European influences,



PALM GROVE

can Indian, is slowly dying out, and with him the ancient form of government, old customs, traditions and landmarks are being destroyed. To-day the Islands are knocking at the door of the great American Republic for annexation and protection, though situated full two thousand miles away from the American coast. Queen

and since the establishment of a legislature the machinery of the government has been in the hands of the white population. Irritated by the bounds which hedged her in, the queen, on the 14th of January, took matters in her own hands and was about to promulgate a new constitution when a bloodless revolution took

place. The queen was deposed and sent with a guard of honor to her country place, while a provisional government was set up and commissioners sent to the United States to ask for annexation. This provisional government is practically American. Sanford B. Dole, who is its president, was born in Honolulu, but is the son of a missionary; J. A. King, of the Interior department, is an American; P. C. Jones, Minister of Finance, hails from Boston, while the Attorney-General is also a son of a missionary and was born on the Islands. The members of the commission sent to the United States are also American in their sympathies, education and extraction. Mr. Thurston, who is at the head of it, being of New England birth, his father having gone as a missionary to the Hawaiian Islands in 1820. Meanwhile, the queen has sent her own ambassadors abroad, who will do what they can to maintain the prestige and existence of the royal house. The protection of the United States has as yet been given to other lands only under the form of a territorial government, and should the Hawaiian group of islands be successful in gaining this, they would be ruled by the American president through the Interior department. A governor and judiciary would be appointed from Washington, but the freedom of our system would permit of the local administration of the country to a much greater degree than is permitted under the colonial system of Great Britain and other European countries to which the Islands might be attached in the event of our refusal to entertain the proposition which has been made.

In view of the possibility of annexation it is interesting to read of the natural products and general civilization of the country. There are eight principal islands in the group, which lie in the very bosom of the Pacific, almost midway between the shores of the United States and those of Asia and Australia. They have been described as "a cluster of volcano craters and coral-reefs, where the mountains are mantled in per-



WOODLAND SCENE

petual green and look down upon valleys of eternal spring; where for two-thirds of the year the trade-winds, sweeping down from the north-west coast of America are softened in their passage southward, dally with the stately cocoas and spreading palms, and mingle their cooling breath with the ever-living fragrance of fruit and blossom. Deeply embosomed in the

silent wastes of the broad Pacific, with no habitable land nearer than two thousand miles, these islands greet the eye of the approaching mariner like a shadowy paradise, suddenly lifted from the blue depths by the malicious spirits of the world of waters, either to lure him to his destruction or disappear as he drops his anchor by the enchanted shore."

Oahu is the largest and most important of these volcanic lands,

its summer seas flashing in the sun, the pulsing of its surfbeat is in my ear. I can see its garlanded craigs, its leaping cascades, its plummy palms drowsing by the shore, its remote summits floating like islands above the cloud-rack; I can feel the spirit of its woodland solitude; I can hear the splash of its brooks; in my nostrils still lives the breath of flowers that perished twenty years ago."

In this land of perpetual summer the



NATIVE HUT

and the capital city of Honolulu is appropriately situated upon it. "No alien land in all the world," said Mr. Samuel L. Clemens, after visiting Hawaii, "has any deep, strong charm for me but that one; no other land could so longingly and beseechingly haunt me, sleeping and waking, through half a lifetime, as that one has done. Other things leave me, but it abides; other things change, but it remains the same. For me, its balmy airs are always blowing,

ever-verdant character of the landscape is suggestive of fairy tales, of dreamland and general indolence. The Polynesians who originally dwelt upon the islands have preserved a large number of legends and myths, which were gathered at one time into a book by the late King Kalakaua. Whether indolent or no they are a poetic race, and seem to have been a strong and vigorous people until the civilization of the east brought with it the elements of their destruction.

Formerly they gloried in men of gigantic stature, some of their olden kings standing eight and nine feet in height, commanding large armies and accomplishing great feats of valor. To-day, however, the natives are succumbing to contagious diseases and the influences of liquor. The prosperity which abounds is not theirs, but that of the foreigners who have gradually taken possession of the islands. "Within a century," wrote Mr. Dagget, former Minister

reef-sheltered shores, and fainter and fainter will come their simple songs from the shadows of the palms, until finally their voices will be heard no more for ever. And then, if not before—and no human effort can shape it otherwise—the Hawaiian Islands, with the echoes of their songs and the sweets of their green fields, will pass into the political, as they are now firmly within the commercial system of the great American Republic."



LAVA FLOW

of the United States to the Islands, "they have dwindled from four hundred thousand healthy and happy children of nature, without care and without want, to a little more than a tenth of that number, of landless, hopeless victims to the greed and vices of civilization. They are slowly sinking under the restraints and burdens of their surroundings, and will in time succumb to social and political conditions foreign to their natures and poisonous to their blood. Year by year their footprints will grow more dim along the sands of their

Honolulu, the capital, is a city of some 24,000 inhabitants. It is essentially a modern city, paved, lighted and well built. It is the seat of commerce, and as such is essentially a foreign city. "The roads through most of the country districts," says a writer in the Tribune, "are better than the average country roads of the United States. Honolulu has about seventy miles of streets and drives, about thirty miles being macadamized with crushed volcanic rock, pressed down by steam rollers. It is said that no other city of its size does so much

riding and driving as Honolulu. Besides having about sixteen miles of street railways and a large number of well-equipped livery stables, the city supports about 600 hacks, and nearly every family has its own horse and carriage. A trip eastward from Makawao, a town northwest from Honolulu, takes a traveller over a rolling country, through green pastures and woods. The road is at first good, but it gradually grows worse

presented on that part of the island. Each valley to the traveller looks more charming than the one just passed. From the seashore to the mountain summit stretch dense forests of tropical growth, in places a perfect jungle, the dark green of the orange, koa pandanus and ohia forming a marked contrast to the bright silver leaf of the ka kui. There is a spot in Hawaii called 'The Garden of Eden,' and it has been most appro-



LAVA BED

until at the Hamakua swamp the worst road on the island is reached. The road at this point often consists of an unbroken series of ridges formed by the feet of animals, their hoofs sinking into the mud so deeply that their bellies rest on the ridges. After one gets through the swamp the road is over poles and through valleys, up and down hills, over ridges and through deep cañons. The place may appropriately be called the Switzerland of Hawaii. Nothing can be more enchanting than the wild and ever-changing panorama

priately named. The place is on the sugar plantation of James I. Dawsett, near Honolulu. The beautiful garden is situated near the big house at one end of the plantation. Here the Northern apple grows ripe by the side of the date palm and the sunny orange. Roses, whose name and variety are legion, are ever in blossom, and that bloom no diminutive, occasional flower, but abundant as tea roses during June in New England. The number of different varieties of flowers at Ulupalakua, the name of Mr. Dawsett's beautiful



home, cannot be less than 200; nor can the varieties of fruit trees be less than 50. One peculiar feature of Ulupalakua is the entire absence of springs or streams of water. Clouds, rain and dew in all the seasons furnish crops, flowers and trees with their needed supply.

"While it is true," says a writer in the World, "that the chief charm of the Hawaiian Islands centres in Oahu and its capital, Honolulu, the visitor is not expected to slight Molokai, Maui, and Hawaii. Steamers ply constantly between these islands. A pleasant incident of a journey to Molokai is a visit to the leper settlement of Kalawao. Here a tear may be dropped to the memory of Father Damien, and here, if agreeable, the lepers may be interviewed. Perhaps, if the islands are annexed, in order not to allow European relations to be too severely strained, it may be well to make England a present of Kalawao. The island of Maui is famous for its beautiful Iao valley, the Yosemite of the Pacific. It is also famous for Spreckelsville, named in honor of the great American philanthropist, who looks after the sugar interests of the islands, and sees that the arable ground is not allowed to go to waste. Hawaii is the ultimate point of the tourist's journey. Here are the great wonders of nature, the Waipio Falls and the volcano of Kilauea. The falls are 1,500 feet in height. The volcano is about thirty-five miles from the village of Hilo, where the steamship passengers land. The crater is 4,000 feet above the sea level. At the western end, the pool of fire is reached. \* \*

There are vast sugar plantations, waile hides, wool, sugar and molasses are exported annually in large quantities, nine-tenths of the whole going to the United States. In 1875 the United States established a reciprocity treaty with the Islands, which admitted sugar to the United States free of duty. This duty has since been replaced. The foreign interests of the Island to-day amount to forty millions



CHARACTERISTIC SCENE\*

of dollars or more, three-quarters of which is in the hands of Americans. Annexation is naturally desired by these. A territory or dependency two thousand miles from our nearest coast might prove a most embarrassing possession for a nation whose policy has been thus far strongly against acquisitions of the kind.

\*These illustrations are from photographs in the possession of Mr. James B. Williams.

## Home News\*

**GENERAL.**—The matter of paramount interest in home affairs has been the offer of annexation received from the Hawaiian Islands. On January 14, Queen Liliuokalani attempted to promulgate a new constitution for her subjects. On the 17th she was deposed in consequence, and a provisional government established. Ambassadors were sent by the Queen and the provisional government to the United States, the former asking for annexation and the latter protesting against it. On the first of February, Minister Stevens took possession of the government of Hawaii and placed it under the protection of the United States, pending a decision to the request of the commissioners for annexation. These commissioners reached Washington and presented their credentials on February 4, to the Secretary of State.—In New York the spread of typhus fever has been somewhat alarming during the month. The disease has raged through the Winter and efforts to stop it have been of no avail.—On January 30, William Walter Phelps was nominated to be Lay Judge in the New Jersey Court of Errors and Appeals.—Negotiations for the transfer of the Old Colony Railroad and the New York, New Haven and Hartford were announced on February 8.—On January 21, Hugh F. Dempsey, of the Knights of Labor, was found guilty of an attempt to poison the workmen at Homestead during the strike of last Summer.

**CONGRESS.**—Little legislation was enacted during the month. Discussion and filibustering over the Anti-Option and Silver Repeal bills have absorbed no little time. Senator Hill formally moved the consideration of the silver bill on February 6, but his motion was lost. The prospect of action in this bill was killed by a vote of the Senate taken on February 9.—The Anti-Option bill was sent on February 5 to the Agricultural Committee.—On February 7, the Senate refused to consider the New York and New Jersey Bridge bill.—Judge Howell E. Jackson, a Democrat, was nominated to the Supreme Bench by President Harrison on February 25.

**POLITICAL.**—The counting of the electoral vote showing that Cleveland received 277 votes out of the total of 444, occurred in the House of Representatives on February 8.

**CASUALTIES, ETC.**—The severe cold weather continued until after the first week of February, business being seriously interrupted thereby.—On February 1, a negro named Henry Smith was burned at the stake and subjected to the most horrible tortures by the citizens of Paris, Texas. There was no doubt of his guilt of an atrocious crime.

**DEATHS.**—A large number of distinguished Americans have died during the

month. Following the death of General Butler was that of ex-President Hayes, who passed away at Fremont, Ohio, on the 17th of January. His funeral took place on the 20th. Bishop Phillips Brooks, Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church of Massachusetts, died in Boston on the 23d of January, his funeral taking place on the 26th from Trinity Church. He was buried at Mt. Auburn Cemetery. L. Q. C. Lamar, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, died on January 23, his funeral taking place on the 27th of January at Macon, Ga., while James G. Blaine died at his home at Washington on the 27th.

## Foreign News

The Panama Canal scandal has continued to engage public attention. On the 12th of January the Chamber of Deputies voted to sustain the cabinet. Following this, testimony was brought out by employees and shareholders of the company, and on the 15th ex-Minister Baihut made a complete confession. At a meeting of the bondholders it was resolved to reorganize the company. Dr. Hertz was arrested in England on the 20th, while the summing up began on the 24th. As a consequence fourteen men were accused of complicity in the matter. No case was found against Rouvier, Deves, Grevy and Renault, but on the 10th of February Ferdinand de Lesseps, his son Charles, Gustav Eiffel, Henri Cottu and Marius Fontaine were each sentenced to imprisonment, varying from two to five years and to pay fines from two to three thousand francs, upon the charge of misappropriating funds.—In Italy the financial crisis of the Bank of Rome has involved the deputies and ministers of that country. The question of complicity has been referred to a committee of investigation.—In England the proposed Home Rule Bill has engaged public attention, developing considerable friction among the ministers. On the last day of January the Queen's speech was made public.—The Khedive of Egypt dismissed his prime minister on the 18th and appointed Riaz Pacha President of the Council. The action of Abbas in expelling his prime minister has been followed by discussion between France and England over the policy of England with regard to Egypt. On the 25th of January Lord Dufferin delivered a note to the French government stating that the increase of the British garrison in Egypt implied no change in England's policy in that country.—On the 13th of January the Pope appointed Mgr. Satolli permanent apostolic delegate to the United States.—The thirty-fourth birthday of the Emperor William was observed in Berlin on the 27th of January.—Among the notabilities who have died abroad the most distinguished is Frances Kemble, the actress, who died in London on January 17.

\*This record is from January 12 to February 12, 1893.

## FANNY KEMBLE

### SOME REMINISCENCES OF AN INTERESTING PERSONAGE

Fanny Kemble gave her last public reading twenty-five years ago. Since then she has lived a retired life, partly in America and partly in England. Notice of her death in Lon-

don on the 17th of January, of this year, called public attention for the last time to a figure at once interesting and about which cluster the pleasant memories of many who are

still living. In spite of her triumphs, of the intense admiration which her beauty and talent aroused and the great success which crowned her efforts on the stage, her life was apparently embittered by a distaste for the profession which she had adopted,



FANNY KEMBLE

don on the 17th of January, of this year, called public attention for the last time to a figure at once interesting and about which cluster the pleasant memories of many who are

and a nature which seems to have created a general discontentedness. "You say," she once wrote to an intimate friend, in speaking of the dramatic art, "it is a very fascinating

occupation; perhaps it is, though it does not appear to me so, and I think it carries with it drawbacks enough to operate as an antidote to the vanity and love of admiration which it can hardly fail to foster." As a girl, Fanny Kemble was a beautiful creature; that she was conscious of it appears in the confessions of her older days. In her diaries, which have been recently published, she seems to dwell with something of pessimism upon the loss of her good looks. It was not this alone which rendered her life unsatisfactory to herself. She had gone on the stage at twenty, to retrieve the fortunes of her father. Her youth and beauty captivated every one, but she never appeared without a feeling of revulsion and disgust against the art she practised. Later she married an American named Pierce Butler, a southern slave holder. Here again her life was made miserable. She was at heart a strong abolitionist and her peace of mind was only restored by a decree of divorce which she obtained in 1849. Returning then to the scenes of her girlish triumphs in England she met with a cold and critical reception. This soured the rest of her days. Though the years she had spent in America had been among friends and admirers, America was not to her liking;—though born of a family of actors in which Charles Kemble and Mrs. Siddons had figured, she had neither respect for the calling nor fondness for the art. "A business," she wrote, "which created incessant excitement and factitious emotion was unworthy of a man; a business which is public exhibition is unworthy of a woman."

#### FANNY KEMBLE AS "JULIET"

It was doubtless in this faith that she died. From the glare of the footlights, the resounding applause of spectators, the consciousness of being courted, admired and beloved, she became dead to the world save for a momentary flutter created by the

three volumes of "Recollections" which she had written. From these we borrow a few quotations—the first of them which represents what should have been a proud moment in her life, her first appearance on the stage as "Juliet." This was in 1829, at the Covent Garden Theatre. Her father, Charles Kemble, had become financially embarrassed. His children turned in to do what they could, and Fanny, after long deliberation, determined to try her hand at dramatic art, a thing in which she had had little experience:—

My mother, she wrote in her *Reminiscences*, who had left the stage for upward of twenty years, determined to return to it on the night of my first appearance, that I might have the comfort and support of her being with me in the trial. We drove to the theater very early, indeed while the late autumn sunlight yet lingered in the sky; it shone into the carriage upon me, and as I screened my eyes from it, my mother said: "Heaven smiles on you, my child." My poor mother went to her dressing-room to get herself ready, and did not return to me for fear of increasing my agitation by her own. My dear Aunt Dall and my maid and the theater dresser performed my toilet for me, and at length I was placed in a chair, with my satin train carefully laid over the back of it; and there I sat, ready for execution, with the palms of my hands pressed convulsively together, and the tears I in vain endeavored to repress welling up into my eyes and brimming slowly over, down my rouged cheeks—upon which my aunt, with a smile full of pity, renewed the color as often as these heavy drops made unsightly streaks in it. Once and again my father came to the door, and I heard his anxious "How is she?" to which my aunt answered, sending him away with words of comforting cheer. At last, "Miss Kemble called for the stage, ma'am!" accompanied with a brisk tap at the door, started me up-

right on my feet, and I was led round to the side scene opposite to the one from which I saw my mother advance on the stage; and while the uproar of her reception filled me with terror, dear old Mrs. Davenport, my nurse, and dear Mr. Keely, her Peter, and half the *dramatis personæ* of the play (but not my father, who had retreated, quite unable to endure the scene) stood round me as I lay, all but insensible, in my aunt's arms. "Courage, courage, dear child! poor thing, poor thing!" reiterated Mrs. Davenport. "Never mind 'em, Miss Kemble!" urged Keely, in that irresistible, comical, nervous, lachrymose voice of his which I have never since heard without a thrill of anything but comical association; "never mind 'em! don't think of 'em, any more than if they were so many rows of cabbages!" "Nurse," called my mother, and on waddled Mrs. Davenport, and, turning back, called in her turn "Juliet!" My aunt gave me an impulse forward, and I ran straight across the stage, stunned with the tremendous shout that greeted me, my eyes covered with mist, and the green baize flooring of the stage feeling as if it rose up against my feet; but I got hold of my mother, and stood like a terrified creature at bay, confronting the huge theater full of gazing human beings. I do not think a word I uttered during this scene could have been audible; in the next, the ball-room, I began to forget myself; in the following one, the balcony scene, I had done so, and for aught I knew, I was Juliet; the passion I was uttering sending hot waves of blushes all over my neck and shoulders, while the poetry sounded like music to me as I spoke it, with no consciousness of anything before me, utterly transported into the imaginary existence of the play. After this, I did not return into myself till all was over, and amid a tumultuous storm of applause, congratulation, tears, embraces, and a general joyous explosion of unutterable relief at the fortunate termina-

tion of my attempt, we went home. And so my life was determined, and I devoted myself to an avocation which I never liked or honored, and about the very nature of which I have never been able to come to any decided opinion. It is in vain that the undoubted specific gifts of great actors and actresses suggest that all gifts are given for rightful exercise, and not suppression; in vain that Shakespeare's plays urge their imperative claim to the most perfect illustration they can receive from histrionic interpretation: a business which is incessant excitement and factitious emotion seems to be unworthy of a man; a business which is public exhibition unworthy of a woman. At four different periods of my life I have been constrained by circumstances to maintain myself by the exercise of my dramatic faculty; latterly, it is true, in a less painful and distasteful manner, by reading, instead of acting. But though I have never, I trust, been ungrateful for the power of thus helping myself and others, or forgetful of the obligation I was under to do my appointed work conscientiously in every respect, or unmindful of the precious good regard of so many kind hearts that it has won for me; though I have never lost one iota of my own intense delight in the act of rendering Shakespeare's creations; yet neither have I ever presented myself before an audience without a shrinking feeling of reluctance, or withdrawn from their presence without thinking the excitement I had undergone unhealthy, and the personal exhibition odious. Nevertheless, I sat me down to supper that night with my poor, rejoicing parents well content, God knows! with the issue of my trial; and still better pleased with a lovely little Geneva watch, the first I had ever possessed, all encrusted with gold work and jewels, which my father laid by my plate and I immediately christened Romeo, and went, a blissful girl, to sleep with it under my pillow.



## THE KEMBLES AND LAWRENCE

Her relations with the painter, Sir Thomas Lawrence, and some of her anecdotes of him form an interesting passage in her life. Lawrence has taken rank beside the wonderful group of English portrait painters, headed by Reynolds and Gainsborough, which preceded him. His portrait of Fanny Kemble, which the writer had the pleasure of seeing, was of that clear, transparent coloring which has marked the works of all the great masters of painting in the past and left an indelible impression on the mind by its delicacy and strength. Lawrence had been an intimate of the Kemble family, and it is related that while visiting the house of Mrs. Siddons, Fanny Kemble's aunt, Lawrence proposed marriage to Mrs. Siddons's eldest daughter.

Before long, however, we are told, he became deeply dejected, moody, restless, and evidently extremely and unaccountably wretched. Violent scenes of the most painful emotion, of which the cause was inexplicable and incomprehensible, took place repeatedly between himself and Mrs. Siddons, to whom he finally, in a paroxysm of self-abandoned misery, confessed that he had mistaken his own feelings, and that her younger daughter, and not the elder was the real object of his affection, and ended by imploring permission to transfer his addresses from the one to the other sister. How this extraordinary change was accomplished I know not; but only that it took place, and that Maria Siddons became engaged to her sister's faithless lover. To neither of them, however, was he destined ever to be united; they were both exceedingly delicate young women, with a tendency to consumption, which was probably developed and accelerated in its progress in no small measure by all the bitterness and complicated difficulties of this disastrous double courtship. Maria, the youngest, an exceedingly beautiful girl, died first, and on her death-bed exacted from

her sister a promise that she would never become Lawrence's wife; the promise was given, and she died, and had not lain long in her untimely grave when her sister was laid in it beside her. The death of these two lovely and amiable women broke off all connection between Sir Thomas Lawrence and my aunt, and from that time they never saw or had any intercourse with each other.

Again Mrs. Kemble wrote:—

Sir Thomas Lawrence's enthusiastically expressed admiration for me, his constant kindness, his sympathy in my success, and the warm interest he took in everything that concerned me, might only have inspired me with a grateful sense of his condescension and goodness. But I was a very romantic girl, with a most excitable imagination, and such was to me the melancholy charm of Lawrence's countenance, the elegant distinction of his person, and exquisitely refined gentleness of his voice and manner, that a very dangerous fascination was added to my sense of gratitude for all his personal kindness to me, and my admiration for his genius; and I think it not at all unlikely that, had our intercourse continued, and had I sat to him for the projected portrait of Juliet, in spite of the forty years' difference in our ages, and my knowledge of his disastrous relations with my cousins, I should have become in love with him myself, and have been the fourth member of our family whose life he would have disturbed and embittered.

## WAS SHE BEAUTIFUL?

Lawrence's portrait makes Fanny Kemble a beautiful woman. It was, however, a characteristic of his facile brush to interpret a likeness in such a way as to give it beauty where little or none ordinarily existed. Miss Kemble herself says of her own appearance as a girl, after a siege of the small-pox:—

I was but a little over sixteen, a very pretty-looking girl, with fine eyes, teeth, and hair, a clear, vivid complexion, and rather good features.

The small-pox did not affect my three advantages first named, but, besides marking my face very perceptibly, it rendered my complexion thick and muddy and my features heavy and coarse, leaving me so moderate a share of good looks as quite to warrant my mother's satisfaction in saying, when I went on the stage, "Well, my dear, they can't say we have brought you out to exhibit your beauty." Plain I certainly was, but I by no means always looked so; and so great was the variation of my appearance at different times, that my comical old friend, Mrs. Fitzhugh, once exclaimed, "Fanny Kemble, you are the ugliest and the handsomest woman in London!" And I am sure, if a collection were made of the numerous portraits that have been taken of me, nobody would ever guess any two of them to be likenesses of the same person.

A recent writer sums up the question of her beauty in these words:—

She had none of the stately elegance that seemed almost the birthright of her family. She was petite and occasionally awkward. At an early age the small-pox had robbed her of an exquisite complexion. But she had magnificent eyes, and a face of extraordinary mobility. When she rose to the height of some great argument, she looked inspired, she assumed a commanding majesty, she seemed a thing of strange and weird fascination.

#### AMERICAN RECOLLECTIONS

During her various sojourns in America, Miss Kemble resided in the South on a Georgia plantation, later at Germantown, Pa., and at Lenox, Mass., where she had many friends. Recalling her personality, a writer in the *Boston Transcript* who knew her, says of her readings from Shakespeare, which she took up after she left the stage:—

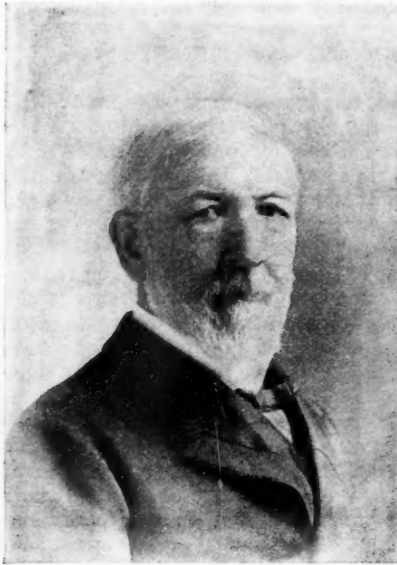
Mrs. Kemble read free from all self-consciousness, and impelled, as it were, by the overmastering spirit of her great master to utter his thoughts, to pro-

duce again in life his characters, to pour out all the wealth of his great imagination, of his profound wisdom, his fancy, wit, and creative genius, before an enchanted, captivated audience. To this idealized utterance was added the expression and power and sentiment of her remarkable countenance. Her face had the elements of great beauty. But above all, her face had the greatest power of expression, and added great emphasis to her speech; more so, perhaps, in conversation than in her readings, where her general expression, except in the more tragic parts, was one of dignified calm, as if Shakespeare's own words, well uttered, could not be enforced or brought home to the mind by any added extrinsic charm. She used little or no gesture. Though of course she knew the plays of Shakespeare by heart, her book was always before her, and she apparently constantly read from it. This gave force to the frequent emphatic and finer passages, in which she would lift up her countenance and bring the audience under the charm of the exquisite tones of her voice and the vivid expressions of her remarkable face. After her separation from her husband her means became narrow and insufficient for her comfortable support. It was suggested that public readings might be given with profit, and she began the experiment in Boston, with the greatest success. The pecuniary result might have been much larger, had she consented to the ordinary arrangements for public entertainments; but she would not read in any hall holding more than four or five hundred people, saying that was as large an audience as she could keep under her full power and influence. She seemed to read for Shakespeare's glory, not her own. Of course she enjoyed her success, but it was the happiness of success in his service. She had herself the egotism of genius, but none of its vanity. She was very genuine, and incapable of doing anything for effect.

## BIOGRAPHY

### ANECDOTES OF BLAINE

The opening weeks of 1893 will long be remembered for the number of distinguished persons, notably in public life, who have been carried off by death. In quick succession we have lost Butler, Hayes, Blaine, Lamar, Phillips Brooks and others



*James G. Blaine*

*From a photograph by Sarony*

only less well-known. To give an adequate picture of Blaine, in many respects the most picturesque figure of our day, would alone require a whole number of this magazine, and we shall content ourselves with a few anecdotes illustrative of different feat-

ures of his career collected and condensed from the press reports:—

An old school-mate of Blaine says that he was a favorite among the scholars. When the teacher would give some hard questions in mental arithmetic all the children would fail to answer, but when it came to Jim Blaine he would tell it right off. Then Blaine would turn to the others and say, "Why don't you learn something?" Young Jim used to like to look on and laugh while the other boys battered each other, and he often raised a row among the other boys and watched it. One day, as a school friend was coming along the road, he found to his surprise that Jim had actually gone into a fight himself. One Tom McBride was his antagonist. Tom had Jim down and was sitting across his breast, pounding away at him. "Tom," said the newcomer, "what are you doing?" "I am going to lick Jim Blaine until he cries 'Enough.'" "Say 'Enough,' Jim, say 'Enough,'" said the mutual friend of the combatants. "Don't be lying there and taking a beating for nothing." "By Jingo," said Blaine, "I will never say it if I lie here forever." At that the third boy pulled off McBride and that ended the fight. Blaine is said to have been the most popular boy in his class at college. He was the arbiter among younger boys in all their disputes and the authority with those of his own age on all questions. He was always for the under dog in the fight. Like most college boys he had his nickname and it clung to him all through his college

### BOOK REFERENCE—JANUARY PUBLICATIONS

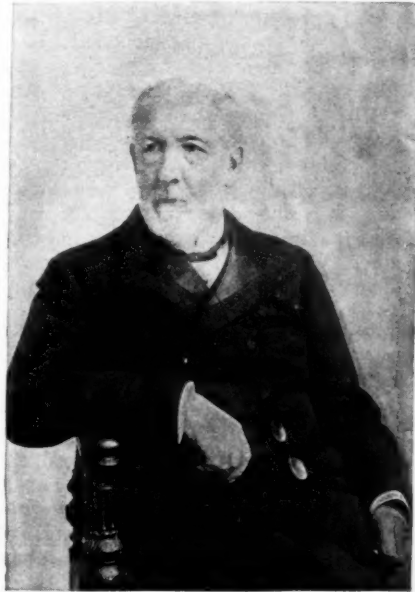
Family Life of Heinrich Heine.....Cassell  
Life of Whittier.....Lathrop  
Dean Swift's Writings.....Scribner's  
Life of Cervantes.....Chapman & Hall

Charles Darwin.....A. Darwin.....Appleton  
Victor Hugo.....Nichol.....Macmillan  
Eminent Persons.....Macmillan  
Walter Savage Landor.....Crump.....Macmillan

life. He was called "Nosey Blaine." When Blaine became a teacher he was most popular with his boys. He called them all by their "given names." The town of Washington, Pa., was full of pleasant recollections to James G. Blaine. Everybody called him "Jim" when he was a boy and they continued to call him by that name after he became famous. Blaine's first sweetheart was one of the prettiest girls in town. James P. Boyd, an old friend, tells several stories of his boyhood. He learned his lessons with little effort, and had plenty of time to invent plans to amuse himself at the expense of others. It was summer and blackberries were ripe. There was a great patch near the school-house. Jim, as Mrs. Dorsey, his teacher, called him, used to revel among the fruit; and, after he had filled himself, would gather a supply with which to play in school. The dozing scholars became objects of his aim, and they were awakened by a well directed berry from Jim's bountiful supply, much to the amusement of the entire school. The teacher reprimanded Jim, forbade him to enter the patch, and tried to frighten him by telling him it was full of copperhead snakes. She utterly failed in her object, for the next day Jim came loaded for a fresh bombardment. It was a hot day and the teacher herself fell asleep. Jim took aim and landed a blackberry on the point of her nose. She awakened suddenly and irately. Instinct told her whence the missile had come, and she summoned the culprit before her. "Did you shoot that berry?" she demanded angrily. No response came, but Jim's downcast features suddenly lighted up with a smile. "Did you shoot that berry?" she again fiercely demanded. "No'm," replied Jim, "I shot you!" Mrs. Dorsey would have laughed outright, but fearing a loss of dignity and influence in the school she drew the offender across her lap and administered proper punishment with a book.

Of Blaine as an editor, an old associate said:—

Mr. Blaine was very fond of his newspaper work. He was one of the fastest writers I ever knew, and he would frequently choose a subject a short time before the paper went to press and dash off a brilliant editorial in a few minutes. Mr. Blaine was very fond of going into newspaper offices in his earlier years, and whenever he had anything to communicate would usually write the matter himself. I have often seen



*James G. Blaine*

*From a photograph by Sarceny*

him sit down at a reporter's desk and examine the paraphernalia upon it with great interest. He had an intimate knowledge of newspaper methods, and appreciated the fact that Sunday night was a good time to give out important news, owing to the slackness of routine matters on that day.

An old newspaper man in Washington says:—

My first experience with Mr. Blaine was when, as correspondent for a Western paper, I endeavored to get him to withdraw from the official reporters of the House a speech which he had made, in order that I might make an abstract of it. "How much of this do you want to use?" Mr. Blaine asked. I replied that I thought I would send about half of it. "Then I will make an abstract myself," said he, "reducing it one-half. I do not doubt your skill, but I want this speech boiled down by its friends."

An incident illustrates his love of music, and his impressible nature:—

Mr. Blaine's love of music was well known to his friends. It was a passion. With the frankness of a boy, he said: "I don't know anything about music, but I love it. I even enjoy a jews-harp, and the music of every hand-organ in the street is sweet to me." It was not strange, therefore, that during Mr. Blaine's illness there was heard before the mansion the strains of the hand-organ in the early twilight of every day. People wondered, but felt the indescribable pathos of the dying statesman's love of music, which to the last found pleasure in the simple music of the street. But Mr. Blaine appreciated and enjoyed the finest and grandest music, either in opera or concert. He might well be called a great opera-goer, and he seldom missed a concert when it was possible to go. He would sit through as if entranced by the power of music. Perhaps Remenyi, the violinist, never had so great a compliment in his life as on one occasion in Washington, when Mr. Blaine kept him playing until long after midnight. It was at the home of Colonel Robert Ingersoll, Remenyi played through a little informal programme. Before it was half completed the violinist knew that the most delighted person in the drawing-room was Mr. Blaine. Mr. Blaine's appreciation and pleasure made Remenyi's inspiration, and he played as if inspired. After the

little programme it was anything and everything—now something grand from an opera, then some sweet home song. Mr. Blaine's face was aglow with light and feeling. He sat enraptured by the music, and wholly unconscious that the violinist and himself were the central figures in a picture which can never be forgotten by the little company grouped around them. At half-past eleven o'clock the spell was broken. Mrs. Blaine thought it time to go home. Their carriage was called, and they said "good-night." Not more than fifteen minutes after their departure, Mr. Blaine came into the drawing-room. He had taken Mrs. Blaine home, and had returned, as he said, to "hear another piece." That settled it for a dozen others who still lingered, and whose pleasure had been heightened by Mr. Blaine's delight. Remenyi took up his violin and played "another piece," and went on playing "another piece." The Ingersolls are a musical family. Mr. Blaine felt the sympathetic atmosphere. When he did not suggest "another piece" the host did. Finally it was, as Colonel Ingersoll said, two o'clock in the morning when Remenyi laid aside his violin and wound up Mr. Blaine's musicale.

In conclusion we give Mr. Depew's version of the Burchard incident:—

The day of the Burchard incident—and accident—I was speaking in the western part of the State, and received a telegram from him requesting me to break my engagement and come to New York at once. I arrived the following morning and just in time to find him leaving on an early train for a speaking tour through Connecticut. He said: "I propose that you shall do all the principal talking to-day. Something happened yesterday that made me distrust everybody except people whom I thoroughly know." And then he told me of the Burchard incident. I said: "Mr. Blaine, why didn't you check him or correct him?" He said: "The fact is, I was tired out and exhausted with continuous calls



of all kinds. The manager of the meeting came to the door of my room in the Fifth Avenue Hotel and announced that this body of clergymen were waiting for me in the rotunda. I had forgotten the time of their proposed call and had made no preparations for it. While Dr. Burchard was speaking my only anxiety was that he should keep it up until I could prepare, in my own mind, a suitable address for the peculiar audience which had assembled. I was so absorbed in the concentration necessary for this preparation, that I never heard a word that Dr. Burchard said. The first I knew of it was after I returned to my room and the meeting was over, and then it was too late to do anything. The same question was propounded then as you have asked me this morning; and it is about that I want to consult you. Is not a correction quite as likely to do as much harm as good? Burchard has offended one class of citizens—is not a correction as likely equally to offend another class?"

#### PHILLIPS BROOKS

Bishop Phillips Brooks died at Boston on January 23, after a short illness. Bishop Brooks was by birth, taste, training and life-work, a typical New Englander. He was born in Boston, December 13, 1835, and in due course was graduated at Harvard in the class of 1855. Having pursued his theological studies at the Episcopal Seminary at Alexandria, Virginia, he was settled in Philadelphia in the year 1859. After ten years in that city, first in the Church of the Advent and later in the Church of the Holy Trinity, he was summoned in 1869 to Boston as Rector of Trinity Church, with which organization his name and fame are chiefly associated. After the great fire of 1872, Trinity Church was rebuilt by the late H. H. Richardson, and is now looked upon as the foremost ecclesiastical building in America. In 1891, not without

strong opposition from the ritualists, Dr. Brooks was elected Bishop of Massachusetts. He was preëminently a preacher, and his fine presence, his liberal views, his surging eloquence, and his broad humanity attached to him not only his own congregation, but all who came under the influence



*Bishop Brooks*

of the man. The Christian Union pays this appreciative tribute to his memory:—

The death of Bishop Brooks is so personal a loss that it is difficult to write of him and his work with calmness. He was a great preacher because he was a great soul. His death is like the sudden disappearance of a familiar spring whereat we have been accustomed to quench our thirst; like the going out of a star which has been a light and a companion to a lonely watcher. He was great in just those elements which this critical and analytical age most needs—the spiritual and the synthetic. The world alternates between pulling its tools and toys to pieces to see how they are made, and lamenting because they are gone. Dr. Brooks was perceptive and constructive, saw with

a spiritual vision and reported what he saw; was a messenger and a witness; was rich in all the elements of a noble life, and out of his richness imparted to others. Yet was he wholly free from the natural unsoundnesses of reaction against scholasticism, from the fads and fancies and visionariness of an imagination not sobered and restrained by experience and observation. He was not the less sane because he was spiritual. Never did any age more need such a man. His physical endurance seemed to know no fatigue; fast as his fires burned within him, he never appeared as one exhausted, and came from his pulpit as fresh as he went into it. His sympathies realized the experiences of all sorts and conditions of men; he was equally in touch with the scholar and the wage-earner, the recluse and the man of affairs, the experienced grandsire and the little child; and they were equally at home with him. He gave the same message, clothed in the same language, to his morning congregation—the wealthiest and most cultured of Boston—and to his afternoon or evening congregation of clerks and shop-girls; and the one congregation listened as eagerly as the other, and was as much comforted and strengthened. He was incapable of stooping to the poor and the humble, for in the poorest and the humblest he saw a child of God, and revered the nascent divinity. He lived in the eternal world, and knew no other; not because he was foreign to the world that now is, but because the world that now is was to him so thoroughly the eternal world, and all that is not eternal was as if it were not. His courage was so naïve that one could scarcely call it courage; he simply knew no other way but to be true to himself and so true to God. Never was man less professional than he, yet he gave himself wholly to his chosen work of preaching; refused all invitations from lecture fields and literary periodicals; brought all his treasures of mind and heart to enrich

his message of faith and hope and love. He possessed a subtle, suggestive imagination, but never used it for mere frescoes; a great heart and an overflowing sympathy, but never employed them for dramatic effect. He violated all rules of elocution, and won his preëminence as a pulpit orator by self-sacrifice. His message to the world was a simple one. Asked by a friend what sermon he was going to preach in Westminster Abbey, he replied, "Sermon! I have but one." And this was profoundly true. With infinite variety of form, he always repeated the same message: "I have come that ye might have life, and might have it more abundantly." Rarely did he preach a sermon that the word abundance did not occur in it. This largeness of his life was the secret of his catholicity. Some men there are who belittle creeds—"No matter what you believe;" and rituals—"Work is the truest worship;" and organizations—"One can be as good a Christian outside the Church as within it." Not such was the breadth of Dr. Brooks. He saw some spiritual faith beneath all creeds; some devout worship expressing itself in all rituals; some sincere loyalty in all ecclesiastical organizations. And he sought to lead men to the largest, fullest creed, to the ritual that most truly and fully uttered their own spiritual life, to the order in which they could most loyally serve the master. It was this that made him—loyal as he always was to the Church he loved and lived in and labored with—equally ready to unite with Congregationalists and with high ritualists in public worship, ready to give the benediction of his presence to the ordination service of a non-episcopally ordained minister, as he would have been, if asked, to that of a Roman Catholic priest. Such a life as his is not less a protest against the breadth of an unspiritual and impoverished life than against the narrowness of a life that is egotistical and self-conceited. It is difficult to conceive that any man could have known

Phillips Brooks and not been better for the knowledge. For to know him was to know, not only a good and great man, whose greatness was in his righteousness of body, mind, and spirit, but it was also to know that God is in his children upon the earth, and that there is, or may be, in them the power of an endless life.

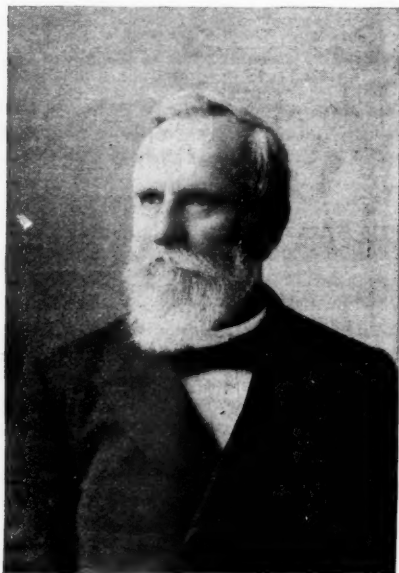
From countless anecdotes recorded in the press to illustrate the large-hearted charity of Bishop Brooks, we cull the following:—

The question was often asked, When does Dr. Brooks write his sermons? It was difficult to answer. He never, like most literary men, shut himself up and refused to see callers at certain hours of the day. He was always willing to grant an audience to the most humble caller, and not a few needless calls were made upon him daily. He used no labor-saving device. He was a type of the largest, broadest, most benevolent humanity, and had the keenest interest in all that is calculated to uplift. Notwithstanding his dignity, his grandeur, and his lofty aspirations, Dr. Brooks was extremely friendly on social occasions. He was easy and agreeable in his manners in the presence of ladies, but his meanest enemy—if the good man had one—could never accuse him of being a "ladies' man." Dr. Brooks was never married. An incident is related which illustrates his thoughtfulness when the poor and lowly were in question. Years ago Trinity Church partially maintained and had an oversight over St. Mark's Church in West Newton street. One Christmas Eve, Dr. Brooks had been to the little church to assist in the Christian festival. Every lady present was desirous of speaking with him, and those who had never met him were eager to secure the opportunity of taking his hand; but he had no time to devote to commonplace conversation; he must be about his Master's work. As he was hurrying through the church

with tremendous strides, he suddenly halted and turned aside. A poor woman neatly attired, but bearing the marks of poverty in her dress, sat in an obscure corner, hardly daring to raise her eyes as Dr. Brooks passed down the aisle. But he saw her and went to her side. He spoke to her words of comfort and good cheer, and, bidding her a merry Christmas, passed out of the church. His work among the poor and lowly was greater than one would dream of. People who never entered his church, some of whom never heard him preach, did not fear to ask him to officiate when death invaded the family circle, and they rarely asked in vain. He never refused if he had time enough at his disposal to grant the request. An instance is recalled of the quiet philanthropic work of Dr. Brooks. A few years ago a printer employed on one of the Boston daily papers fell sick. A subscription was raised among the men in his office to help him make a trip to California. One day, the cashier in the counting-room called up through the speaking-tube to the foreman of the composing-room and said: "A gentleman wishes to see you." "All right, send him up. I would go down, but I can't leave my work." In a few minutes the foreman was astonished to see the familiar face and form of Boston's great preacher entering the composing-room, four flights from the street, and there is no elevator there. Dr. Brooks said he had learned of what the printers were doing for one of their fellow-workmen, and made some inquiries as to the character of the man. He said this man's wife had attended his church, and he had learned of their misfortunes. Satisfied that it would be a kind act to a worthy man, Dr. Brooks quietly slipped a twenty dollar note into the foreman's hand, and asked him to add that to the fund, refusing to allow his name to be added to the subscription list.

## HAYES AS A SOLDIER

Rutherford Birchard Hayes, nineteenth president of the United States, died at Fremont, Ohio, on January 17, in his seventy-first year. The fierceness of the assaults upon his political record doubtless enhanced the gratification with which he was wont to regard his creditable military career. Upon the outbreak of the war he accepted the commission of major in the Twenty-third Ohio. He brought to the service the common sense, intelligence and judgment which had distinguished him in peace, handled his men excellently in the affairs he had



*General Hayes*

*From a picture by Sarony*

charge of, and proved himself brave and cool in the hour of peril. He was very popular among the men of his command, and, as his companions in arms testify, he was so gallant in heading a charge, or doing any work that required peculiar dash and courage, that he was selected for every desperate emergency. He was successively promoted to lieutenant-col-

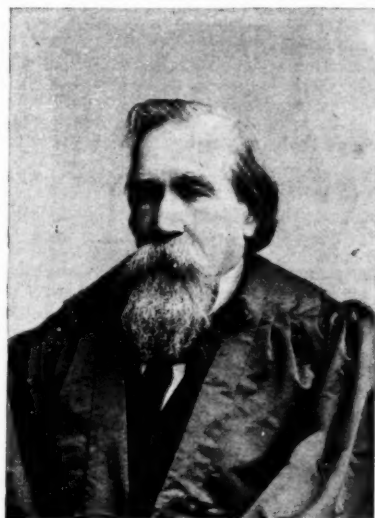
onel, colonel and brigadier-general for gallantry in action, and at the close of the war was breveted major-general for "bravery in the field." In 1864 his friends at Cincinnati nominated him for Congress on the Republican ticket, and invited him home to take part in the canvass. "I have other business just now," was his laconic answer. "Any man who would leave the army at this time to electioneer for Congress, ought to be scalped." This only increased the admiration of his friends, and while he was fighting in the field they elected him to Congress over his Democratic opponent. Before the time came for him to take his seat, the war was over. Instances of his personal valor are recorded in the *New York World*:—The most notable incident connected with Mr. Hayes' services as a soldier was the passage of the slough at Opequan. It has been described by many writers of military operations in Virginia, but the accounts differ in no essential particulars. In this engagement he had the right of Gen. Crook's command, and it was his execution of a brilliant manœuvre that turned the tide of the battle. Riding at the head of the column, he found himself suddenly confronted by a deep slough, at least fifty yards in width, and extending across the entire front of his brigade. A rebel battery was just beyond. Here was a predicament for a soldier, however trained. To move around the slough would expose the brigade to a terrible fire. To be driven back in disorder would mean the breaking of the line at a most vital point. Col. Hayes remembered his experience at Carnifex Ferry. In front were the enemy, and the way to fight was to get at them. He shouted the order to advance, and rode his horse into the slough. At first both were nearly lost to sight in the swamp, but the rider urged his horse onward until he was hopelessly floundering in the mire. Then the Colonel dismounted and waded to the bank, from which he waved his cap as a signal to his men

to follow. It was an audacious act, but it told. The men cheered and followed. Some were drowned, many were shot, but enough of them reached the bank to charge upon and capture the battery, with Col. Hayes still at their head. Two more incidents have been gathered from the records in illustration of Col. Hayes' valor. Less striking, perhaps, than the crossing of the slough at Opequan, they are, nevertheless, fine examples of military daring, and notable evidences of a growth of military wisdom. At Fisher's Hill he led his command up the side of North Mountain, on which was a great growth of underbrush and trees, and gained a position in the rear of the line of the enemy. Here he formed his division, and, going to the head of the column, led a charge of such fury that the enemy offered the barest resistance. At Cedar Creek he shared alike the defeat that came to Gen. Wright and Gen. Crook, and the victory that followed the famous ride and timely arrival of Gen. Sheridan. Col. Hayes suffered doubly from the effects of the first day's disaster. He was again at the head of the line and galloping at full speed, when his horse was shot under him. The fall dislocated his ankle and his shoulder, and again he lay exposed to the fire of the enemy. Watching his opportunity he crawled back to the line and mounted his orderly's horse. Despite his injuries he kept in the saddle throughout the fight that followed the arrival of Gen. Sheridan, and was again wounded. It was at the close of this battle that he received personal commendation from Sheridan.

#### JUDGE LAMAR

The death of Lucius Quintus Curtius Lamar, of Mississippi, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, on January 23, removed an interesting personality from public life. Judge Lamar was a conspicuous illustration of the scholar in politics, and found time in the intervals of an

active public service to deliver law lectures in the university of his state. A member of Congress before and after the war, he manfully accepted the results of the conflict which had found him an ardent supporter of the cause of the South, and labored, often far in advance of his constituents, with broad patriotism for a united country. In 1877 he entered the United States Senate, of which body he was an influential member till he became Secretary of the Interior in Mr. Cleveland's cabinet. This office



*Judge Lamar*

he resigned in January 1888, to take his place on the Supreme Bench. His failing health and a certain indolence of temperament, which gained him the character of a dreamer, prevented his making that mark as a judge which his scholarship, his ability, and his long service had led the public to expect. President Harrison appointed, to succeed him, Howell E. Jackson of Tennessee, a democrat whom President Cleveland, during his first term, had appointed a judge of the U. S. Circuit Court.



## CURRENT VERSE

### THE CREED TO BE

*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.....Arena*

Our thoughts are moulding unseen spheres,  
And like a blessing or a curse  
They thunder down the formless years,  
And ring throughout the universe.  
We build our futures by the shape  
Of our Desires, and not by acts.  
There is no pathway of escape,  
No priest-made creed can alter facts.

Salvation is not begged or bought;  
Too long this selfish hope sufficed;  
Too long man reeked with lawless thought,  
And leaned upon a tortured Christ.  
Like shrivelled leaves these worn-out creeds  
Are dropping from religion's tree.  
The world begins to know its needs,  
And souls are crying to be free;

Free from the load of fear and grief  
Man fashioned in an ignorant age;  
Free from the ache of unbelief  
He fled to in rebellious rage.  
No church can bind him to the things  
That fed the first crude souls evolved,  
But mounting up on daring wings,  
He questions mysteries long unsolved.

Above the chant of priests, above  
The blatant tongue of braying doubt,  
He hears the still small voice of Love,  
Which sends its simple message out.  
And dearer, sweeter, day by day,  
Its mandate echoes from the skies:  
"Go roll the stone of self away,  
And let the Christ within thee rise."

### INFIDELITY

*Edgar Saltus.....Belford's*

In dream released from memory's oubliette  
I leave the curtained corridors of care,  
And now with Manon, now with La Valliere  
Move to the measures of the minuet.  
Sappho's astounding eyes and mine have  
met,  
And I have lounged in storied gardens  
where  
To greet me came Yseult and Guinevere,

Francesca, Marguerite and Juliette.  
I, too, have wandered with Callirrhoe  
Along the myrtle reaches of the stream  
That pulses through the blue nymph-  
haunted seas,  
And back again through all of Arcady:  
Yet ever in the pauses of the dream  
'Tis You I seek, and only You, not these.

### NOT YET

*Emma Kate Armstrong.....Traveler's Record*

Sing us a song,  
Fill it with brightness from the summer  
day,  
With freshness from the little winds that  
play,  
Blowing the dewdrops from the bloomy  
spray,  
Stealing the perfume of the roses red;  
A song of youth, and sunshine, and  
delight.  
("Not that song now," she said.)

Or sing of war,—  
Of rolling drum and thrilling bugle-call,  
Of rushing steeds and deadly cannon-  
ball,  
Of flashing swords and conquered foes that  
fall,—  
Of valor and of glory. ("Nay," she said,  
"For thro' that song rings out the bit-  
ter cry  
That wails the dead.")

Or sing of Love,  
Who, coy and wilful, laughs when we en-  
treat;  
But comes unbidden with swift, noiseless  
feet,  
And pours for us life's wine, all bitter-  
sweet,  
And binds our brows with roses gar-  
landed;  
Love, at whose touch the old earth  
blooms afresh.  
("Ah, no! ah, no!" she said.)

"No song just yet,  
But healing silence for a little space,  
And time to gather strength again, to face  
The careless world, to gird me for the race.  
I know that joy and laughter are not  
dead,  
And they will bud and bloom anew for  
me,—  
But not just yet," she said.)

## DESIGN

*Julian Hawthorne..... Independent*

As when a traveler, toiling o'er a hight  
 Heaped of huge boulders, all at random  
 hurled,  
 Like fragments of a ruined world,  
 Whose desolation doth the spirit affright—  
 Rebels at seeming chaos come again,  
 And longs for level reaches of the plain;  
 So I with hardship spent,  
 And foiled of mine intent,  
 Complained that life was less than kind,  
 That silver clouds were leaden-lined,  
 And chance, not justice, did o'er mortal  
 fortunes reign.

But when the traveler to the valley came,  
 And, turning, gazed at that dim-towering  
 hight,  
 Glorified now by sunset light,—  
 Lo! the confusion that had won his blame  
 Assumed sublime and awful grace—  
 The mighty semblance of a god-like face.  
 Even so as I look back  
 Upon my weary track,  
 I see its hostile features change,  
 By some divine enchantment strange,  
 Till God's design through all, in all, at last  
 I trace.

## THE CHILDREN'S LAND

*John Jerome Rooney..... Catholic World*

I know a land, a beautiful land,  
 Fairer than isles of the East,  
 Where the farthest hills are rainbow-  
 spanned,  
 And mirth holds an endless feast;  
 Where tears are dried like the morning  
 dew,  
 And joys are many, and griefs are few;  
 Where the old each day grows glad and  
 new,  
 And life rings clear as a bell:  
 Oh! the land where the chimes speak sweet  
 and true  
 Is the land where the children dwell!

There are beautiful lands where the rivers  
 flow  
 Through valleys of ripened grain;  
 There are lands where armies of wor-  
 shippers know  
 No God but the God of Gain.

The chink of gold is the song they sing,  
 And all their life-time harvesting  
 Are the glittering joys that gold may  
 bring,  
 In measures they buy and sell;  
 But the land where love is the coin and  
 king  
 Is the land where the children dwell!

They romp in troops through this beautiful  
 land  
 From morning till set of sun,  
 And the Drowsy Fairies have sweet dreams  
 planned  
 When the little tasks are done.  
 Here are no strivings for power and place,  
 The last are first in the mimic race,  
 All hearts are trusted, all life is grace,  
 And Peace sings "All goes well"—  
 For God walks daily with unveiled face  
 In the land where the children dwell!

## CONTENTMENT

*George G. Bradley*

Blow ye sweet breezes my memory refresh-  
 ing,  
 Wafting back scenes and deeds of the  
 past,  
 Blow thoughts anew like grain in the  
 threshing,  
 Pain is but short lived, love ever does  
 last.  
 Speak to the trees that proud lift their  
 shades,  
 Giants of nature so strong and so true!  
 Standing erect as each century follows,  
 Breathing the year out, enticing the new.

Lift gently the faces that daisies uncover,  
 Blushing as red as the tint on the sky,  
 Where swiftly the birds on their courses do  
 hover,  
 As to and fro they speedily fly.  
 Whisper the music blessed Nature has  
 given,  
 Waft gently and sweetly the ditties of  
 love,  
 Murmur the comfort and peace from the  
 Heaven,  
 All can be happy with help from above.

## FROM THE NIGHT

*May Austin*

Chill is the night: Cold stars  
 Creep from the clouds, and stare  
 Down on the fields afar—  
 And branches brown and bare.

Chill is my soul: Cold winds  
 Spring from the past, to press  
 Their hands on my heart, and wake  
 Grief's unforgetfulness.

Despair and pessimism find musical utterance in the verse of the English poet, James Thomson, whose *City of Dreadful Night*, written some twenty years ago, has been reprinted in exceptionally tasteful form by Thomas B. Mosher, Portland, with an intelligent introduction by Mrs. Cavazza.

#### THE RIVER OF SUICIDES

James Thomson.....*From The City of Dreadful Night*

The mighty river flowing dark and deep,  
With ebb and flood from the remote sea-tides  
Vague sounding through the City's sleepless sleep,  
Is named the River of the Suicides;  
For night by night some lorn wretch overweary,  
And shuddering from the future yet more dreary,  
Within its cold oblivion hides.

One plunges from a bridge's parapet,  
As by some blind and sudden frenzy hurled;  
Another wades in slow with purpose set  
Until the waters are above him furled;  
Another in a boat with dreamlike motion  
Glides drifting down into the desert ocean,  
To starve or sink from out the desert world.

They perish from their sufferings surely thus,  
For none beholding them attempts to save,  
The while each thinks how soon, solicitous,  
He may seek refuge in the self-same wave;  
Some hour when tired of ever-vain endurance  
Impatience will forerun the sweet assurance  
Of perfect peace eventual in the grave.

When this poor tragic-farce has palled us long,  
Why actors and spectators do we stay?—  
To fill our so-short roles out right or wrong;  
To see what shifts are yet in the dull play  
For our illusion; to refrain from grieving  
Dear foolish friends by our untimely leaving:  
But those asleep at home how blest are they!

Yet it is but for one night after all:  
What matters one brief night of dreary pain!  
When after it the weary eyelids fall  
Upon the weary eyes and wasted brain;  
And all sad scenes and thoughts and feelings vanish  
In that sweet sleep no power can ever banish,  
That one blest sleep which never wakes again.

#### "EIGHTEENTH CENTURY VIGNETTES"

Thomas Hutchinson.....*Gentleman's Magazine*

Here, as we read, the present is forgot,  
And all the sorrows of our later lot;  
Back we are borne a hundred years or so,  
To times of "link and lustre," belle and  
beau,  
Of "paint and patch," of "proud alcove"  
and grot.  
And soon to Gough Square—still a sacred  
spot—  
We guide our steps; or "the great earthen  
pot,"

That Selwyn gave, to us doth Walpole  
show—  
Here, as we read.  
Or "Prior's Kitty" charmeth us, I wot;  
Or mourn we Hogarth's Sigismundan blot;  
With Hanway on an "Eight Days' Jour-  
ney" go;  
"In Cowper's Arbour" find repose; or  
know  
With Steele the strictures of the nuptial  
knot—

Here, as we read.

## ART, MUSIC, AND DRAMA

### ACCEPTING WORKS OF ART

Deploing the fact that for many years past, gifts and bequests of works of art have been accepted indiscriminately by the South Kensington Museum and other public institutions, Sir Charles Robinson, in the Nineteenth Century, urges the adoption of proper laws that shall overturn the present happy-go-lucky method:—

Now another important and indeed pressing matter, to which the attention of Parliament should be directed, is the subject of bequests of art objects and collections in general to public institutions. Of course the first impression of my readers will be to exclaim, "By all means encourage such gifts;" but there are two sides to this question, and it is by no means certain that such encouragement may not work evil rather than good. Most certainly it will if blindly and indiscriminately awarded. The matter, in fact, loudly calls for legislative consideration and remedial action. Art collectors need not necessarily be discriminating connoisseurs, and as a matter of fact they

seldom are. Wealthy they must be in these days; most frequently they are quiet unworldly people, without any immediate family ties; for the most part rich, childless persons, who, when advancing age brings satiety, are often dreadfully embarrassed to know what to do with the treasures they have accumulated. What more natural than to wish to pass them on to posterity and to reap posthumous if no present "kudos" from the gifts? But there are collections and collections, a large proportion of them *omnium-gatherums* of mere rubbish, brought together in a fool's paradise, but very few of high and equal average value. Yet it is obvious that it is such as these last, and these only, which the State should accept and pledge itself to conserve for all time. Benefactors, again, are seldom quite single-minded patriots; very often the *arrière-pensées* are flagrant and open to view, and not such as it is in the public interest to indulge. Hampering stipulations nearly always accompany gifts and bequests of works

### MAGAZINE REFERENCE

(The following articles on Art, Music, and Drama are indexed from the February numbers)

Eng. Cathedrals.....Atlantic	Art Impetus in Turkey.....Century
Crayon Portraiture.....Art Am.	Autobiography of Salvini.....Century
Colors for Tapestry Painting.....Art Am.	Free Art a National Necessity.....Century
Flower Painting.....Art Am.	*Portraits of Tennyson.....Mag. Art
Pen and Ink Drawing.....Art Am.	*Current Art.....Mag. Art
Hints on Oil Painting.....Art Am.	*Edward Burne-Jones.....Mag. Art
China Painting.....Art Am.	*Art in December.....Mag. Art
An Inexpensive House.....Art Am.	*Irving's King Lear.....Nineteenth Cent.
Vanderbilt Prints.....Art Am.	*Architecture, Profession or Art?..Nineteenth Cent.
Oriental Rugs.....Cosmopolitan	*Eng. Songs and Ballads.....New Rev.
The Florentine Artist.....Scribner's	*Ornament.....Blackwood's
A Decorator in Rome.....Scribner's	*Famous Artists.....Munsey's
Franz Liszt.....Century	*Old Church Steeples.....Gentleman's
*January	*On Plays.....Gentleman's

### BOOK REFERENCE—JANUARY PUBLICATIONS

Technique of the Drama..Price.....Brentano	Hymns—History and Development.....Macmillan
La France.....Harvard.....Librarie Illustree	Barbizon School of Painters..Corot.....Macmillan
Drawing and Engraving..Hamerton.....Macmillan	Beauty of Women.....Agnolo.....Scribner
Gothic Architecture.....Corroyer.....Macmillan	Drawing and Engraving..Hamerton.....Macmillan
Studies in a Mosque.....Poole.....Eden, Remington	Japan in Art and Industry.....Putnam
Old Sword Play.....Westermann & Co.	French Book Plates..Hamilton.....Bell (London)

of art to the nation, and it may be safely said that, nine times out of ten, if these conditions cannot be modified or set aside, the benefactions should be declined. Briefly, what is wanted now is well-defined and imperative law upon the subject. The proper rule may be formulated in a few words. No gift or bequest of works of art to the nation should take effect or have any validity except on an entirely free and unhampered footing. This law should be imperative, and admit of no dispensing power. It should in future be understood on all sides that the State, in accepting any donation of works of art, should have a perfectly free hand to keep or to alienate, to give away, sell, or bring to an end any specimens which its responsible advisers may judge to be superfluous, too trivial, spurious, or objectionable. It is possible such a regulation might in its first operation cast a chill on intending benefactors; but I am convinced that its effect would not be permanent. Something more, however, should at the same time be done: measures of encouragement should be devised; present or posthumous honor and recognition are unquestionably due to the public benefactor, and it would not be beyond the skill of man to devise measures which in their working, whilst involving no scrutiny or consideration of motives or expectations, should nevertheless give to public gratitude adequate form and expression in the case of every really valuable gift. The rule heretofore, if fixed rule there has been anywhere, in respect to the acceptance of donation and bequests, has been different at our several art establishments. At the British Museum and the National Gallery common sense and the desire to keep up the high status of the collections have usually prevented the acceptance, *en bloc*, of mixed collections, and at the same time the knowledge and taste of the directors and keepers of the collections have been a sufficient safeguard against the reception of trivial, incongruous, or

superfluous specimens in detail. When the Wynn Ellis collection of pictures was offered to the National Gallery, the trustees, in accepting the bequest, wisely stipulated that they should have a perfectly free hand in respect to the disposal of the pictures. They elected to accept only those pictures which the director of the gallery considered worthy to rank with the high-class works already acquired, and they relinquished the superfluous remainder to the representatives of the donor, who forthwith sold the pictures by public auction at Christie's. Obviously this was the best possible course for all the parties concerned. The posthumous reputation as a connoisseur of the donor himself, in particular, was obviously augmented by the elimination of his inferior and doubtful gatherings. Fortunately, in this instance, Mr. Wynn Ellis' testamentary disposition allowed of this course being taken. Whether in the case of other bequests to the nation, hampered with inconvenient stipulations, which in times past have been accepted, it would in the public interest be right or feasible to disregard or set aside such impediments—to override, in short, the testator's intentions—is a matter upon which I do not pretend to offer an opinion. The subject probably offers abundant matter for the consideration of lawyers and legislators. I apprehend, at all events, that such remedial action would be quite within the competence of the supreme council of the nation.

**SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON, P. R. A.**

The following appreciative sketch of one of England's foremost artists is contributed to the *Cosmopolitan* by Gerald Campbell:—

Sir Frederick Leighton, the president of the Royal Academy, is eminently the apostle of the beautiful in mythology as opposed to the conventional sentimentalities of much modern art. His portraits are few and far between, and he seldom exhibits



landscapes, though his studio walls are covered with exquisite sketches which he has made in many corners of the earth. He is so picturesque in his black velvet coat, with his silvery hair and beard, and beautiful, refined face, that one is inclined at first to look rather at the worker himself than at his works, or what he calls his "shop." There is an irresistible bonhomie and cordiality and courtesy about his every action; he is the most fascinating of hosts, and, thanks to the magic of his art and his winning personality, there are few men in England worth knowing whom he does not know. On one of the gloomy days when England was mourning her young prince, he showed the writer a letter in which Prince Eddy said in answer to the president's congratulations on his engagement: "We are as happy as two people can be." Born in 1830, the year in which Millais left off long clothes and Thackeray left Cambridge without a degree, he was discovered twenty years later by the author of *Vanity Fair*. One day when Millais was sitting in his studio, the door was burst open and in rushed Thackeray. "Well, Johnny, my boy," he cried, "I haven't come to see your pictures, but to see you, and to tell you I've met the most versatile young dog I ever heard of in Rome. His name's Leighton, and if you don't look out he'll run you hard for the presidentship one day." In 1878 the versatile young dog was elected president of what George III. used to call "my academy." But it was the great American sculptor, Hiram Powers, who helped the boy to set his foot on the first rung of the ladder, by telling his father it was out of his power to make an artist of him, since nature had done it for him. And so it proved. The first picture he exhibited in London, "Cimabue's Madonna carried in triumph through the streets of Rome," was a great success. The critics fell down and worshipped, and the queen, which was more to the purpose, bought, and

from that day fortune has smiled on the artist. Sir Frederick was thirty years old before he made any definite stay in England. From his eleventh year he studied painting under various masters on the continent, besides learning Latin and Greek and anatomy from his father, who was a doctor, and becoming master of French, German and Italian. Above all things he is thorough in all that he does. His life has been a practical exposition of the advice he once gave to the academy students: "Whatever noble fire is in our hearts will burn also in our work; whatever purity is ours will chasten and exalt it. For as we are, so our work is, and whatever we sow in our lives, that beyond doubt we shall reap for good and ill in the strengthening or defacing of whatever gifts have fallen to our lot." And he himself did not sow the customary wild oats, the so-called prerogative of youth. As Mr. Watts once said to Lady Dilke, "Leighton's life is more noble than anything in his work." And yet no one admires that work more than Mr. Watts. The versatility and industry of the president were well illustrated by his five exhibits in this year's academy, the most important of which was a large canvas styled "The sea giving up its dead." Mr. Tate, the would-be founder of the British Luxembourg, has secured the painting for his gallery, and eventually for the nation—if the nation (of shopkeepers) will have it. A word as to his method, for his finished works in their perfect form can tell us little of the enormous pains of which they are the fruit. His first step is to make a small study, which barely suggests the outline, but sets a standard of color to which the president, according to himself, seldom attains. Then follow those beautiful chalk drawings and famous studies of the separate extremities which have made him a perfect master of drapery, and perhaps the finest painter of the human foot that ever lived; and lastly, he often models his subject in clay before he sets brush

to canvas. His wonderful mural paintings at Lyndhurst and South Kensington, be it observed, are not, strictly speaking, frescoes—not, that is, painted on fresh plaster—but with Gambier Parry's vehicle, and therefore likely to be permanent. Sir Frederick's travels in Spain and Arabia and Greece, besides adding three more languages to his list, imbued him with the æsthetic nature of the land which has inspired his principal pictures, of which "Helen of Troy" and "The Daphnephoria," and more recently the "Return of Persephone" and the graceful "Bath of Psyche," are beautiful examples. Of his portraits, the melancholy anatomy of Captain Burton is probably the finest, and his "Athlete and Python," to some minds his greatest work, stamps him as a sculptor of the first rank. It took him two years to complete, and was bought by the Chantry Bequest for £2,000. So much, or rather so little, for the president's life and work. They are both reflected in his house in Holland Park road, but we have little space to describe its beauties. The walls of his studio are covered with sketches which illustrate his many travels; in the drawing-room there are four magnificent panels by Corot, and pictures by Steinle, Tintoretto, Watts, Sir Joshua, David Cox, Millais, Schiaroni, and many others all over the house. Rare pieces of tapestry, a rug that belonged to Mary Queen of Scots, pottery from Rhodes, Persia and Japan, plaques from old Italian churches, and art-treasures from all over the world combine to make up the orderly confusion of this delightful house. Most people fall in love with the Arab hall and its cool fountain, its tiles from Damascus, its quaint old Cairo wood-work, and its modern frieze by Walter Crane, but we confess to a greater liking for the summer studio, which is an ideally perfect place to live in. "The art of making a place beautiful," Sir Frederick said, as we sat one day in the studio, "is not to have beautiful

things, but to have no ugly ones—nothing that can make the chord a discord." And one feels after a visit to the president's house that, like his art, it is a perfect harmony.

#### MODERN ARCHITECTURE

Contrasting mediæval and modern architecture, Mr. Barr Ferree, in the *New England Magazine*, writes:—

Modern architecture is composed of very different elements from those which obtained in the time of Michael Angelo and Raphael. The early Renaissance was not a religious age, as the preceding Gothic epoch had been, when religion was the one intellectual possession of Europe. But it still concerned itself with religious art, and the greatest triumphs of the painters were obtained in works that had a religious significance. Churches, likewise, filled the time of architects; and while worldly and philosophical thoughts occupied people's minds more and more, their art had not yet thrown off the religious influence under which it had heretofore exclusively rested. In our day art and architecture have departed widely from the exclusive control of religion. Architecture especially is no longer concerned chiefly with the building of churches, but with a multitude of edifices which are essential to modern social life. Forms of structure which have no precedence in previous times now command the attention of the architect. Churches and chapels are of course still erected, but neither in magnitude nor importance do they compare with the great churches of the middle ages. The theatre, the railway station, the warehouse, the factory, the hotel, the office building, the apartment house, the public hall, the museum, colleges and schools, and various civic and public structures, which are constantly being called for in new and growing communities, form the bulk of modern architecture. Some of these structures were represented in architecture centuries ago, but modern require-

ments have so modified them as to make them practically new buildings and the exclusive product of modern conditions. The theatre of the time of Shakespeare was a very different edifice from the Grand Opera of Paris, with its multitude of convenient devices, its ample supply of every want, its gorgeous decoration and its magnificent completeness. The pilgrims who went down to Canterbury to worship at the shrine of St. Thomas, put up at very different hostelrys from those which the modern traveler finds in every capital of Europe, and which he deems absolutely essential to his existence. The development of the factory system, the growth of the railways and their dependent industries, the new requirements of education, and the scientific arrangements of museums and libraries have called into being a vast number of structures designed especially for them and dependent entirely upon them. The mediæval architects excelled in church architecture because it was almost the only form with which they had to do. The modern architect is beset by so many varied conditions that there should be little wonder if at times he falls short of the best art and fails to produce edifices that may be fairly compared with those of earlier times. Our age is characterized by a multitude of buildings, but it is not architectural. Architecture does not occupy men's minds as exclusively as in the middle ages. Certainly the art side of buildings does not; for without undertaking to determine the actual proportion, it is safe to say that a very large part of modern architecture is artistically unsatisfactory. The conditions under which the modern architect works are highly accountable for this. He is in many cases restricted to narrow lots and crowded streets, he is hampered by municipal regulations and various other circumstances which never troubled the earlier architect. And these conditions, varying with different localities, sometimes

with different parts of the same locality, make the work of the architect extremely arduous, and not seldom absolutely prevent him from producing the artistic whole that his genius would enable him to produce were he not held in check by these extraneous circumstances. And then comes the battle of styles, another element which helps to distinguish modern architecture from ancient. In the middle ages the architects of Europe had the signal advantage of working in one style. Any new discovery, any fresh advance, any remarkable work was thus available for all builders who could incorporate it into their own new work or make still further experiments in it. And it should be remembered that notwithstanding this unity of style the architecture of this time is one of the richest and most varied invented by man. Not only are the buildings themselves different from each other, but the enormous mass of ornament employed on them was seldom duplicated, even in the same structure. Advocates of the present system of variety whereby each street becomes an architectural museum, each house a symposium of all conceivable styles, would do well to study the remains of mediæval art, and note how infinitely varied it is, how rich the imagination, how ample the material, how successful the result. It shows in a most unmistakable manner that concerted effort in a progressive style is productive of better work than the same amount of energy distributed over a great number of styles. The question of style is one of the most important and perplexing in modern architecture. To go no further back than the middle ages, we have the Gothic with its branches in every country, and in the earlier epoch in every city and district. In the Renaissance we have the early Renaissance and the high Renaissance in Italy, the Renaissance of France, of England, of Germany, of the Low Countries, and of the Iberian penin-

sula, while even Russia and Turkey come forward with borrowed architects and put in their claims for national architecture in the new form. Coming to later time, and still keeping to the broadest classification, we have the Gothic revival with its wonderful monstrosities of Elizabeth and Anne, the primitive attempts to prepare designs in it before its details had been studied and mastered, and then finally, the mixing of the Gothic and Renaissance to "conform to modern necessities." With the Renaissance, architecture ceased to be a natural product, the outcome of a natural evolution, and was concerned solely with styles and the suitability and adaptability of existing models to modern life. Architectural form now changes as quickly as a woman's costume, and changes with the taste of the day, being Gothic, Romanesque, Renaissance, or a hybrid mixture, as the whim of fashion may dictate.

#### THE WORKS OF EDOUARD DÉTAILLE

Of that typically French branch of French art, military painting, Jean Baptiste Edouard Détaillé is unquestionably the foremost living master. For twenty years he has stood in the first rank of contemporary artists, and yet he is still a comparatively young man—just past forty-four. He reached fame with almost his earliest artistic steps. He was not nineteen when his painting of "Meissonier's Studio" attracted attention at the Salon of 1867 for its effective conception and exquisite minuteness of detail.

Thus writes Mr. C. Stuart Johnson in *Munsey's Magazine*. After alluding to the experiences of Détaillé as a soldier in the Franco-German War, and of their influence over his work, the writer continues:—

Since his campaigning days he has found most of his subjects in incidents of the struggle with Germany. The "Attack on a Convoy," painted in 1882, is one of the finest;

so, too, is the "*Salut aux Blessés*" ("Salute to the Wounded") painted in 1867. The latter picture passed through a curious transformation while on the easel. It was begun as a squad of French prisoners, ragged, wounded, and heart sore, yet drawing themselves up with a stern soldierly pride as they encountered a group of German staff officers, who were giving them a courteous salute; and Détaillé intended to call it "Honor to the Vanquished." But for some reason he reversed the composition, and made the officers French and the prisoners German. His motive can hardly have been to spare the feelings of his countrymen, for in other canvases he has not hesitated to emphasize the German triumph—notably in "The Victors," which shows the spoil-laden invaders leaving captured Paris. Yet can the close observer of Détaillé's paintings discern that in one respect the artist has sought revenge for Sedan—his Frenchmen are all better looking than his Germans! It is very natural and pardonable that he should embody in his figures of Von Moltke's soldiers his belief—a belief that all good Frenchmen share—in the *lourdeur germanique*—the supposed mental and physical heaviness characteristic of Teutonic nationalities. Another of Détaillé's pictures of the war of 1870, and perhaps the best of all of them, is the "Defense of Champigny." It was exhibited at the Salon of 1876, and purchased by Judge Hilton, who presented it to the New York gallery a few years later. But not all of his later canvases have been suggested by the war with Germany. One of the finest pictures in the Corcoran Gallery at Washington is his "Regiment Passing," a street scene in Paris, whose central incident, the march of soldiers along a boulevard, is less striking than its subsidiary figures of the gazing crowd, which give a hint of what Détaillé could have done as a painter of Parisian life. It has, too, an added interest from the fact that the artist

has placed among the spectators portraits of himself, of his *maître* Meissonier, and of his friend Alphonse de Neuville. One of the great pictures of last year's Champs Elysées Salon, if not its greatest picture, was again a *Détaille*. Its subject was an episode of Napoleon's last campaign, when General Barbanègre with less than two hundred men held the little fortress of Huningue, in Alsace, against an army of thirty thousand Austrians under the Archduke John, and after a heroic resistance only consented to evacuate the place with the honors of war. When the French commander came forth with drums beating and flags flying, followed by about fifty men, the archduke asked him where the garrison was. "Here it is," replied Barbanègre, pointing to his little company. Thereupon—and this is the moment *Détaille* has chosen for his picture—the Austrian prince grasped his brave enemy by the hand, and his officers could not refrain an admiring salute.

#### LISZT'S INFLUENCE ON THE PIANO

M. Camille Saint-Saëns, in the *Century*, considers the serious and important rôle which Franz Liszt played in contemporary art. After alluding to the old method of piano-playing which required perfect immobility of the whole body, the elbows close to the side, and allowed only a limited action of the forearm, the writer, relating the manner in which these rigid rules were revolutionized by the great pianist, says:—

The influence of Liszt on the destiny of the piano was immense! I can best compare it with the revolution brought about by Victor Hugo in the mechanism of the French language. This influence was more powerful than that of Paganini in the world of the violin, because Paganini dwelt always in an inaccessible region where he alone could live, while Liszt, starting from the same point, deigned to descend into the practical paths where any one could follow who would

take the trouble to work seriously. To play like him on the piano would be impossible. As Olga Janina said, in her strange book, his fingers were not human fingers; but nothing is easier than to follow the course he marked out, and in fact every one does follow it whether he knows it or not. The great development of sonority of tone, with the means of obtaining it, which he invented, has become the indispensable condition and very foundation of modern execution. These means are of two kinds: the one pertaining to the technical methods of the performer, especially gymnastic exercises; the other to the style of writing for the piano, which Liszt completely transformed. Beethoven, scornfully ignoring the limits of nature, imposed his tyrannous will upon the strained and overtaxed fingers, but Liszt, on the contrary, takes them and gently exercises them in their own natural direction, so that the greatest amount of effect they are capable of producing may be obtained; and, therefore, his music, so alarming at first sight to the timid, is really less difficult than it appears; for by hard work the whole body is brought into play and talent is rapidly developed. We owe to him also the invention of picturesque musical notation, thanks to which, by an ingenious disposition of the notes, and an extraordinary variety in presenting them to the eye, the author contrived to indicate the character of a passage, and the exact way in which it should be executed. To-day these refined methods are in general use. But above all we owe to Liszt the introduction on the piano of orchestral effects and of sonority, so far as these are possible on that instrument. His method of attaining this end—a method not indeed within the reach of every one—consists in substituting in the transcription a free translation for a literal one. Transcription thus understood and practiced becomes in a high degree artistic; the adaptations by Liszt for the piano of the sym-



phonies of Beethoven—above all that of the Ninth for two pianos—may be regarded as masterpieces in this line. To be just, and to give every one his due, it must be said that the colossal work of arranging Beethoven's nine symphonies for the piano had already been attempted by Kalkbrenner, who deserves great credit for it; and although he was strong enough for the task, this attempt very probably gave the first start to Liszt's glorious work. Liszt, undeniably the incarnation of the genius of the modern pianoforte, saw his compositions, for this very reason, discredited and spoken of scornfully as "pianist's music." The same disdainful title might be applied to the work of Robert Schumann, of which the piano is the soul; and if no one has thought of reproaching him, it is because Schumann, in spite of great effort in that direction, was never a brilliant performer; he never left the heights of "legitimate" art to revel in picturesque illustrations on the operas of all countries. But Liszt, at that time, without caring what was said of him, scattered lavishly and at random the pearls and diamonds of his overflowing imagination. Let me say in passing that there is a great deal of pedantry and prejudice in the scorn which people often affect for works like the "Fantaisie" on "Don Juan," or the "Caprice" on the "Faust" waltz. There is more talent and real inspiration in such works than in many compositions we see produced every day, more serious in appearance, but of empty pretentiousness. Has it ever occurred to any one that the greater part of the celebrated overtures—those of "Zampa," "Eury-anthe," and "Tannhäuser," for example—are really only fantasies on the motives of the operas which they precede? By taking the trouble to study the fantasies of Liszt, it will easily be seen to what degree they differ from any sort of *pot-pourris*—pieces where tunes of an opera taken at random only serve as a canvas for arabesque, garlands, and ribbons. It

will be seen that the author knew how to draw the marrow from any bone; that his penetrating genius knew how to discover and fructify an artistic germ, however hidden under vulgarities and platitudes. When he attacks a great work like "Don Juan" he brings out the principal beauties, and adds a commentary which helps us to understand and appreciate its marvelous perfection and perennial youth. The ingenuity of his pianoforte combinations is simply prodigious, as the admiration of all who cultivate the piano testifies; but I think perhaps the fact has not been sufficiently noticed that in the least of his arrangements the intelligence of the composer makes itself felt, the characteristic "earmark" of the great musician is apparent, if only for an instant. Applied to such a pianist, who draws from the piano the soul of music, the term "pianist" ceases to be an insult, and "pianist's music" becomes a synonym for musician's music, and indeed, who, in our time, has not felt the powerful influence of the piano? This influence began before the piano itself—with the well-tempered clavichord of Sebastian Bach. From the day when the "temperament" of the scale introduced the interrelation of sharps and flats, and made the practice of all keys allowable, the spirit of the clavier entered the world. The invention of hammer mechanism, secondary from the point of view of art, has produced the progressive development of a sonority unknown to the clavichord, and immense material resources which, by the introduction of the unlimited use of the heretical enharmonic system, have made the piano the devastating tyrant of music. From this heresy, to be sure, proceeds nearly the whole of modern art. It has been too rich in results to allow us to deplore it, but it is nevertheless a heresy, destined to disappear some day—a day probably far distant, but inevitable,—in consequence of the same revolution that gave it birth. What will re-

main then of the art of to-day? Perhaps Berlioz' alone, who, not having used the piano, had an instinctive aversion to enharmonic writing. In this he is the opposite of Richard Wagner, who pushed this principle to its extreme limits, and who was the embodiment of the enharmonic system. The critics, and in their turn the public, have nevertheless put Wagner and Berlioz in the same box—a forced conjunction that will astonish future ages.

#### ACTORS AND CRITICS

The San Francisco Chronicle in a recent discussion made the following straightforward statement of the present-day relation of actor and critic:—

It is time that the theatrical profession began to understand that it is not made up of artists, and that the vast majority of plays and mixed performances are merely amusement, and that not of a high order. Even art is run on business principles, and on the cheapest basis possible. All newspapers are united upon the proposition that the theatre is a very important and valuable instrument of entertainment and of education, and all reputable newspapers agree that, while the advertising of the places of amusement is a source of income, the verdict upon a play or an actor is entirely independent of that question. The question of criticism has become all the more important with them since in its function of giving the news the daily paper must give the public a just analytical report of any new play, combination or star the morning after the first performance. It is made an excuse by actors who may meet with adverse comment that the critic has to judge and write hastily. This may occasionally be true, but criticising a play is, to one who has had the necessary experience and is familiar with the subject of the drama, a matter of comparative ease, unless it be one of those rare events, the production of a new and a great play or the appearance of a great art-

ist in a new rôle. The formation of judgment is, in most instances, rapid, and in ordinary cases the critic would rather write while the performance is quite fresh in his mind than wait till he has found out some new points at the expense of those that struck him most forcibly at the moment. It is a popular mistake to suppose that criticism must be unjust, because the critic may be seen leaving the theater after he has witnessed an act or two. As a fact, there are few pieces and few actors who cannot be judged almost conclusively by one act or one or two scenes. The constant study of the work of playwrights, dramatists, actors, singers, and musicians, brings up to mechanical precision the judgment of the critic. He can tell by his handling of one or two scenes the capability of the playwright; he can tell by his acting in one or two situations and his reading of a few speeches the value of the actor. The argument that there is one big scene or important situation in a play does not avail to save it from all other faults, and the critic who cannot judge fairly accurately of what any actor can do with a big situation from seeing him in small ones, hardly fulfils the necessities of his calling. There are in all plays climaxes and important scenes, but the value of these is easily calculated, for no playwright can write a scene great enough to be worth particular notice without foreshadowing in his play the ability to do it; and the critic who sees that ability will not neglect to note the result. The public taste takes a wide range, and in every department of the drama the majority of performances and pieces alike is mediocrity. That mediocrity is a matter of news to the newspaper, as well as the greatest work in play-writing or acting. That is the difference between the newspaper and the critical periodical. The newspaper, however, draws the line at space as to criticism, and the critic assumes the public to understand by his writing the standard he is judging play or actor by.

## LATTER-DAY PHILOSOPHY

### ASTROLOGY IN LONDON

Edgar Lee.....*Arena*

As a proof that in England there is some disposition being shown to deal in a more broad-minded way with those who practice astrology, I will instance the following: At the beginning of the past year the somewhat popular and largely circulated organ, *Society*, began to devote a certain portion of its space every week to astrology. Articles appeared not always by the same hand, but over the same *nom de guerre* of "Jupiter," and in a short time the paper was simply overwhelmed with correspondence from every part of the three kingdoms. A contemporary of undeniable cleverness, which has, like most of the so-called "smart" journals of the epoch, no very ancient pedigree, attacked *Society*, and particularly "Jupiter," and called seriously upon the public prosecutor to enforce the law upon this person; and when that functionary was perverse enough to be imperturbable to the somewhat ferociously worded advice, it followed up the attack by fierce personalities more suggestive

of editorial amenities in California twenty years ago than Fleet Street and the Strand in 1892. Well, the chief criminal authority at Queen Victoria's treasury remained passive, and the reason is not far to seek. Public opinion of the subject of astrology in England has undergone a startling change; and a prosecution by the state at the present juncture, and more especially immediately before the elections, would have been a trifle too daring for the most reckless government to indulge in. The professors of astrology in England are legion, and they include an immense number of charlatans; indeed, it may be broadly stated that the charlatans outnumber the genuine astrologers in the proportion of three to one; hence it is so desirable that some authoritative organ which could write on astrologic topics without fear of making itself amenable to the law should be established, if only for the purpose of acting as a finger-post to those who are seeking the truths of astral lore. Among the genuine astrologers one must again distinguish between those who may be termed

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(The following Philosophical articles are indexed from the February numbers)

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Suffrage.....E. E. Hall.....*Cosmo*.  
\*January

\*Priest in Politics.....Nineteenth Cent.  
\*A Bishop and Buddhism.....*New Rev.*  
\*Why Do Men Remain Christians?.....*Contemp.*  
\*The Book of Micah.....*Can. Meth. Quar.*  
\*Nature of Christ's Atonement.....*Can. Meth. Quar.*  
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intuitive and those who base their predictions on absolute mathematics. The latter are the more numerous section, and to the reasonable mind the more reliable; the former, on the other hand, probably possess a larger following, since their deductions are far more rapid and always more startling than their slower brethren. Among the intuitive astrologers I rank in the first flight the seer of the Charing Cross Road, whose predictions for the past forty years approach the marvelous. This man, of practically independent means, is the scion of an illustrious name in the annals of London's civic history, and is the son and grandson of two men who both practiced as astrologers back into the last century, and were accounted as the leaders of the cult. This old gentleman has been consulted by peer and peasant; the late Prince Consort bore witness to his skill; the first Lord Lytton, Charles Dickens, George Eliot, and the late Lord Beaconsfield, when Mr. Disraeli, frequently interviewed him, and to this day his house is visited by many of our leading ladies and gentlemen in society, while more than one of our commercial magnates and stock exchange speculators seek his advice on personal matters. Then, again, in the Caledonian Road, close to King's Cross, is to be found another "intuitional." One of our chief lady novelists, whose works are well known to the American public—I refer to Florence Marryat—can bear witness to the astonishing power of prognostication possessed by this hoary wizard, whose fame extends far beyond the metropolis of England. In the month of June, 1887, another famous astrologer within sound of Bow Bells was consulted by a journalist on a subject of considerable import to himself. Queen Victoria's jubilee ceremony was to take place the following day, and the journalist had received instructions from his editor to be present in Westminster Abbey to describe the event at length. In view

of the enormous number of tickets issued by the lord chamberlain to view the splendid spectacle, hundreds of workmen had been employed for several days in rigging up seats in the interior of the sacred edifice, and the vast quantity of timber employed suggested to the anarchists a ready means of bringing about a perfect holocaust of victims. The threats of these gentry to destroy at one fell blow the heirs apparent of several European dynasties were overheard in a low Soho cabaret by the detectives who are ever lurking about that notorious quarter. The whole conspiracy soon got wind and found its way into the newspapers, with the result that certain feeble folk who had obtained tickets became alarmed, and the press loudly demanded extra police precautions, so that a horrible catastrophe might be averted. The particular journalist of whom I speak was among the alarmed ones; and his wife, a believer in astrology, insisted on his consulting with the "intuitional" of her choice. The oracle replied (the minute of interrogation was his guide): "There is not the slightest fear of anything happening to-morrow. Jupiter, who rules Her Majesty, is in his full dignity, and nothing sinister could possibly occur. There is, however, likely to be an accident to some one, who, though not royal, is in some way connected with the royal house, and it would appear as though it were a horse accident." It will be remembered by many that on the morning of the ceremony the Marquis of Lorne, while in the park en route to join the procession, was thrown from his charger and sufficiently injured to prevent his taking part in the proceedings. That same night while the journalist was making this inquiry, two other querents applied to the astrologer, both asking a question as to the safety of the abbey on the morrow. The reply given by the astrologer was naturally a repetition of his previous answer, whereupon

the younger of the two visitors, who spoke English imperfectly, asked for a forecast of his own career. After ascertaining minutely the hour of birth and the latitude and longitude of the birthplace, the astrologer inquired if he were by profession a soldier, and the reply was that he held rank in a foreign army. "Your end will be sudden, and by lead," said the astrologer, "and, so far as I can see, the end is so near that it is not worth while casting the nativity." The young man laughed at the time, but it afterwards transpired that he was the Archduke Rudolf of Austria, whose melancholy and tragic demise will be still fresh in the memory of the reader. I could record many such instances of the abnormal development of the intuitive faculty in astrologic seers, but I will now come to an example of what purely mathematical astrology may accomplish. An astrologer long resident in London, and who was alive until very recently, belonged to that section which regards prediction by astral calculation as an exact science. He received a mysterious visit from a stranger in the September of 1869, who asked him whether, in view of the complications then arising in Central Europe, he could fix on a date when Prussia might advantageously quarrel with France. At this time the Luxemburg Succession had assumed a perilous aspect, while the aspirations of the Hohenzollern family to the Spanish crown had already been the subject of serious diplomatic uneasiness to more than one foreign minister. "I must first," said the astrologer, "be placed in possession of actual birth moments of King William of Prussia, Count Bismarck, Count von Moltke, the Emperor of the French and his consort, and Marshal Leboeuf. It would be as well, too, that I should have the dates of the coronation of the first King of Prussia of the Hohenzollern dynasty and the coronation day of Napoleon I." "And supposing," returned the stranger, "that these are supplied

you, how long will it be before you arrive at a decision?" "It may possibly take me a week or more," rejoined the other, and the inquirer on this left him abruptly. In due course the necessary particulars were supplied, and after an immense amount of labor, the astrologer reported that the best moment for the Prussian King to flout France would be some hour in the afternoon, as nearly as possible midway between the 9th and the 14th of July, 1870. The stranger paid nothing for this advice at the time, but, preserving his incognito, disappeared from the astrologer's ken. Who does not know the exact date when France heard with indignation that William had turned on his heel *Unter den Linden* when approached by M. Benedetti, the emissary of the Tuilleries? Is not the 11th and 12th of July graven on every German memory? while as for the result of the alleged snub, do not millions of Frenchmen to-day remember to their cost the result of this strangely given astral calculation? In the February of 1871, when the iron-girt city of Paris was in its last throes, the astrologer received a letter passed through the German military lines, containing Berlin *Billets de Banque* to the amount of two hundred pounds sterling, with the simple words on a plain sheet of paper, "With thanks of Germany."

#### THE FAILURE OF PESSIMISM

Discussing pessimism in its relation to progress, the Reverend S. A. Alexander, in the *Contemporary Review*, after recording that pessimism is a sign of decay and death, continues in this healthy tone:—

The final question of all mature pessimism—Is life worth living?—is, in itself, the proof of a diseased mind. The healthy mind never asks it. Indeed, we have not penetrated very deeply into the spirit of pessimism if we have not discovered that, in its intense form, it is invariably accompanied by ill health, or bodily weak-



ness, or abnormal sensitiveness to physical influences. Of Leopardi we read, in the pages of his latest biographer, that "he was wont to turn night into day and day into night. . . . He breakfasted between three and five o'clock in the afternoon, and dined about midnight. . . . The mere names of wind, cold, and snow were enough to pale him. He could not bear fire, and formerly used to pass the winters three parts submerged in a sack of feathers, reading and writing thus the greater part of the day." Of such unhealthy habits and of the constant physical misery which ensued, partly from them and partly from other causes, the "Dialogues" are in no sense a surprising result. And Leopardi is only one among the great and decrepit army of pessimists. A pitiable multitude, we see them driven, or dragged, or tottering across the arena of thought, in various stages of bodily suffering or decay; some the submissive captives of pain, and others his defiant conquests; some giving vent to muttered whispers, others to loud remonstrance, but all seeing the world as colored by their own weakness: Byron with his club-foot, Carlyle stormy and dyspeptic, Schopenhauer with his inherited susceptibility to pain, and other leaders in the outcry of pessimism; together with a throng of minor apes and imitators distinguished, for the most part, by the same unfortunate characteristic of physical deficiency. If these men had been sound of limb and robust of constitution, we should not have heard from them so much wailing about the evil of the world, the disappointment of human hopes, the illusiveness of human life, and the cruelty of destiny. Regarded broadly, the tendency of pessimism has been to retard the progress of the race as well as that of the individual. It has implied, when it has not asserted, first, that, supposing that the course of things is not rather stationary or retrograde, progress is very slow and uncertain; next, that, such as it is, it depends for the most

part on circumstances which lie beyond our control; and finally, that the world is so vast, mankind so puny, and the existence even of the race so brief, that it is a piece of stupidity to be inquisitive about progress and of well-meant folly to be laborious in good works. We do not therefore expect from the pessimist any of that fine ardor which has been the spring of all great endeavors. If we look for inspiration, we must look towards some one whose soul has been fired by that enthusiasm, not conventionally calculative and yet not easily overcome, which the pessimist is apt to measure with his scientific rule and to analyze into wasted energy. It is a matter of experience that the truest thoughts and most finished works of men come to them spontaneously, without any labored process of reasoning. Reasoning, no doubt, has formed the background throughout, and has fed the root from which the perfect flower has sprung; and the infinite patience of long training and habit has been somewhere at work. But the intuitive element, from which pessimism naturally shrinks, still remains the chief element in progress, and the immediate source of the best results of art or life. For most of the best results of art we find here an infallible test. Have they this sacred mark—the mark of complete inspiration, of childlike spontaneity? Do we feel of them, instinctively, that they have risen, a perfect whole, from the mind of the artist, like the sea-born goddess from the drifted foam? If not, they will never appeal to us with the same unique force as the Dresden Madonna of Raphael, or the Venus of Milo, or Keats's "Ode to the Nightingale," or Shelley's "Ode to the West Wind." And of life and action this truth is truer still. Always those have had the largest influence on the history of man who have relied on this power of enthusiasm, rather than those who have worked, with anxious prudence, by the certain methods of logic. The high and noble acts which stand out like stars for the re-

demption and transfiguration of the human race, and hide its naked poverty with their own irresistible charm, have always been the work, not of the skilful reasoner who can weigh and balance and count the cost, but of the man who, careless alike of cost and balance, is, in some moment of superb irrationality, carried out of himself, instantly and completely, by the power of an indomitable inspiration. It is a grave charge that the laborer in the fields of progress—political, social, or religious—has to bring against the pessimist—that he puts out the fire of enthusiasm and blunts the keenness of enterprise. Whether cynical or no, he has forgotten that it is only as a little child that a man can enter the kingdom of life or of art, passing through the gates which are forever closed except to hopefulness and belief.

#### THE NEGLECTED RICH

This class of people is thus referred to in an article in the *Independent* by the Rev. Dr. Charles L. Thompson. The rich are only indifferently reached by the Gospel:—

And one of the evidences, he writes, that there are neglected rich is the fact that statistics to measure the size of that class are not available. They are neglected, in the first place, by our failure to find out who they are and how many there are. In this respect they are more neglected than the poor. We get the religious census of the tenement-house districts. That is accurately written down and printed. Missionaries go from tenement to tenement to gather the facts. The problem is thus simplified when we know the size of it. But the rich are neglected at the very threshold of the question. No missionary goes to them for facts. No census of their religious condition ever gets into print. We have only general and unreliable estimates. Who knows the religious condition of the fashionable district of upper New York? Is it assumed that they go to church? The

assumption is unwarranted. Or that they would resent an inquiry and so none should be made? That also is unwarranted. Or, is it rather the feeling of Christian people that they have no special responsibility to press the Gospel on those who are quite able to command its privileges if they choose? Is there a feeling that the poor man needs our help and so will welcome our approach; but the rich man, feeling no need, will resent our invitation? I suspect there is a feeble sense of responsibility regarding the spiritual condition of the well-to-do classes. We are disposed to think the rich have their chance. Nothing hinders their going to church. The poor have a poor chance. We must help them out of their disabilities. But the idea that the rich have no disabilities, the idea which therefore weakens our sense of responsibility for their salvation, is a mistaken idea. Those disabilities are, of course, wholly different from those under which the poor labor, but they exist, and perhaps are as determinative of character as those which the poor suffer. Wealth builds walls as well as poverty. It invites frequently to a solitude whose grandeur takes away nothing from its reality. The conventionalities of life build barriers which, in times of loneliness and sorrow, the rich would often be glad enough to have broken down. Their prosperity sometimes lifts them out of a common human kinship which is at once company and solace. The habits of life close them often in a case they would gladly see destroyed. They are inaccessible when they long to be approached, and would welcome, perhaps, even a daring step that, on some high errand, would invade their solitude. They are kept out of churches by habits which, in their best moments, they would be glad to see assailed from the outside. If it be said these are exceptional cases, the rich as a rule are contented and sufficient for themselves, and have no desire (so far as they are

churchless) for any Church recognition, does that fact wholly relieve the Church of responsibility? As a rule, the ungodly rich man has a free course to an ungodly character and destiny. Nobody prevents. We storm the poor and compel them to come in; but the man behind the brown-stone front is secure; no invitations come to him, no presuming missionaries ring his door-bell. There are plenty of churches around him whose appointments would suit alike his tastes and his spiritual needs. But he is safe from any religious campaign. He walks unhindered among agencies that should have a holy audacity, and should throw on him at least the full responsibility of his condition. The Church needs more courage. Of course, every man's house is his castle. But a castle with a door-bell invites inquiry, and there is no more reason why a house should be secure against polite and earnest religious inquiry than against sanitary inspection. How that inquiry shall be received and that invitation regarded is for the people of the house to settle for themselves. The Church has done something when she has located responsibility.

#### WOMAN'S CRUELTY AND PITY

A scientific paper under this head by Guillaume Ferreroy, appears in the *Monist*;—

Is woman kind or cruel? the writer asks. Pity and cruelty coexist together in her; we might call this state in woman a state of unstable equilibrium: to-day she is kind, divinely good, charitable; to-morrow she will be perverse and cruel. On one side her feebleness renders her cruel, and her impulsive nature prevents her from repressing the outbursts of anger and of vengeance; on the other hand, the gentle habits of maternal affection, her lower intelligence, and even the weakness of her nature develop in her kindly sentiments. Woman may experience the strongest feelings of maternal affection at the sight of a

helpless creature; but that will not prevent her from cruelly persecuting a rival, especially if she has been wounded in her sentiments of wife or mother. Thus woman, who is the natural protector of the weak, treats them oftentimes with a cruelty of which man is totally incapable. Woman loves, hates, consoles, inflicts pain, according as she finds herself in the presence of a friend, an enemy, a helpless being, or of a rival. Many of the fiercest heroines of the Paris Commune, had been trained nurses during the war, and distinguished for their devotion to the sick. There is nothing astonishing in this, for contradiction in feeling is so often a psychical law that a great Italian philosopher, Robert Ardigo, has said that man is not a logical being. We have noticed that weakness is in part the cause of cruelty and partly also of pity, and this accounts for the coexistence of the two contrary sentiments. They coexist because they have a common origin. But this instability of equilibrium is lessened by evolution, and pity becomes stronger than cruelty. Among civilized nations the cruelty of women has become merely a moral attitude; the civilized woman, less powerful than her savage sister, no more subjects her enemies to physical pain, does not shed their blood; she contents herself with slandering them, turning them into ridicule, and humiliating them. Sexual selection also helps in this; in the human race as civilization advances the male assumes more and more the right of selection, and man shrinks instinctively from meeting in a woman a high development of the qualities which he himself possesses, for he wishes to dominate her and to be her superior. This explains to us the singular fact, which we notice every day, that of a *savant* marrying a stupid or unintelligent wife; this is why the normal man, as also the vicious, choose gentle and good women when they desire to found families.

## UNDER KING CONSTANTINE

Under King Constantine (Randolph's) comprises three poems in blank verse—Sanpeur, Kathanal and Christalan—by an anonymous author. The Constantine was he of whom we read in *La Mort d'Arthure*, "hee was a full noble knight, and worshipfully hee ruled this realm." The poems are composed in a lofty strain, they are chaste in language, elevated in sentiment and have a genuine depth of feeling. The too modest poet has sedulously studied Tennyson, and a reverent attitude toward womanhood is a marked characteristic of his verse.

### SANPEUR AND GWENDOLAINE

*From Under King Constantine.*

"You were a coward to your better self  
In your light answer to the empty words  
Your nature disavowed."

"Alack, my lord!  
That is my armour; warriors ever wear  
A cuirass of strong steel before their breasts;  
A woman carries but a little shield  
Of scorn, and badinage, to break the force  
On her weak woman-heart, of javelins  
hurled."

"That is well said, my lady Gwendolaine,  
But it is not the same, by your fair grace;  
Our armour is our armour, nothing more;  
Your shield of scorn is lasting lance of harm,  
For every word a noble woman says,  
And every act and influence from her,  
Live on forever, to the end of time;  
Your true soul is too true to be belied."

"Who told you, Sir Sanpeur?"

"My heart," he said.  
She raised her eyes in a triumphant thrill  
Of sudden rapture, and of gratitude,  
And saw herself enwrapped by a long look  
That came from deeper depths than she had  
known,  
And reached a depth in her as yet unstirred.  
She stood enspelled by his long silent gaze  
Of subtle power. His unswerving eyes  
Quelled her by steadfast calm, yet kindled  
her  
By lavish love and light.

Although no word  
Was said between them, as they moved  
apart,  
She knew he loved her, and he wist she  
knew.

### KATHANAL AND LEORRE

*From Under King Constantine.*

"Go forth, my knight of love, o'er land  
and sea,  
And purify your spirit and your life,  
And seek until you find the Holy Grail,  
Keeping the vision ever in your thought,  
The inspiration ever in your soul.  
Let Tristram yield his loyalty and honor  
For fair Isoud, and die inglorious,—  
Let Launcelot in Guenever's embrace  
Forget the consecrated vows he swore,  
And bring dark desolation on the land,—  
My knight must grow the greater through  
his love,  
The better for my favor, the more pure.  
More than all gifts, or wealth of royal  
dower,  
I want, I crave, I claim this boon of thee."

Between the bronze-brown of his eyes and  
her,

There sudden came a faint and misty  
veil;  
Through the wide-open window a sun's  
beam  
Flashed on it, making o'er her bowed head  
A halo from his own unfallen tears.  
He rose and lifted her, loosed her sweet  
hands,  
And fell upon his knees low at her feet.  
"Leorre, my love, my queen, my woman-  
saint,  
I am not worthy, but I take your quest;  
I will not falter and I will not swerve  
Until I see the Grail, or pass to where  
I see the glory it but symbols here,  
In Paradise. Beloved, all the world  
Is better for your living, all the air  
Is sweeter for your breathing, and all  
love  
Is holier, purer, that you may be loved."

## PRACTICAL SIDE OF LIFE: SCIENCE: INDUSTRY

### VIVISECTION, PRO AND CON

A furious war is waging in Britain over vivisection, and feeling has run so high that Miss Frances Power Cobbe, who has taken a prominent stand against the practice, has been publicly accused of mendacity. A. Coppen Jones in the Fortnightly, dwells on the merits of vivisection:—

#### PRO

Mr. Victor Horsley said in his speech at the Church Congress: "That the results of experiments on living animals have been of inestimable service to man and to the lower animals, is the unanimous opinion of those who know the whole subject intimately and whose verdict is, consequently, alone of value to minds both intelligent and honest." But people nowadays do not want the bare assertions of authorities—they want facts. To this end I propose to give an instance of a terrible disease com-

mon to man and the lower animals, which was formerly incurable and unamenable to treatment, but which now, as a result and by means of experiments on living animals, is curable in them and in man. This is tetanus, commonly known as lockjaw. I have chosen this instance in particular because it rests in a most immediate and unequivocal fashion solely on "vivisectional" experiments, and because it illustrates in the best possible way the tendency and goal of modern medicine where infectious diseases are concerned. Up till eight years ago we were completely in the dark as to the cause and real nature of this complaint, which statistics show to be fatal in ninety cases out of every hundred. In 1884 a young German doctor, Nicolaier, found that the introduction of small portions of the earth of streets and fields under the skin of mice gave rise to symptoms exactly resembling those of tetanus

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in the human subject. Briefly they are these: The body becomes paralyzed near the point of inoculation and the paralysis spreads gradually all over the body. The muscles that extend the limbs are stiffened and stretched to the utmost, as well as those of the back, so that the body often becomes bent like a bow. The mouth is also closed tight by the contraction of its muscles, and many of the inner organs exhibit the same phenomenon. Before long this passive stiffening is supplemented by convulsions, which increase in frequency until death releases the tortured creature from the iron grip in which it is held. Nicolaier found that the pus or matter formed in the wound reproduced the same symptoms in mice or rabbits inoculated with it, and further, that it contained almost always a peculiar drumstick-shaped bacillus, which he regarded as the possible cause of the disease; but he was unable to isolate this microbe or cultivate it outside the living body. A number of Continental workers took up the subject and it became more and more probable that Nicolaier's view was correct, until at last all doubt was removed by the discovery, in 1889, of a method of pure culture. A young Japanese physician, Kitasato, working in Koch's laboratory, and two Italians in Bologna, Professor Tizzoni and Mlle. Cattani, published almost simultaneously an account of their investigations. They had succeeded independently in obtaining pure cultures of the bacillus, and found that an infinitely small droplet of the culture introduced beneath the skin of animals killed them under typical tetanic symptoms in from twenty-four to thirty-six hours. It was shown that this deadly effect was caused by a poison of almost inconceivable virulence secreted by the bacilli and separable from them by appropriate means. A number of zealous and able workers continued the investigations, and it was soon placed

beyond doubt or dispute that all forms of tetanus, whether in man or animals, are due to a uniform cause and that is the drumstick-shaped bacillus of Nicolaier. At the same time a flood of light was thrown upon the mode of infection when it was shown that the spores or seed of the microbe are almost universally present in the dirt of streets and the upper layers of the soil. In 1890 Kitasato, together with Dr. Behring, discovered that by treating rabbits with tri-chloride of iodine they can be made "immune," or proof against tetanus, so that the inoculation of twenty times the amount of virus sufficient to kill an ordinary rabbit is without any injurious effect. They further showed that the blood of an animal thus treated possesses the power of neutralizing the tetanus poison to such a degree that thirty or forty drops of it injected into another (untreated) rabbit are sufficient to render this second animal in its turn immune. Not only does this blood possess protective power, it is also able to cure white mice (animals more sensitive to tetanus than even rabbits) in which the disease is far advanced. Since then the same results have been obtained in the case of sheep and horses. Soon after the publication of Kitasato and Behring's first paper, Tizzoni and Cattani came to the front again with the announcement that they had attained similar results with the blood of dogs which had been rendered proof against tetanus by gradual vaccination with virulent tetanus cultures, and a few months later they published a communication to the effect that they had succeeded in extracting from the blood of such dogs a substance of the nature of albumen that had the property of destroying the tetanus virus within or without the body, and with which animals far advanced in tetanus could be cured. From the nature of its properties they named it *tetanus antitoxin*, and after many unsuccessful attempts were able to

obtain it in the form of a white crystalline powder which has been shown to retain its healing power for many months. In the Summer of 1891 they had the opportunity of testing its efficacy in the case of men attacked by lockjaw, and up to the present time about a dozen cases have been reported, all of which were treated successfully. To draw conclusions as to the efficacy of any specific from so small a number of instances would, in the case of most diseases, be most dangerous, but it is not so in the case of tetanus. Considering the high mortality (90 per cent.), and having regard to the extreme intractability of the disorder to any of the old methods of treatment, we may assert, with confidence and certainty, that more than one half of these patients were saved from a terrible death by Tizzoni and Cattani's *tetanus antitoxin*.

## CON

Canon Basil Wilberforce, in the New Review, answers a critique of Dr. Ernest Hart, and goes for that advocate of vivisection with hammer and tongs, as can be only indicated:—

The title of this article (Dr. Hart's) for example, suggests a falsification of fact unrevealed till the bitter end is reached. In the last line Dr. Hart says, "It is indeed lamentable that even a few women, clergymen, and doctors should be found to persist in the ill-deserved support of it" (the anti-vivisection movement). A few women, clergymen, and doctors!! And it is the author of this deliberate attempt to delude the public who fiercely accuses others of "dishonorable conduct." Who are these "women, clergymen, and doctors?" The original founders of the Victoria Street Society included Lord Shaftesbury (president), Lord Coleridge, Sir Fitzroy Kelly, Sir Frederick Elliot, Sir Evelyn Wood, General Colin Mackenzie, Lord Bute, John Locke; names scarcely to be enumerated under the title of women, clergymen

and doctors. Amongst other prominent anti-vivisectionists who are neither women, clergymen, and doctors, have been:—Authors: Tennyson, Ruskin, Browning; historians: Froude, Freeman, Carlyle; politicians: John Morley, A. J. Mundella, James Stansfeld, Duncan Maclaren, &c., &c.; lawyers: the Lord Chief Justice, Sir H. Hawkins, Lord Justice Lopes; soldiers: General Lord de Ros, General Colin Mackenzie, General Sir Patrick McDougal; philanthropists: Lord Shaftesbury, Samuel Morley, Lord Mount-Temple, the Earl of Leven and Melville; and new names are constantly being added. \* \* \*

In the endeavor to awaken the public conscience to a great evil, sheltered by sophisms innumerable and hypocrisy unbounded, it is a positive duty to denounce it in the strongest language, even should such terms be used as "generation of vipers," or, "ye are of your father, the devil." The Rev. Samuel Houghton, M. D., has hesitated not to affirm that the practice of vivisection would "let loose upon the world a set of young devils."

\* \* \* But the "head and front of our offending" is the suggestion that the practice of vivisection, apart from the ghastly cruelty inflicted on the lower animals, leads by gradual steps to experiments on human beings, and especially on hospital patients. The assertion that by this suggestion we "hideously and falsely lay a charge against the whole profession" is an exaggeration that carries its own refutation. The medical profession produces men unequalled in nobility of character. Few there must be who, in the changes and chances of this mortal life, have not learnt to esteem their physicians with an affection that is almost reverential. To labor, as has been my lot, for twenty years in a populous centre, side by side with medical men, is to learn from them lessons of patience, charity and courage. But, *aliquando dormitat*, there is no apostolic succession of infallibility in the healing art. It is no "woman

or clergyman," it is Dr. Russell Reynolds, a man at the head of his profession, who declares that "meddling and muddling of a disreputable sort" are not unknown in therapeutics. It is Dr. Clifford Allbut who warns the profession that women "have their brave and active spirits broken under a false belief in the presence of a secret malady" in the hands of some specialists. Men, however honorable the profession to which they belong, are individually assailable by temptation, and when the research mania besieges the scientific heart, its tendency is to harden the conscience. On the continent, already, hospital patients are not safe. Claude Bernard openly advocated experiments on the brains of human beings "because they have faculties which animals do not possess." \* \* \* Let me, in conclusion, assure Dr. Hart that the anti-vivisection movement which he derides is no sentimental whine from a few insignificant "women, clergymen, and doctors," but a stern demand for justice to animals and men, emanating from an aroused national conscience, and growing in volume and intensity. It is promoted by men and women who have the patience to saw down through sophistry to the lie that hides at the bottom, and who, undeterred by Dr. Hart's marked literary ability, unrivalled position of advantage as editor of a scientific organ, and pre-eminent facility of invective, will fight on until the impious inquisitiveness, the dastardly cruelty, and demoralizing consequences of vivisection are abolished by legal enactment. In the words of the Hon. Auberon Herbert, "There is no lawful weapon, no lawful means of attack that must be left unused against vivisection and vivisectors; there can be no truce as long as we are asked to inflict suffering for the good of humanity. To the scorn of all generous men and women we consign this much misused expression."—Thus all progress is marked by a contest of liberals and conservatives.

#### ECONOMICS OF GOOD ROADS

Mr. John Gilmer Speed, in the *Chautauquan*, after calculating the gain which the farmer would derive from good roads, in the enhanced value and earning capacity of horses and other draft animals, says:—

The enhancement of the value of real estate would be so great that the items I have mentioned would be so insignificant as not to be worth discussing. In one neighborhood alone—that of Union County, New Jersey,—the improvement of the roads has changed values so greatly that men who a few years ago were struggling farmers, with earnings so scant that it was difficult to make two ends meet, are now not only well-to-do, but absolutely rich. They can sell their crops at good profit; they can grow more profitable crops; they can get these crops quickly and cheaply to market; and their lands, for which at low prices it was formerly almost impossible to find purchasers, are now in demand at prices which compared with the old order of things, seem fabulous. The mere mention of them suggests a most unaccustomed condition of opulence. These are a few of the direct economic problems in which the roads are factors. There is another one however of greater importance. It is hard, indeed it is impossible, to put any money value upon an improved social condition. But our bad roads have so serious an influence upon country life and the happiness of men and women who lead rural lives that the purely social aspect of the case is after all by very far much the most important. One can scarcely pick up a newspaper nowadays without reading that in farming communities it is most difficult to get competent and trustworthy agricultural laborers. When any thoughtful observer sees in the great cities how the families of the men who do what is called laborers' work are lodged; when he sees them huddled together in great, badly smelling tenement houses, he marvels

that they should prefer this to life in the country, where fresh air is free and wholesome food is cheap. But there can be little doubt that there is a preference for this kind of existence in cities, even though it be a fact that work is harder to get there than in the country and not a bit more regular. Not only is this the case with laborers, but we find whenever we choose to inquire that the best youths born on the farms of the country early begin to feel a hankering for town life. If they staid at home to till the fields there would not be this scarcity of agricultural laborers which has just been noted. But no sooner does an adventuresome youth in the country begin to feel the down upon his cheeks and chin change into whiskers than he is fired with an ambition to go to some city and become a part of the great bustle and strife which the close competition of man with man produces. It does not mean that he is afraid of the hard work that has to be done on the farm, for none but a fool would believe that a man to succeed even moderately does not have to work just as hard in town as in the country. And farmers' boys are not fools—at least they have not proved themselves to be so in America—for the majority of our great and successful men have been recruited, not from the colleges and universities of learning, but from those very fields which now suffer because there are not men enough to cultivate them. So, too, it is with the girls in the country. Their ambition seems to be to get to town. They will look with more favor upon the suit of a pale and careworn city clerk than upon that of a sturdy son of the soil who has elected to stay in the country to tickle the ground with plow and harrow until it laughs in his face and rewards his labors with its golden harvest. The reason that the laborer prefers the town and the farmer's boy and girl prefer to come to town is that men and women in whatever state or condition are social animals and they find life in the coun-

try lonesome and almost unbearable. But what has this to do with the solution of any problem, it may be asked, for has it not always been lonesome in the country and will it not always be so? It has always been so most certainly, but the old order has changed and the country must not be suffered to remain lonesome. The American men and women of to-day are creatures of a much higher nervous temperament than they were a generation or so ago before the railroads and telegraphs and the daily press had quickened the life flow of the people and made their pulses to beat at a rate which would once have been thought dangerously feverish. Therefore, American men and women need society. Their very natures cry out for it and they must have it. But how are they to find it unless the fields be deserted entirely for the towns, and in that case how would mankind be fed? There is in my opinion one easy solution to this problem, and unless it be solved, a dire disaster will come upon us as a people. The way to induce men and women to stay in the country and keep them content there is by bringing them closer together. The good roads in France to which allusion has been made make the whole of rural France like one village and the agriculturists there are at once the most contented and the most thrifty in the world. This contentment and prosperity come to the French not because the French are so very different from other peoples but in a very great measure because they are relieved of the heavy taxation that bad roads entail and because the labors of life are sweetened by frequent and easy social intercourse. But in the United States a farm a mile or so away from another farm seems almost as distant as New York from Philadelphia. And this unnaturally exaggerated distance can only be reduced to its real length by making good roads from one neighborhood to another, so that visits from farm to farm shall not

seem like great journeys, but a mere matter of course that one would undertake without giving it a second thought. In the present condition of our country roads and common highways at the very seasons of the year when agricultural people are more free to indulge in social intercourse, it is in the greater part of the United States almost impossible for them to pay a visit a few miles away without preparation and forethought. They are walled in by mud, and each farmhouse is a prison for the women and children who chafe at the restraint and conclude that those people who have passable streets upon which to walk whenever they choose, must live in a very paradise compared to the home that shuts them in. Therefore has the lonesomeness become unbearable, and this feeling of lonesomeness is not likely to decrease. The very best young men and young women—those with courage enough to strike out for themselves—will continue to leave the old homes for the more lively if less innocent struggles which the towns afford. To prevent this, a patriotic duty rests upon the people—a duty which not only present conditions make imperative, but which, if not attended to, will do an incalculable injury to posterity.

#### THE EARTH'S POPULATION

Dr. J. S. Billings, in the *Chautauquan*, gives some interesting figures concerning the density of the earth's population. He writes:—

The density of the population of different parts of the world varies greatly in different countries—being greatest in Belgium where it is about 535 to the square mile. The number of persons to the square mile in different regions and countries is as follows: Europe, 95; Asia, 48; Africa, 14; America, 8; Australasia, 1.3; Belgium, 55; England, 480; Netherlands, 357; Great Britain and Ireland, 311; Italy, 272; German Empire, 236; Japan, 271; China, 226; India,

187; Switzerland, 186; France, 184; Austria-Hungary, 170; Denmark, 146; Portugal, 124; Spain, 89; European Russia, 49; Sweden, 27; United States, 17; Mexico, 15; Norway, 15; Canada, 2. A large part of the world is not crowded yet. If it came to close packing, the entire population of the earth could stand on an area of about 250 square miles, in fact it might be possible that they could be compressed to within the limits of the city of Chicago, which includes 160.54 square miles and has a population of about 6,850 per square mile. In the United States in 1890 there were 592,037 square miles which had a population of from 2 to 6 per square mile, 701,845 square miles with a population of from 18 to 45 per square mile, and 24,312 square miles, with over 90 persons to the square mile. The most densely populated city was New York, with 37,675 per square mile, and, in the most densely populated ward, i. e., ward 10, there were 474 persons to the acre. The most densely settled state was Rhode Island with 318.4 persons per square mile, and then came Massachusetts with 278.5, New Jersey with 193, Connecticut with 150.4, New York with 126, and Pennsylvania with 116.9. At the other extreme are Nevada with 0.4, Arizona with 0.5, Wyoming with 0.6, Montana with 0.9, Idaho with 1.0, New Mexico with 1.3, Utah with 2.5, and Oregon with 3.3 per square mile.

Of the births and mortality he figures:—

In those nations which have a fairly accurate registration of births, the birth rates vary in different years, ranging from 21.8 per 1,000 in France in 1890, to 45.3 per 1,000 in Hungary in 1884. Taking the averages for the 20 years 1871-90, the birth rate was, for England and Wales, 34; for Scotland, 33.6; for Ireland, 24.9; for Denmark, 31.7; for Austria, 38.6; for Switzerland, 29.4; for the German Empire, 38.1; for the Netherlands, 35.2; for Italy, 37.3; for Belgium, 31;



and for France, 24.6 per 1,000. The birth rate for the United States during the same period was probably about 34 per 1,000. In almost all civilized countries the birth rate is diminishing; thus for 1890 the following figures representing these ratios may be compared with those given above as the average of the last twenty years, viz.: England and Wales, 30.2; Scotland, 30.3; Ireland, 22.3; Denmark, 30.6; Austria, 36.7; Switzerland, 26.6; German Empire, 35.7; Netherlands, 32.9; Italy, 35.9; Belgium, 28.7; France 21.8. The death rates are also diminishing, but not so much as the birth rates—they vary from 18 to 36 per 1,000. The high birth rates and the high death rates usually go together; high death rates are chiefly due to excessive mortality among infants, and the sooner a nursing infant dies the sooner another one is produced. This brings us to what are the really interesting questions with regard to the population of the earth, namely, at what rates are the different groups increasing, how are they migrating and mixing, and what are the probabilities as to their future development? Taken as a whole, the population of the world has increased considerably during the last hundred, and especially during the last fifty years, but we have no accurate knowledge as to the rate of increase.

#### ÆSTHETICISM IN ANIMALS

Professor E. P. Evans, in the Popular Science Monthly writes entertainingly of the result of his observations in the animal kingdom:—

If chimpanzees, orang-outangs, and sokos had enjoyed the thousands of years of domestication and thorough breeding and training, from which dogs have so immensely profited, there is no knowing what advances in knowledge and acquisitions of intellectual culture they might not have made. It is wonderful how much they learn through observation and very slight instruction during a few

months' intercourse with human beings, discharging with evident pleasure the duties of body servant or waiter, answering the door bell, showing visitors into the parlor, fetching water, kindling the fire, washing dishes, turning the spit, and doing all sorts of chores in and about the house. "Such an ape," said Brehm, "one can not treat as a beast, but must associate with as a man. Notwithstanding all the peculiarities it exhibits, it reveals in its nature and conduct so very much that is human, that one quite forgets the animal. Its body is that of a brute, but its intelligence is almost on a level with that of a common boor. It is absurd to attribute the actions of such a creature to unthinking imitation; it imitates, to be sure, but as a child imitates an adult, with understanding and judgment." That the plastic and progressive period of the monkey's individual development is short, and that its faculties become set and stationary at a comparatively early age, is undeniable; but the same holds true of the negro, who loses his educability and ceases his mental growth much earlier than the Caucasian. The longer or shorter duration of this formative season in the mental life of man is, to some extent, a matter of race, but in a still greater degree the resultant of civilization. The hand is also a valuable instrument for the cultivation of the æsthetic sense, and the more flexible and sensitive this instrument becomes, the greater are the results achieved by it in this direction. But there are animals without hands that show an appreciation of the beautiful. Mr. Darwin has proved conclusively that birds take pleasure in sweet sounds and in brilliant colors, and that the sentiment thus awakened and appealed to plays an important part in the preservation and perfection of the species through natural selection. The struggle for existence is not always carried on by fierce combat and the triumph of brute force, but quite as frequently

takes the form of competition in beauty, addressing itself either to the ear as alluring song, or to the eye as attractive plumage; and the bird that possesses these characteristics in the highest degree, carries off the prize in the tournament of love, and propagates its kind. There is no doubt that birds take delight in the gorgeousness of their own feathers, and the more brilliant their hues the greater the vanity they display. Conspicuous examples of this love of admiration and fondness of parading their finery are the peacock and the bird of paradise. The decoration of its boudoir by the bower bird, as described by Mr. Gould in his History of the Birds of New South Wales, indicates a decided and discriminative preference for bright and variegated objects, and evinces no small amount of æsthetic feeling and artistic taste in selecting and arranging them. The bower is built of sticks and slender twigs gracefully interwoven, so that the tapering points meet at the top, and adorned with the rose-colored tail feathers of the inca cockatoo and the gay plumes of other parrots, tinted shells, bleached bones, rags of divers hues, and whatever gaudy or glittering trinkets may please the bird's fancy. Sometimes the space in front of the bower is covered with half a bushel of things of this sort, laid out like a parterre with winding walks, in which the happy possessor of the garnered treasures struts about with the pride and pleasure of a connoisseur in a gallery of paintings, or a bibliophile who has his shelves filled with *incunabula* and other rare editions. These objects have often been brought from a great distance, and are of no possible use to the bird except as they gratify its love of the beautiful and appeal to what we call in man the æsthetic sense. Its conduct can be explained in no other way; for the bower is not a nest in which eggs are laid and hatched and young ones reared; it is a salon or place of social entertainment, and thus serves a distinctly

ideal purpose. The singing of birds, as a means of sexual attraction, implies a certain appreciation of melody. Indeed, many of them do not confine themselves to the songs of their species, but learn notes from other birds and snatches of tunes from musical instruments. Canaries can be taught a variety of airs by playing them repeatedly on a piano or on a hurdy-gurdy. They listen with attention and imitate the strains which take their fancy. If harmony or the concord of sweet sounds, as distinguished from melody or the simple succession of sweet sounds, does not enter into bird music, the same may be said of the music of primitive man and of all early nations. Savages, like feathered songsters, sing in unison, but not in accord. Not only do some species of monkeys, like the chimpanzees and soks, get up concerts of their own in the depths of the forest, but dogs, which are generally supposed to be decidedly unmusical, also discriminate between tunes and express their preferences or aversions in an unmistakable manner. A friend of mine, who had a magnificent St. Bernard dog, was fond of playing the violoncello. The dog used to lie quietly in the room with closed eyes, and appeared to pay no attention to the music until his master struck up a certain tune, when the dog immediately and invariably sat up on his haunches and began to howl. If the tune which called forth such emotions had been written on a very high key, or characterized by shrill tones or harsh dissonances, the conduct of the dog might be easily explained. But such was not the case. There was nothing in this piece more than in any other, so far as any one could observe, that ought to grate the canine ear. Many incidents of this kind might be cited to prove that even dogs are not indifferent to musical compositions, and show a nice discrimination between them, having their likes and dislikes, as well as human beings.

## THE GLUT IN SHIP-BUILDING

*New Orleans Times-Democrat*

The total tonnage of the world's shipbuilding in the year 1892, we learn from the *Glasgow Herald*, which is the leading authority on the subject, was only a trifle less than the tonnage for the preceding year. From this it may be seen that the great shipbuilding wave which reached high-water mark in 1890 has not yet spent all its force, although it is manifestly on the ebb, and is likely from this time to recede with a rush. The depression in business which, following the almost universal boom in 1883, reached its lowest point in 1886, sent the bottom almost completely out of the shipbuilding industry. In that year of deepest gloom, 1886, the shipbuilding tonnage fell from over 1,000,000 to about 500,000 tons. In 1888 and 1889, when the general prosperity reached its acme, the new tonnage rose with a jump and attained such proportions as it had never attained before, amounting in 1888 to 1,502,629 and in 1889 to the unprecedented total of 1,646,809 tons. Such unheard-of amounts of tonnage produced in single, consecutive years were of course far in excess of the needs of the world's carrying business, and pointed either to a crash or to a stagnation that would bring ruin and distress in the shipbuilding business. But the collapse did not come in the immediate wake of 1890, as the orders placed in the years of greatest prosperity took a year or two more to work off. It is to this cause that the outputs of 1891 and 1892 retained the still great proportions of 1,489,915 and 1,451,919 tons, and not to any great demand for new shipping in those years. The orders, however, as we learn from the *Glasgow Herald*, are now all worked off, and so great is the glut of vessels of all kinds, particularly of large, first-class steamers, that scarcely any additions to the existing tonnage will be required for years. On the Clyde alone there

will be a smaller tonnage by 200,000 tons turned out of the shipyards this year than there has been for four years; several shipyards will close for lack of orders, and thousands of workmen will be without employment. In 1892 there were built 491 sailing vessels and 759 steam vessels, whose aggregate tonnage was 1,451,919 tons. Of this amount Great Britain built 1,280,001 tons, or almost 90 per cent. of the whole; and this amount was a slight increase on the British output for the year before. But most of the other shipbuilding countries showed decreases in output, the Scandinavian group alone besides Great Britain presenting an increase. Germany, France, Italy, Austria, Holland and Spain fell off in their aggregate output more than 36,000 tons from the previous year, while the United States and Canada decreased from 63,613 tons in 1891 to 22,243 tons in 1892—a decrease of nearly two-thirds. The most, and in fact the only, noteworthy feature in the shipbuilding of the year was the continued large increase in the sailing-ship tonnage that was produced. A return to the sailing-ship had been noted for a year or two before 1892, and it was understood to be a protest on grounds of economy against the ruinous expense implied in the working of steamers. The restoration to favor of the sailing ship was far more marked in 1892 than in any previous year, for, whereas several years ago the average tonnage of the new sailing ships that were being built was barely over 1,000 tons, it is now more than 2,000 tons, and more than 200 sailing vessels built in 1892 had a tonnage lying between 2,000 and 5,000 tons. It is probable that if, apart from the construction of war vessels, the output of tonnage from the shipyards of the world were not to amount to 1,000 tons all told in the next three or four years, the carrying trade of the nations could be as efficiently conducted as if, each one of those years, the tonnage were to reach 1,000,000 tons.

## MANKIND: SOCIAL AND PHILANTHROPIC

### GETTING A GOVERNMENT PLACE

United States Commissioner Theodore Roosevelt, writing in the *Chautauquan*, contrasts the old and the new way of getting appointive offices as follows:—

Under the old system if a man wanted to procure a position in a department in Washington he had to get the backing of some prominent politician, and this meant that he and his friends first had to pester the aforesaid politician almost to death, and that then the politician himself had to pester the head of a department in Washington in similar manner until the latter gave the place; and under such circumstances the place was usually made vacant by turning out some perfectly competent unfortunate to whom it might be a matter of life or death to retain it, but who had no political influence. The offices were treated, as they are treated now in all parts of the service in which the civil service law does not afford protection, as great bribery chests out of which to pay influential henchmen for

their political services. It is quite needless to say that the system was corrupting and degrading to the last degree, and is so this moment just so far as it obtains; and it is not defensible on any ground of morality or decency. Not only did it and does it work harm to the public service, but what is of much more importance it works inestimable harm to American public life, tending to supplant the influence of honest citizens in our primaries and elections by the influence of organized bands of political mercenaries, who are paid out of the public treasury for the benefit of themselves and their leaders. Probably no other one cause has done as much to degrade American politics as the spoils system. An election obtained by bribery with office is but one degree more disreputable than an election obtained by bribery with money; the difference is really not material. Contrast this with the workings of the civil service law. Nowadays if a man or woman wants to get into the government service at

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Washington, or if a man wishes to be a railway mail clerk, there is no need of applying to any prominent politician. Indeed, such a politician could be of absolutely no service. The applicant for office merely writes to the Commission stating what position it is he desires. He receives in return a schedule of examinations, which are held in every state in the Union at least twice a year, and he can choose the date and place most convenient for him. He is then examined in a thoroughly practical manner, so as to test his qualifications for the service which he is seeking to perform. If he wishes to be a clerk, for instance, he is required to show that he can spell well, that he can write a good hand, that he can copy accurately both from rough drafts and from plain copy, that he can write grammatically, and is proficient in simple arithmetic. If he has not the capacity to pass such an examination well he is certainly incapable of being an efficient government clerk; and if on the other hand he is able to pass the examination and is also of good moral character it is pretty sure he can do well in a government office. If he wishes to be a railway mail clerk the chief weight in the examination is laid first upon his physical as well as his moral condition, and then upon the knowledge he has of the railway mail system in the division to which he seeks appointment, of his knowledge of United States geography, and of his skill and speed in reading addresses on letters. Again it will be noted that the examination is perfectly practical and relevant to the duties to be performed. If he seeks to be a letter carrier one of the main points upon which he is examined is his knowledge of the local delivery of his city. Having passed the examination the candidate's paper are marked by a board of trained experts, who are ignorant of his name, marking him simply with reference to how he stands compared with his fellows. When the marks are completed then

all the applicants are graded on the eligible registers according to their standing, and the highest are certified for appointment whenever a vacancy occurs. No vacancies are made in order to provide room for successful applicants, and every clerk in consequence feels absolutely secure in his position so long as he does his duty; whereas under the old system, as I was informed by Secretary Windom, the work fell off in each department something like twenty-five per cent. before a change of administration merely because of the nervousness into which all the clerks were thrown by the uncertainty of their future consequent upon the change of parties.

#### FEMALE SUFFRAGE IN NEW ZEALAND

Sir Julius Vogel, a prominent colonial statesman, writing in the *Fortnightly*, accounts for the temporary postponement of female suffrage in New Zealand and predicts its speedy adoption. He says:—

There has been a constant disposition of late years to popularise the electoral laws both by extending the franchise and simplifying the conditions of registration. A Bill consolidating the electoral laws and containing important reforms was introduced during the last session and passed the popular chamber, the House of Representatives. It failed, however, to become law, because the two houses could not agree to an amendment, to which further reference will be made, demanded by the upper house, the Legislative Council. This measure proposed two qualifications: the first, a property qualification, was the possession for six months of land of the value of £25; the second, the non-property qualification, required residence in the Colony for twelve months and residence in the district for three months prior to the date of registration, but no person was entitled to be registered on more than one roll, or more than once on any roll, whatever the nature of his or her qualifications. The foregoing provis-



ion included both sexes, so that the Bill proposed to give the franchise to females, or, as the lower house preferred by amendment to call them, women. Women are, however, expressly disqualified from being elected to or holding a seat in either branch of the Legislature. Thus it will be seen that, besides the female franchise, the Bill proposed to establish not only the one man one vote, but the one man one roll principle. The Bill also provided means for sailors, shearers, commercial travellers and harvesters recording their votes, though absent from their districts at polling time. The Bill fell through because of an excess of gallantry of the Legislative Council. This body, not supposed to be over well disposed to giving women the franchise, not only accepted the proposal but insisted also on a clause providing means by which women could vote in country districts without going to the polling booths. The members in favor of this addition argued that it was similar to the facilities afforded to sailors, shearers, harvesters and commercial travellers. It is easy, however, to see that to accord facilities to comparatively few men obliged by business to be absent from the poll is different from allowing nearly half if not half of the electors to evade the ordinary system of voting. The aged and invalid males would claim the same right, and the very existence of the ballot system in its integrity would be imperilled. The sturdy supporters of the female franchise in the lower house might not unnaturally have felt suspicious of this access of chivalry on the part of many who had hitherto stood strongly by Tennyson's dictum, "Woman is the lesser man." The two houses were unable to agree, and the Bill for the time fell through. It is certain to pass next year. One member clinched the matter by observing that women would get the franchise as certainly as the sun would shine to-morrow. He meant this to be conclusive,

though it hardly sounds so to Londoners in December. There can be no doubt that the Bill will pass. We incline to think, however, that women will have to brave the elements and take their umbrellas and goloshes to the poll if they wish to vote in rainy weather; but even so it will be a glorious triumph for women. It has been long coming in New Zealand. In 1887 the present writer managed to carry as far as the second reading in the lower house a Bill to give women both the franchise and the right to become members. At that time more could not be done.

#### THE IDEAL TENEMENT HOUSE

Answering a critic of the tenement-house system, Lucia True Ames, in the *New England Magazine* maintains that the tenement system, if properly managed, furnishes the most sensible solution of the problems of city house-keeping under present economic conditions, involving less waste of time, strength, energy, space and money than any other. Detailing what is meant by proper management, she says:—

What are the first requisites for home-making and the nurture of children so far as house-building and house-keeping are concerned? First, space enough to prevent irritation from continual close physical contact; second, seclusion, so that members of each family may be removed from sights, sounds and odors from their neighbors' dwelling; and third, such household arrangements as shall conduce to the saving of time and labor, thereby giving opportunity for friendly family intercourse before time and strength are so exhausted as to make thought of self the paramount consideration for each individual. How can this be provided by the large tenement better than by the small one? First, by making a resident agent or janitor possible. The importance of having some responsible person in a tenement-house to assure its cleanliness and order, and to exert a friendly,

educating influence over its occupants, can hardly be over-estimated. Clean halls, stairs and closets, with occasional glimpses of the agent's tastefully furnished rooms with flowers in the window, can give an ideal of living and a standard of housekeeping which will unconsciously but surely have its effect on the Polish Jew peddler, or the Irish street sweeper, who, if left to themselves in some tenement too small to permit of a resident agent, would live in their filth and squalor with perfect content. One has only to study the small hamlets of Italy, France and Germany, to realize that country air, marvelous natural scenery, and a separate habitation by no means imply either thrift, cleanliness, health or decency, either necessarily better homemaking or better care of children than exists in many city tenements. The smallest death rate that I have yet discovered was in an East London model tenement-house, which was stated to be much less than the general average for London, which rate is itself much lower than that in many of our American cities. The second reason for my preference for the large tenement is that it permits the elimination of the cooking stove from each household. "A home without a stove! impossible!" I hear many exclaim. Not in the least impossible,—and something, for the very poor, greatly to be desired. First, so far as heat is concerned, in a tenement-house holding fifty or sixty families, heat may be supplied from a central source which would be far too expensive in a small tenement-house of eight or ten families. The poor usually buy fuel in small quantities at exceptionally high rates; and this amount, if added to their rent, would in a large tenement supply them with heat by steam or hot water, which would be far preferable, for the following reasons: The storing of fuel and the carrying it up long flights of stairs by the hodful would be done away with, and the sending children out to gather kindling from wharves,

streets and vacant lots, with the dirt and slovenliness and weariness which always attend such work, would be abolished. No one who has not worked long among the poor can realize the serious drawback to good temper, comfort and cleanliness, that the mere care of fuel, the cleaning of the stove, and the disposal of ashes involve with people who must eat, sleep, bathe and live around a coal stove three or four flights from the cellar or ash barrel, as is the case in the majority of our tenements. The waste in fuel is often appalling, due largely to ignorance about draughts and to letting the fire go out during a morning's absence from home and then rebuilding it to cook the dinner. I once saw a child of ten, in a room strewn with shavings and ashes, trying to make a fire by placing the coal on the bottom of the grate and lighting from the top the kindling and paper that were laid over it. In families that were receiving coal given in charity, I have repeatedly seen red hot stoves packed full of coal, the draughts all open and the heat going up chimney. The doing away with the heat of a stove in the living room during the summer months is no small contribution to the health and good temper of the inmates. Washing and ironing would of course be done in a common laundry situated somewhere in the tenement-house, where, if properly arranged, there need not be the slightest interference with one neighbor by another. But here comes the most important consideration. How is the food to be supplied unless the families dine in a common restaurant, or live on baker's bread and pies, in one case either destroying home life, in the other ruining their digestion and emptying their purses? The problem may be solved in either of two ways, or by a combination of both. Mr. Edward Atkinson's various grades of oil stoves, in which, at very slight expense for fuel, and with no odor of oil or waste of heat, a vast variety of

foods can be well cooked, is one solution of the question. The other, which is preferable, is a kitchen at the top of the tenement-house, thus eliminating all odors of cooking from the lower rooms. This should have connection by dumb waiter and speaking-tube with every floor; and from it should be sent hot meals to each family, of such variety and price as each orders. When one considers the enormous loss to which the very poor are subjected from buying food in small quantities, letting it spoil for lack of refrigerators to keep it in, and from waste through bad cooking, it is evident enough that food much better cooked could be supplied at the same price, if it were bought in very large quantities and cooked without waste. One good cook and two assistants with proper appliances could do all the simple cooking necessary for fifty poor families, which is now done by fifty women, with fifty stoves, usually with weariness and untidiness, invariably with waste of time, money and fuel, and therefore lessened ability to make the two or three rooms called "home" a clean, quiet, homelike place, where husband, wife and children can have opportunity to enjoy each other. The cooking stove and all that it involves in the poor man's tenement is a menace to home-making and to child-life. No false sentiment or old prejudice founded on delightful memories of airy, large New England kitchens, of mother's doughnuts and cookies, of roasting chestnuts and popping corn should prevent our seeing that modern city life for the poor can be made human and wholesome only under new conditions of house-keeping, involving the removal from the living-rooms of the stove, the producer of heat in summer and of dirt, work and waste at all times. The simple addition of space to the room by the removal of the stove and coal-hod would be a boon in many tiny kitchens that I have seen. It will be objected that food cooked in large quantities loses its fine flavor \* \* \*

As is well known, in European households bread is always bought. Such successful experiments as have been made by the New England Kitchens in Boston and New York are steps in the right direction. They have demonstrated the fact that wholesome, warm food may be provided outside the home, to be bought and eaten in the home, and, although thus far without a saving of money to the buyer, at least with a saving of time and labor, which to busy workers are the equivalent of money. Not infrequently have I known a man to go to his early work without a breakfast, and a child go to school having eaten nothing but dry bread, not because there was not food in the house, but because the wife and mother was either too ill or too sleepy to get up and prepare the food. With a tenement house built as here suggested, it would not be necessary for any one to go without warm, wholesome food so long as he had five cents in his pocket.

#### FUSS IN PHILANTHROPY

*National Observer*

Fuss is the secret of it all: Modern Philanthropy is nothing without fuss. To get mixed up with the obsequies of celebrity, to hang on to a rope or a tassel, to hang on to anything, to be "connected with the movement for erecting" a tablet to the late Mr. Nobody, but especially to be "the first person, sir, who ever suggested that a tablet be erected" to the illustrious ignotus, this, this is fame, this is *volitare per ora*. To have a bowing acquaintance with "General" Booth, to hang on one's bosom some wretched rag of "Darkest London," is joy and glory inexpressible. Still we have not fathomed the secret of the failure. Here it is: John Howard made no fuss, or at any rate not the right sort of fuss. Now, absolutely, and first of all, there must be a fuss, a fuss about which to have a fuss, a focal fuss. "A very good man, no doubt, but, you know, that was quite differ-

ent. That's not what we call Philanthropy nowadays. You may call it so, if you like. But, sir, Philanthropy means . . . in short, means . . . fuss. Well, for instance, I should say . . . let me see . . . a committee, an influential committee, two honorary secretaries, a paid ditto, honorary and paid treasurer, a swell bank, a duke as president, if possible one of the blood royal. Then you want a board-room in an eligible situation, messengers and appurtenances, table and chairs, solid oak, sir, or mahogany. . . . to myself personally, as possible paid secretary, most of the advantages of a well-appointed London club; but, above all, unlimited stationery, with crest complete." And that is about it! The old philanthropists were enthusiasts, madmen; they had no time to get together the paraphernalia; they wandered about, not, it may be, in sheep-skins and in goat-skins, but miserably shabby; they were persons of very little consequence—often in debt; they displayed the most lamentable form. The joys of the committee, the sweet gossip of the board-room, were unknown to them. They were wrong, no doubt, if they wanted celebrity; but perhaps they didn't want it. And that was wrong, you know: they ought to have wanted it. In short, most of them were Roman Catholics, and what more do you want? Yes, but carry it back, and where do we end? The great Philanthropist of all, the Philanthropist of Cana and Capernaum—a committee, treasurer, unlimited supply of crested . . . Stop! stop! there is no occasion to point the moral so emphatically.

#### THE ELMIRA REFORMATORY

The crowning triumph of enlightened criminal legislation stands embodied in the Elmira Reformatory of New York. Thus writes Dr. Frederick C. Howe in the *Christian Union*. Discussing the methods employed at that institution, he says:—

On entrance, the prisoner is taken at once to the attendant physician,

who examines him regarding his parentage, his mental and physical condition. He is then turned over to the Superintendent, who questions him relative to his religious and moral training, previous occupation, and habits of life. With this personal knowledge it is possible for the treatment to be individualistic, and for those means to be employed best suited to the development of what is best and the suppression of what is evil in each person. The prisoner is kept constantly employed from the day of entrance to the time of his dismissal, and the regimen of training is most severe. Upon the theory that ignorance breeds vice (and statistics show that from eighty to ninety per cent. of the criminal class are illiterate), the curriculum of study provides for the symmetrical, intellectual, moral, and manual development. Instruction is given in all elementary branches, while, for the more advanced, classes are organized in history, civil government, political economy, physical geography, algebra, electricity, and ethics. Attendance at classes is compulsory, although in a short time it usually becomes voluntary and pleasurable. Keen interest is often manifested, and debate is encouraged. Examinations are frequent, and failure means loss of grade and extension of the period of confinement. A well-chosen library is maintained and liberally patronized, while an interesting periodical, "The Summary," is printed and edited by the inmates. Concurrently with the training of the intellect goes a reformatory moral and religious education. Services and discussions on practical ethics are held every Sunday, but it is in the practical application of these principles and formulas in the daily life of the individual that he is brought to a realizing sense of their meaning. Uprightness, honesty, and amenability to law and order are insisted upon in the contact of the prisoner with his fellows. The Reformatory thus becomes a microcosm of the extra-mural world, and

enforced virtue from purely utilitarian motives becomes, in time, natural and efficient for higher and social reasons. Supplementary, but not subordinate, to the cultivation of the *morale* and intellect of the prisoner is the rigid manual and physical training to which he is subjected. The prison itself is under strict military regimen, and military discipline prevails. In addition to this, a well-equipped gymnasium, with an experienced instructor, trains the body so that any recidivous tendencies due to physical disease may be corrected. Neither is the practical education fitting the prisoner to become a productive and self-dependent member of society neglected. At present, instruction is given at Elmira in all kinds of iron and wood working, such as moulding, forging, machine-work, plumbing, carpentering, and wood-working, as well as in stone-cutting, brick-laying, etc. In all, the men are employed in thirty-two distinct trades. As a result, the convict, on quitting prison, need not return to his former haunts and practices, but finds an avenue of honorable self-support already opened to him. The aim of all this rigid regimen is to bring out what is best in the man. Ambition is appealed to, and various rewards stimulate an emulation for improvement. In the prison battalion the commissioned and non-commissioned officers are chosen from the prisoners according to carefully kept gradings; while in the trades department he is placed, immediately upon entrance, in business relation with the institution. Wages are allowed him at specified rates, chargeable with a certain per diem deduction for his cost of maintenance. As he advances in proficiency, his remuneration is increased, so that on re-entrance into the extra-mural world he may be equipped with a reserve fund sufficient to tide him over initial difficulties. Class demerits are so many debits on his account, so that his progress toward liberation is typified by his ledger sheet. Thus far we have dealt with what may be termed the

personal aspect of criminal reform. Two general principles have been recognized in recent legislation, without which these would have been impossible. The first of these is the indeterminate sentence; the other, conditional release on probation. All past legislation specifically limited judicial power in determining sentence. The personal or mitigating factor in crime was recognized only within limits. The maximum and minimum sentence was stubbornly fixed. The felon must pay society in kind. The heinousness of the crime was deemed susceptible of exact measurement; not a very great advance from our Teutonic ancestors, who viewed every crime as commutable by a money consideration. Happily, our ideas have changed somewhat. The prisoner is a pest. Society must be rid of him until safe from his contagion. Under the indefinite sentence the prisoner must work out his own salvation. He is detained in bond until safe to be thrown upon the community. Self-help and exertion become imperative to liberation, and at the same time society is partially guaranteed against recidivation by the regenerating process through which he has passed. The second element, or the conditional release, is the cap-sheaf of the system. So soon as a man has attained a specified grade of excellence he is granted conditional liberty, secured employment at his trade, and placed under surveillance to report monthly to the Superintendent until the expiration of his parole, which is usually from six months to a year. The Elmira system, says Dr. Howe in conclusion, which is typical of the Pennsylvania Reformatory, and in a large degree of the Maryland ones as well, has passed the experimental stage. The results already achieved demonstrate that fallen man can be reached more effectually through his nobler than through his baser self; that, however incrustated a man may be through dissipation and vice, he is probably vulnerable to good influences in some point.



## TRAVEL, ADVENTURE, SPORT AND RECREATION

### THE SAMOAN PRETENDER AT HOME

The Countess of Jersey whose husband has just resigned the governorship of New South Wales, contributes to the Nineteenth Century an interesting description of a visit to Mataafa, the pretender to the throne of Samoa now occupied by Malietoa Laupepa. Mr. R. L. Stevenson "the friend of all parties in the state," acted as guide. Lady Jersey says:—

The first intimation that we were approaching the quasi-royal village came from a man with several attendants who was beating a kind of wooden drum on the roadside, evidently intended as a welcome to our leader, who is famous among the natives under the melodious name of Tusitala, the teller of tales. A little further on the whole population came out to meet us with their pretty salutation "Talofa," which means "a loving greeting." Though the eager inquiries for "the lady" overheard around gave reason to fear that my incognito was not a brilliant success, we sturdily carried through our little

comedy, and just before sunset rode past the rebel guard, strongly-built men in native costume, for Mataafa has not followed the example of his cousin and rival by putting his army into regulation attire. He himself wears a white coat, but adheres to the lava-lava instead of trousers. He is a fine-looking man, and received us with much dignity, though with manifest pleasure. His house is a large one, perhaps fifty feet long by forty wide, and is of the usual oval, or rather elliptical, shape. Like all chiefs' houses, it consists of a high-pitched roof made of sugar-cane leaves, which are strung on to reeds so ingeniously that within they appear to form a neat mat-like ceiling, while without they fall over in a thick thatch. The roof is supported on strong posts and cross-beams of bread fruit or other substantial trees, and the eaves descend very low. In the middle rise two or three very strong centre posts made of the trunks of specially selected trees, like the roof-tree of the Norsemen. These some-

### MAGAZINE REFERENCE

The following articles on Travel, Adventure, Sport and Recreation are indexed from the February numbers

Stag Hunt in Devon and Somerset.....No. Am.	Football in California.....Overland
Eng. Cambridge in Winter.....Atlantic	*The Ostrich.....Goldthwaite
Monte Carlo.....Cosmo.	*At the Ice Hills.....Cornhill
New Orleans.....Harper's	*Bear Hunt in Russia.....Temple Bar
Shooting in Japan.....Outing	*Road to the Lick Obs.....Worthington's
Skis and Ski Running.....Outing	*Mission Santa Cruz.....Californian
Ice Yacht Fleet.....Outing	*Home in the South Seas.....Californian
Hog Hunting in Louisiana.....Outing	*Alaska and Reindeer.....Californian
Venice to the Gross Venediger.....Scribner's	*Bull Fighting.....Munsey's
Wrestling.....Lippincott's	*Trip Abroad.....Jenny June.....Home-Maker
A Whaler's Log.....Century	*Cairo and Lower Nile.....Arthur's
Life in Malay Peninsula.....Century	*Day and Night in Amazon Forest.....Arthur's
*Three Weeks in Samoa.....Nineteenth Cent.	*After Elk.....Gentleman's
*January	

### BOOK REFERENCE—JANUARY PUBLICATIONS

Old Concord.....Lathrop	Siberian Lepers.....Marsden.....Record Press
Excursions in Greece.....Diehl.....Grevel	Japan As We Saw It.....Gardiner.....Rand-Avery
Sport in So. India.....Hamilton.....Porter	The Horsewoman.....Hayes.....Scribner
London.....Williams.....Macmillan	Young's Tour in Ireland.....Hutton.....Macmillan
Morocco.....Bonsal.....Harper	City and Land of Palestin.....Macmillan
Among Contrabands.....Botume... Lee & Shepard	Oxford Life.....Methuen

times divide picturesquely into two main stems, and across them are fastened one or two beams, according to the dignity of the chief, sharpened at either end something like the prows of ships. No nails are used, all the beams and posts being securely bound together with cocoa-nut fibre. A single room occupies the whole of the interior, nor are there any outer walls, blinds of cocoa-nut matting being let down at night or when required as a protection against the weather. The ground is covered with stones and pebbles laid so as to make a perfectly level floor, and over these are spread an abundant supply of mats. Everything is kept scrupulously clean, and the wood-work often decorated with creepers. As a rule there is no furniture except the mats and one or two chests to contain the family treasures; but Mataafa had prepared two tables, one covered with a black and white woolen shawl which rather spoilt the effect, the other, more congruously with tapa. Tapa is the inner bark of the tutunga or paper-mulberry beaten into a useful cloth and stained in red, black, brown, and yellow patterns with burnt candle-nut and other native dyes. A chair apiece had been provided for our accommodation, and when we were seated cocoa-nuts were brought in. Cocoa-nut milk when the nuts are freshly gathered is delicious and refreshing: the top of the nut is sliced off, and the only difficulty to the uninitiated is to drink the contents without spilling them, as the nutty part makes a very thick cup. After a few minutes' conversation, Mataafa begged to be excused while he attended evening prayer. The Pretender is a devout Roman Catholic, and some dread lest renewed civil war should assume a religious character, Malietoa being an adherent of the London missionaries. Service ended, we resumed our talk through the medium of a handsome young chief, who had accompanied our party, and Mataafa showed us

with great pride a splendid gold watch which had been presented to him by the United States Government, as an acknowledgment of the services rendered by his people in rescuing American sailors at the time of the hurricane. Our dinner, which was cooked in an outer building, and served on a table in the back part of the house, consisted of pigeons, chickens, taros and yams; we were supplied with plates, knives and forks, while Mataafa, who sat with us, ate with his fingers. As usual in native repasts, neither bread nor salt was provided, and another supply of cocoa-nut milk was the beverage. After an interval, when we had returned to the fore part of the apartment, the inevitable kava appeared. This was felt to be the critical moment, as, though native politeness had prevented a direct interrogation, many fishing questions as to "the family" present had been asked. This was private kava, not king's kava, when certain chiefs always take precedence, and we knew that the cup would be first offered to the guest who was considered of highest rank. When therefore the cocoa-nut containing the kava was given to me before any of the others present, the difficulty of keeping our countenances was great, and we were thankful that no such serious consequences would attend the penetration of our disguise as might have befallen a Hanoverian spy found in a Jacobite camp in '45. The scene was really somewhat romantic; the mixed company of Europeans and natives seated within the glimmer of a small lamp, the dusky, dark-eyed forms flitting to and fro in the background, and, last but not least, the fine old talking-man Popo, who, when his king drank, shouted in stentorian voice one or more of the royal names—"the triumph of his pledge" of Hamlet. Popo is a remarkable character; he lived before the days of Christianity, though now he wears round his neck a little cross as the symbol of his faith.

He is quite unlike the ordinary native, who, however handsome, has almost always the broad and rather flat cheekbones of the Malay type; while, as Mr. Stevenson records—

with an aquiline face designed  
Like Dante's, he who had worshipped feathers and shells and wood,  
As a pillar alone in the desert that points  
where a city stood,  
Survived the world that was his, playmates  
and gods and tongue,  
For even the speech of his race had altered  
since Pope was young.

Preparations for our night's rest were already in progress. Generally in a native house all lie down on mats and sleep in the common room, but Mataafa, having been forewarned of the arrival of a lady somewhat unaccustomed to Samoan arrangements, had prepared a very large tapa curtain, which was now dropped, and a portion of the house thereby partitioned off for Mrs. Strong (Mr. Stevenson's step-daughter) and myself. Behind this curtain a pile of fine mats was laid upon the ground with the further luxuries of a pillow apiece, while a mosquito curtain descended over our couch, where we soon slept as soundly as on any English bed, rejoicing in the soft, warm climate which renders sheets and blankets unnecessary. The mats on which we reposed form part of the wealth of their possessor. Before the introduction of money, mats were the medium of exchange; they were, and are, the dowry of brides, and tribal wars have been waged for those of peculiar value. Some are historic, and called by special names, like diamonds and rubies in other kingdoms. \* \* \* Mataafa assigned another house to his men-guests, and himself, with I know not how many retainers, slept on the other side of our curtain, while the royal guard kept watch without the house. Perhaps the strangest impression amid such surroundings was to be wakened at early dawn by the singing in the chapel close by. Surely the sun cannot now rise in any part of the heavens un hailed by the

song of the Christian Church! A breakfast resembling our supper of the previous evening was prepared for us, but the obligations of his faith compelled poor Mataafa to fast, yet another surprise in the life of a nominal "savage."— After breakfast we adjourned to the new Government House, the largest native house in Samoa; it faces the Palace, a kind of village green intervening. This building is very elaborately constructed and on the cross-beams inside were perched three large painted wooden birds, in remembrance of the fact that Mataafa's father was called King of the Birds. I saw no attempt at similar ornamentation in any other native house. We squatted on the ground at one end of the hall, and some thirty or forty chiefs sat round in a circle, after the fashion of the Parliament at Mulinuu. "After compliments," kava was made by a gorgeously attired youth in a high head-dress of hair and feathers, with two small looking-glasses inserted in front. After the king the most important person present was the head of the warriors, and an interminable etiquette attended his reception of the cup. It was brought to him five times before he would deign to accept it, and on each refusal, accompanied as it was by disdainful or disparaging words, the bearer had to humbly take back the vessel and get it refilled.

#### PERILS OF WHALING

Among some thrilling episodes from a whaleman's log, contributed by James Temple Brown, to the Century, is the following:—

"Blows! B-l-o-w-s! S-t-e-a-d-y! Coming to windward, sir," said Vera. "Look out for the head whale, Vera!" said Mr. Braxton. "Aye, aye, sir," replied the harpooner. "Him jess a leetle off lee, and a-comin' head and head." "Come, boys, give way! Paddle hard! paddle hard! Send her along! That fellow's got sixty barrels of oil under his jacket if he's got

a' pint, and prices are going 'way up," continued the officer. The stroke-oarsman of the larboard boat ranked as a green hand; he was of an inquiring turn of mind, and, looking over his shoulder, he now perceived the vast area of the back of something that looked very much like a whale. He experienced a peculiar sensation about the roots of his hair, and his paddle rattled nervously against the gunwale of the boat. "Easy, sir, easy," said Vera in an undertone. "Starboard your hellum, sir; you 're gittin' on his eye." The boat was immediately put upon her course. "Stand up, boy! Don't miss your chance!" said Mr. Braxton. "We came out here for oil; don't forget that. Don't dart in his head, Vera." "Aye, aye, sir. Aye, aye," responded Vera; and hastily laying aside his paddle, like a tiger couchant, with eager eyes upon his prey, he picked up his harpoon, and stood erect, his tall, muscular frame swaying above the head of the boat. He placed his thigh in the clumsy-cleat,—a contrivance to steady the harpooner against the motions of the waves,—and with his long, springy arms turned and balanced the harpoon-pole previous to poising the instrument in the air. The stroke ventured another peep over his shoulder,—one of those furtive glances the novelists tell us of,—and began to believe that Mr. Braxton was really in earnest; that he had really come for oil; that he was really laying the boat on the head of the whale; and that Vera was really about to strike the animal with the harpoon. Under the motive power of sail and paddle, the space between the boat and whale was rapidly diminishing, and apparently they would soon come in collision. The enormous head of the cetacean, as it plowed a wide furrow in the ocean, and the tall column of vapor rising from the blow-holes, as it spouted ten or twelve feet in the air, were to be seen right ahead; the expired air, as it rushed like steam from a valve, could be heard near by;

the bunch of the neck and the hump were plainly visible as they rose and fell with the swell of the waves; and the terrible commotion of the troubled waters, fanned by the gigantic flukes, left a swath of foaming and dancing waves clearly outlined upon the surface of the sea. Mr. Braxton laid the boat off gracefully to starboard, and the mastodonic head of a genuine spermaceti-whale loomed up on our port bow. The junk was seamed and scarred with many a wound received in fierce and angry struggles for supremacy with individuals of its own species, or perhaps with the kraken; the foaming waters ran up and down the great shining black head, exposing from time to time the long, rakish under jaw; but what small eyes—! "Now!" shouted the officer, as if Vera was a half-mile off instead of about twenty-five feet. "Give him some, boy! Give him—!" But this well-trained and faithful harpooner had already darted the harpoon into the glistening black skin just abaft the fin; the boat was enveloped in a foam-cloud—the "white water" of the whalemén, stirred up by the tremendous flukes of the whale. "Stern all!" shouted the officer; and the boat was quickly propelled backward by the oarsmen, to clear it from the whale. "Are you fast, my boy?" "Fust iron in, sir; can't tell second," replied Vera; but the zip-zip-zip of the line as it fairly leaped from the tub and went spinning round the loggerhead and through the chocks, sending up a cloud of smoke produced by friction, indicated the presence of healthy game at one end. "Wet line! wet line!" shouted Mr. Braxton, as he went forward to kill the whale, and Vera came aft to steer the boat, unstepping the mast on his way; for all whales are now struck under sail. The whale, however, soon turned flukes, and went head first to the depths below. Meantime the other whales had taken the alarm, and, with their noses in the air, were showing a "clean pair of heels" to windward. The boat lay

by awaiting the "rising" of the cetacean. Twenty minutes passed, twenty-five, stroke-oarsman began to feel hungry; thirty, thirty-five, and still the line was either slowly running out or taut; but soon it began to slacken. "Haul line! haul line!" said the officer, peering into the water. "He's stopped." The line was retrieved as fast as possible, and carefully laid in loose coils on the after platform. "Haul line! He's coming! Coil line clear, Vera!" said Mr. Braxton, shading his eyes with his hand, and looking over the gunwale at an immense opaque spot just beginning to outline itself in the depths below. "Look out! Here he comes! Stern all. Look out for whale!" But the mate's injunctions were received too late. The whale, fairly out of breath, came up with a bound and a puff, scattering the water in all directions, and catching the keel of the boat on the bunch of its neck. The boat bounded from this part of the whale's anatomy to the hump, and, careening to starboard, shot the crew first on the whale's side and then into the water. The stroke-oarsman now began to feel wet. The whale, terrified beyond measure by the tickling sensation of the little thirty-foot boat creeping down its back, caught the frail cedar craft on one corner of its flukes, and tossed it gracefully, but perhaps not intentionally, into the air, as one would play with a light rubber ball. As the boat descended, with one tremendous "side wipe" of the mighty caudal fin, and with a terrible crash that was heard on the ship nearly two miles away, the whale smashed it into kindling-wood. Then catching up the lantern-keg, water-keg, line-tubs, and other wooden utensils comprising the furniture of the boat, it ground them to splinters in its ponderous jaws, and spitefully ejected the fragments. With festoons of whale-line hanging from its teeth, it angrily shook its head and started off to join its fellows, leaving a wide wake of boiling suds, and the wreck

of the boat. The work of demolition occupied considerably less time than is required to describe it. Meantime the crew were afloat, clinging to oars and paddles, and endeavoring to place themselves beyond the foaming water. The mate with a presence of mind that never forsakes the fraternity, was treading water between the whale and his men; and as soon as he could divest his spiracles of the briny liquid he had stowed away when first thrown overboard, he began to count noses. or rather the heads that were bobbing up and down in the water. "One, two, three, four, five—one man gone," said he, turning almost white. "Who is—oh, no," he added, regaining his equanimity, "I forgot to count myself. All right! All counted for safe! Boat ahoy!" he yelled, raising his voice to the highest pitch. The sea was running a mill-race. Mr. Ashford, the officer of the bow boat, had, according to instructions, remained as close alongside as he could, and down came the starboard and waist boats with mainsails flowing. "I'm afraid you're wet," remarked the officer in the bow boat, with a dry kind of humor, to the officer in the water. "A little moist perhaps. I say, can't you give my men a little run over to the ship?" was the rejoinder. "I don't know," returned Mr. Ashford. "I don't see any more whales; perhaps I can." This dialogue was conducted with the most perfect nonchalance, while the men in the boat were resting automatically on their oars with their ears apeak, and the men in the water were bobbing up and down as serenely as possible, awaiting orders to go aboard. The water-logged crew were finally hauled over the gunwale, and all sail made for the ship. The incident of the day very naturally furnished enough material to spin yarns of the most extraordinary length and character. Such accidents are common enough, it is true, in the sperm fishery, but still they do not happen every twenty-four hours.



## BEAR-HUNTING IN RUSSIA

Bear-hunting is one of the winter sports of Russia. The process of "ringing" the bear is thus described by a writer in Temple Bar:—

The Russian, or big bear (*Ursus arctus*), usually roams during the summer and autumn about the woods, feeding on the bear-berries, cranberries and whortleberries with which the ground is covered, and occasionally venturing near enough to the villages to make havoc in the oat and rye fields, or seize any stray horse or cow. Leaping on his victim, he breaks in the skull or dislocates the neck with one blow of his tremendous paws, and coolly carries it off in his great jaws into the depths of the forest, where for the moment he is safe from pursuit. About the month of November, however, soon after the first fall of snow, the bear begins to think of taking up his winter quarters, and, after some days' wandering to and fro, selects a comfortable spot, and scooping out a convenient hole or ensconcing himself under a fallen tree, coils himself up and goes to sleep for the winter. The peasant whose land he crosses has however marked his tracks, and as soon as their doubling and intersecting tell him that the bear is about to lie down, he strikes off to the right or left, and describes a circle on snowshoes of some five to six versts in circumference, according to circumstances, curving gradually round till he meets the track at the point where he left it. If during this circuit he comes again on the bear's trail, he has to follow it up afresh and begin another ring; if not, he knows that the bear is "ringed." If he is a wise man he keeps his own counsel, as in many places there is great jealousy among the peasants, and a neighboring villager will not scruple to try and drive the bear off his rival's land, for the chance of being able to ring it on his own. In a week's time he goes round again to make sure that the bear has not moved, cutting the ring if possible a little smaller; then, if he is near

Petersburg or any other large town, he posts off to try and sell his bear to some enterprising sportsman. Now, if a bear hunt is made from Petersburg or Moscow, or indeed anywhere by Russians of the better class—who are as a rule singularly ignorant of the use of their native snow-shoe—it takes the form of an *oblava*, or drive. The guns are posted in a likely spot, a miscellaneous collection of beaters—men and women and children from the adjoining villages, sometimes numbering 200—are sent round to enclose the ring, and keep up a continual yelling, while half a dozen of the best hunters of the neighborhood enter the ring from the far side and endeavor to drive the bear out upon the guns. Here all depends on the correct formation of the ring, and the judicious posting of the guns, and if this is properly done the drive is generally successful, the poor bear being so frightened by the unearthly din which greets his half-awakened ears, that he is only too glad to bolt in any direction which seems to promise him peace. Occasionally, however, he is not so accommodating, and either turns short back on the hunters who are driving him, or, bewildered by the shouts, charges through the line of beaters and gets clear away. In such cases the position of the beaters is not without danger, and occasionally fatal accidents occur. I have myself seen a peasant who had been so badly bitten and clawed by an old bear which he was endeavoring to drive, that his case seemed all but hopeless; while two years ago, in a ring made near Petersburg, the bear, instead of going forward on the guns, turned to the side, and walking up to an unfortunate *mujik*, shattered his skull with one blow of his paw—then passing down the line till he came to the end, where a boy was standing with a flag, took off with another "pat" his scalp and one side of his face, and, leaving the poor boy senseless in the snow, retired quietly into the forest without a shot being fired at him!

## CORFU

A traveller sends to the New York Tribune, the following experience in the Greek island of Corfu:—

It was my good fortune to be in Corfu on a very important occasion, in the estimation at least of the Greek Church. The patron saint of the island is St. Spiridion. He was born in Cyprus about A. D. 318. From a humble shepherd he became an archbishop, and many stories are told of the miracles he wrought. He died in 350, and his body was taken to Constantinople in 700, where it remained until 1453, at which time it was removed to Corfu. His body, instead of being burnt or buried, is sacredly preserved in a coffin decorated with gold and jewels. Four times a year the body is taken out of the church and carried about the city in its costly box. I had a good opportunity to witness the ceremony, both in the church and on the street. Not only the priests, from the archbishop down, but the soldiers, turn out and form part of the procession. The liturgy was intoned in the church, after which the body, carried upright in its sacred palanquin, and the head, trunk and hands exposed to view, was borne by four men, preceded by a number of others bearing candles, some of which are ten feet long and eight inches in diameter. In the van of the procession were a number of small children dressed in sailor costume. The archbishop and other ecclesiastical dignitaries walked near to the body of their ancient and distinguished forerunner. Several thousand peasants in their picturesque costumes filled the town, and soldiers in full dress were conspicuous. When the procession reached the square, the palanquin was placed on the ground and prayers were offered thanking the saint for delivering the island from an ancient plague. The benediction was pronounced in a forcible way by a battery of artillery. The body of the old saint looked like an Egyptian mummy, and his face

showed little interest in the proceedings; but the peasants almost worship him as a god, and consider that they are safe from all plagues so long as he is in the place. This confidence did not prevent the Greek authorities from maintaining a five days' and even a ten days' quarantine. Several writers on Greece have said that the Grecian women are not beautiful. In general there is good ground for the statement that the men at least are better looking than the women; but on this island there are two little towns that are renowned for the beauty of the women. I made a pilgrimage to Gastouri, and was fully convinced that the renown was worthy of more than local emphasis. This little village is picturesque and quaint in its setting on the hillside, and you wind up through narrow streets and alleys, as though the roadways were perfectly indifferent as to where they started and where they ended. Suddenly, at a bend in the street, I was brought face to face with a woman bearing a water-jar on her head. Such an example of physical health, strength and beauty it is rare to see. She wore no high-heeled shoes, or even sandals; she was content to go in such well-fitting, sun-tanned, God-made shoes as Eve wore in Eden, and she did not show the slightest embarrassment in so doing. I followed her to the well and accepted a glass of cool water. After she had filled her jar I lifted it to gauge its weight. The jar and the water weighed together as much as two ordinary wooden pails of water. But this Grecian girl, who was perhaps twenty years of age, lifted it onto her head and walked off with perfect ease and grace, carrying in addition, in her right hand, a tin pail full of water, which a New York belle would think was a sufficient task in itself. I found, too, that this Diana-like woman with the grace of Nausicaa was not the only one in the village. Under the shade of a magnificent plantain tree, whose branches spread far and wide, was the deep,

clear well, and not far away the washpools, where, in square stone tubs set deep in the ground, as if they might have been cut out of the solid rock, the women stamped and beat their clothes in a way to make me glad that none of my fine linen was exposed to their mercy.

#### ICELAND.

The Atlantic contains a paper on Iceland by William Edward Mead which gives some idea of culture under difficulties. Mr. Mead says:—

Almost the first building that attracts the eye of a stranger in Reykjavik is the solidly built stone structure that overlooks the little green square in the centre of the town. This is the Althing-House, the only building in Iceland of any architectural pretensions, and one that would do no discredit to Berlin or Paris. The upper story contains the National Museum, the middle story is occupied by the two branches of the Althing, and on the ground floor is the National Library, the largest collection of books in Iceland. Here are between twenty-five and thirty thousand printed books, and thirteen hundred manuscripts. The collection is miscellaneous, with unexpected riches in some directions, and equally unexpected poverty in others. The richest department is naturally that of Icelandic history and literature, though even this is not complete.

Turning to the general condition of the country the writer says:—

First and foremost, we must note that the country is little better than a desert. The peculiar configuration renders intercourse difficult, and along with the barrenness of the soil makes the conditions of existence strangely hard. People with so little to make life attractive might be pardoned if they were to sink into a stolid indifference to everything but the struggle to keep alive. The size of Iceland is greater than that of Ireland, and the population numbers seventy thousand souls; but the only inhabitable por-

tion is a narrow strip of pasture land extending like a green girdle round the coast and up the deep, narrow fiords. The interior of the country is a howling waste of sand and ice, traversed by darting glacier rivers, and utterly incapable of supporting more than a few scattered inhabitants. Grass is the only considerable crop. The hills and valleys are treeless, and afford at best but scanty pasturage for horses, cows, and sheep. Roads and bridges scarcely exist. A Danish merchant at Reykjavik has a wheeled carriage; but in the interior such a conveyance is unknown, and would be useless if known. The backs of horses are the only means of transportation across country. Small boats carry travellers over dangerous rivers, while the horses swim on ahead. Hardly anything that ministers to comfort, to say nothing of luxury, is produced in Iceland. Every nail in an Icelandic house, every pane of glass, every bit of wooden flooring, every insignificant bit of furniture has to be transported laboriously from one of the seaports to its destination. That the Icelanders are poor goes without saying. There is little or no home market; for almost every Icelander has the same products to sell as his neighbor. The circulation of money is therefore very small. If a farmer has direct dealings with the agents for foreign markets, and is sufficiently prosperous to have a little surplus each year, he may handle actual money, but in general the trading at the seaports is literally trading. An Icelander barter a certain number of horses, or sheep, or rolls of dried fish, or balls of hay, for a supply of groceries and other necessities of life. If he buys books under such conditions, he must want them more than do the rural inhabitants of most countries. \* \* \* From their books the Icelanders seem to have absorbed the soothing and restful part of culture, the part that gives help and comfort; but their modern writers appear to have no burning message for the world,

Reykjavik is not a Weimar; and the intellectual life there, though attractive and to a certain degree stimulating, does not stir one to the depths. We have glanced at the general conditions of life in Iceland, and at the number of books collected for the purposes of the scholar. We have found the conditions on the whole unfavorable for great original scholarship or great literary productiveness. But, on the other hand, Iceland can boast an unusually high standard of intelligence, and can justly be called a nation of readers. The people in the remote country districts have caught the reading habit, and during a considerable part of the year they have every excuse for indulging it. In Winter they cannot travel, for they are shut in by drifted snow. They may feed the sheep and cows and horses, and attend to the dairy products. They may spin and weave wool. But otherwise they have little to do except to read and talk and play chess. Fortunately, they have no manufacturing and no business; for mental exertion is almost the only activity that they do not dread. Culture is popular in Iceland, and cultivated men receive due recognition. \* \* \* In material things the Icelanders are far behind the rest of the world. One may question whether, in most parts of the island, counting out a few of the towns, the material civilization was not on as high a plane a thousand years ago. On any other assumption, one can scarcely understand the old sagas, with their tales of the long ships with dragon prows; of feasts in the great halls, through which marched warriors and queenly women to the carved high seats; and of the glitter of gold and precious stones on garments of red and purple and blue. Barbaric display is certainly not the crying sin of the Iclander of to-day. He is contented with a surprisingly short list of the necessities of life. Diogenes and Thoreau would have felt at home

in Iceland, though Diogenes would have been cold in his tub, and Thoreau might have tired a little of dried cod-fish. Politically and socially, the Icelanders are working out their own salvation. They are so far from the sweep of modern political and social questions that they are not perplexed with socialism and anarchism; but the liberal party is progressive, and is now urging the complete emancipation of women. Icelanders appear for the most part to have little appreciation of foreign politics. Those who have been abroad and have returned to Iceland rapidly lose their grasp of current facts; while those who have remained at home have never had the facts to lose. The great majority of the people have so few facts to deal with at any one time that they do not generalize well on the world at large. Nearly every one with whom I talked had singular ideas concerning England, Germany, France, Italy, to say nothing about America. The standard is lacking for measuring a country like the United States. The income of our government for a single day would support the government of Iceland for ten years. Other comparisons would yield a similar result. A civilization so simple as the Icelandic does not furnish the rudimentary data for understanding an organism so wonderfully complex as a great modern city like Berlin or Paris or London. Books of the sort that Icelanders can afford to buy can give no adequate idea of the outside world. The false impressions are in few cases corrected by travel; and the natural result is a distorted view of the un-Icelandic world. Yet I hasten to add that the Iclander has a more correct idea of America than most Americans have of Iceland; for the average Iclander has at least a glimmer of the truth about America, while the average American takes for granted an imaginary Iceland, as unlike the real one as possible.

## ARRIVING AT TANGIER

An entertaining paper by Alfred Jerome Weston, in *Scribner's*, thus describes some of the pleasures and trials of a Moorish sojourn:—

The Sultan seems to have abandoned to the watermen of Tangier the luckless voyagers to his realm, and each arriving steamer successively becomes their prey. It is a curious and by no means an agreeable sensation to feel one's self a "prey" and especially is it unpleasant when manifestly you are not nearly "enough to go round." The ship is already close to the little fleet whose scowling, black-visaged and white-turbaned crews are rending the air with harsh, guttural yells and unfamiliar but seemingly round and effective Mohammedan curses. They are all fiercely quarreling among themselves, even members of the same crew, and as the steamer veers to let go her anchor, there is a frantic scramble to keep upon her port side, where the companion-ladder is being lowered. Oars become entangled, boats come into collision, ribs are punched, fingers pinched, and the yelling and cursing redoubled. White teeth and white turbans, black skins and blacker scowls, a mass of jabbering, hungry, excited apes bent upon securing a pitifully limited number of cocoanuts—and, alas, we are the cocoanuts. Propelled by the lazy Tangerine stroke, the boat, in spite of its six stout rowers, moves but slowly toward the little projecting wharf, and ample time is afforded to enjoy the view of the bay and the shore. The foot of the harbor is girt with a long white beach, back of which rise the dunes, also white, and back of these again the brilliant tropical green of the vegetation—the deep blue of the sea and the green of the land prettily contrasted and emphasized by the intervening line of white. The city, shaped like an amphitheatre, lies well to the right, forming a terminus to the beach, its houses, mosques, and fortifications, climbing up and crown-

ing the heights upon which it is built present the appearance of a great snow-bank, caught in the depression between the hills and still defying the Summer sun. Perched upon the opposite hill, and commanding the city, is the ancient and once formidable alcasaba, its prominent position and its crennellated walls lending much to the picturesqueness of the landscape. The scene is truly Oriental, and were it not for a few European-looking villas scattered here and there, and the foreign flags floating from the various embassies (for Tangier is the politico-diplomatic capital of the Empire), one might readily fancy himself in some far-off Eastern land, thousands of miles away from the civilization of Europe. It is barely five hours since leaving Spain, and yet here we suddenly find ourselves in the midst of people totally different from those with whom we breakfasted—in race, religion, and civilization. In the morning we were living in the nineteenth century, surrounded by science, learning, and art, and among a people who, if differing from ourselves in race, still belong to our age and fundamentally are in sympathy with us in aim, religion, and thought. At noon all is changed. White men have become black; trousers have become burnouses; hats, turbans; cathedrals, mosques; crosses, crescents; enlightenment, darkness. Civilization has been left behind, and in five little hours, hardly more than one might pass at the opera, our ship has borne us backward along the path of time as many centuries. It is dreamy, weird, fantastic, and the doctor even thought he smelled brimstone and suggested that "his majesty" had been shifting the scenes. Often have we been requested upon the programme to fancy a lapse of five years between the acts, and we have accomplished it, but never have we experienced the sensation of so suddenly parting with five centuries. There is much, of course, to remind us of our epoch—the villas,



the flags, the steamer, ourselves—but it is far too little to disturb the illusion—we and the rest are merely anachronisms, incongruous and out of place. The city is an absurd relic of mediæval life, and it is difficult to take it seriously. It must be, in its homely, everyday life, but little changed from what it was one thousand years ago—for notwithstanding its close proximity to the advancing civilization of Europe, with the indolent contentment of the degenerate Moslem—it has not only declined to be influenced thereby, but from a total lack of any native inclination to keep abreast of the world, it has failed even to hold its own, and is to-day far to leeward of the position it occupied several centuries ago. It is truly a Rip Van Winkle among cities, a wonderfully quaint curiosity of the past, which would seem more appropriately situated within the walls of some mammoth museum than upon the shores of the Straits of Gibraltar, gravely masquerading as a modern city. Arrived at the landing, we at once engaged a guide, who in turn employs a small boy and a diminutive donkey to transport our luggage to the hotel. With dexterous hands the urchin builds over the donkey a pyramid of satchels, rugs, dress-suit cases, hat-boxes, valises, all lashed together, until nothing is visible of the patient little beast but four tiny black hoofs, each one surmounted by six inches of mouse-colored leg. When all is prepared the legs begin to wiggle and our luggage rapidly to move along the narrow wharf to the Custom House upon the shore. The Custom House at Tangier differs radically from the American institution, both in its structure and officers, but the difference is purely physical in both instances, for so soon as we (donkey and all) enter the low archway, under which are squatted grave and ancient Moors upon wooden *deewāns*, an "exchange of courtesies" passes between the guide and the most stately among

the officers, and the donkey, seeming to understand the unuttered conversation, promptly begins to wiggle his legs again, the luggage once more becomes animated and disappears through the other end of the arch into the street. The walk from the harbor to the hotel is not a pleasant one, for the day is very warm, and the noon sun is pouring down into the narrow streets, heating the rough and uneven paving blocks until they burn the soles of one's feet, while the whitewashed walls of the houses reflect the scorching heat and dazzling light, and completely shut out the refreshing breeze. So we clamber along up the hilly streets with heads bowed beneath umbrellas, and with eyes half shut to avoid the painful glare, paying as little heed to objects that are passed as would pedestrians in a heavy rainstorm. Trudging on in silence, hurrying a little in order not to lose sight of the nimble little donkey in front, and urged to increased exertion by refreshing visions of a cold bath, we soon arrive at a particular piece of wall with arched entrance and stained-glass door. The donkey has been relieved of his burden, and Arab porters, clad in picturesque liveries, are busy transferring it to the hotel office within, through a wide, cool corridor, hung upon either side with Moorish weapons, ancient and modern, artistically arranged like trophies—knives with wickedly curved blades, daggers with elaborately ornamented handles and sheaths, rusty scimitars of all sorts, and guns, old flint-locks with absurdly long barrels and stocks inlaid with mother-of-pearl and ivory. At the end of this corridor is a glass-enclosed and covered court, also deliciously cool, furnished with comfortable cane chairs and sofas of generous proportions, and adorned with a profusion of tropical plants in green tubs. From this attractive lounging-place, looking directly down upon the beach and bay two hundred feet below, and revelling in the re-

freshing breeze blowing steadily in from the sea, one soon forgets the ordeal climb through the sweltering alley-streets to reach it. Here of an evening, and occasionally of a morning, a wandering band of Moorish musicians will be allowed to enter and dispense from prehistoric instruments alleged music for the entertainment of infidel guests in the adjoining dining-room, reaping in return a small harvest of copper—not for the pleasure they have given, but for the curiosity they have amply satisfied. Here, too, gentlemen assemble to discuss the events of the day or to formulate plans for the morrow, reclining in the long cane chairs, enjoying their after-dinner coffee and cigars.

#### THE NORWEGIAN SKI IN SPORT

The fact that Nansen and Peary were enabled to make their journeys on the Greenland ice-cap by the use of the Norse "Ski"—pronounced "Shee"—gives timeliness to the following descriptions by W. S. Harwood in *Outing*:—

The material necessary for ski-running is very simple, very durable, very inexpensive. The runners are plain affairs of hard pine or ash—pine generally, the springy, hard-fibred Norway pine making the best, though there is a kind of oak which gives smoothness and strength combined with the needful elasticity. The runners are from six to eight feet in length for adults, those of men being a little longer and wider than those used by women; for both sexes can and do use the skis. There is a shallow groove in the middle of the ski, about an eighth of an inch deep and a half inch wide. This forms a slender ridge in the snow and prevents slipping. Over the ski midway is a strap or laced thong, of rawhide in some cases; a strong withe made of some flexible twig or branch answers the purpose. It comes over the ball of the foot, and in most cases is the only

fastening. Some runners prefer, in addition to this, a strap bound around the heel. This is found to be a rather dangerous thing, as there are cases where a runner's ankle has been broken by not being able to extricate his foot when thrown. The ski turns up slightly at the forward end. The propelling and steering stick, or "stav," as the Scandinavians call it, is of strong wood sharpened at one end. About six inches from the sharpened end in many cases there is a ball, so to call it, which keeps the stay from penetrating the snow too far. The costume is as elaborate and expensive or modest as the wearer may wish. It is very similar to the costume worn by the snow-shoers of America and Canada. There is a long coat or frock reaching midway to the knees, belted in at the waist. The feet are clad in whatever the wearer chooses, warmth without clumsiness being the essential. There are knee-breeches and high, coarse woolen stockings. The toque in this country is often similar to those of the tobogganers and snow-shoers; a close-fitting, knit, visorless cap with long end and tassel—identical in shape with the Neapolitan caps that mark the Southland fishermen. In color there is infinite variety; the ski-runner may emulate and imitate the rainbow if he chooses. There is one thing more absolutely necessary, and that is snow. \* \* \* There are two main events on the card for every ski tourney; the jump and the long-distance run. This long-distance run is most interesting. An irregular course is laid out for a given distance, say two or three miles, the more irregular and broken the country the better. Each runner who enters in any one of the various classes makes the long-distance run and awaits his competitors. Wonderful speed is shown. Mikkel Hemmestvedt, the champion of Norway and America, in a long-distance run covered eight English miles in 54m. 2s., while his brother, Torjus, covered the same dis-

tance in 56m. It being very hard to ascend a hill on skis until one has had the requisite training, these long-distance runs include in their course as many steep hills as the topography of the country will permit. The practiced skiman shows great skill in going up these hills; during part of the course tacking back and forth, like a yacht beating to windward. Sometimes it is so arranged that the long-distance run includes a leap from the precipice with its attendant run, the runner continuing on his course after landing. In the tournament other events are sometimes introduced. Two skimen will make a given distance on one pair of skis, the one man being directly behind the other. This, of course, will be in competition with two others. Again, a course will be laid out down a steep hill, where a man will traverse the distance against time, balancing himself most deftly upon a single runner and traveling at a terrific pace. In deciding merit in jumping competitions the skiman is credited not only on the distance he jumps but upon his carriage, his tokens of daring, his appearance as he leaves the precipice, as he passes swiftly through the air, and as he alights at the landing. The landing is upon an incline, so that when the jumper touches the snow he may not receive the terrible jar which would surely come to him if he struck upon a level surface. Throughout the Northwest, while there are many hills, there are no mountains, so that it becomes necessary at most tourneys to build a slide, a framework of stout timbers projecting into the air far above the summit of the hill. This is coated with snow, thereby adding materially to the swiftness of the descent. Each contestant has three trials at the jump. The judges mark the contestants on these three jumps, the one having the highest average on the distance jumped and on the character and style shown while on his course being awarded the first place. \* \* \*

When a man makes the long jump while

competing with others in the tourney, he must alight on his feet and must keep his feet until he reaches the bottom of the declivity. If he trips or falls it is marked against him. On the other hand, when the contestant is jumping against space, the distance to be jumped is the main thing—it makes no difference whether the jumper alights on his head or his feet. The unskillful skiman is likely to cut a most grotesque figure both in passing through the air and in landing at the end of the jump, where his long skis are often most curiously entangled with his legs, the man himself being buried in a mass of flying snow. \* \*

Another very interesting event in some tourneys is arranged in this manner: The steepest hill in the locality is selected, at the base of which the contestants and the crowd arrange themselves. The runner starts up the hill at a pace which is simply marvelous, when the angle of the declivity is taken into consideration, and as he goes, he throws off first his toque, then his toga or jacket, then his vest, then, mayhap his mittens, a pocket-handkerchief, or any other article of light wearing apparel which he may have about him. This, of course, is all done while he is under swift motion. Turning at the crest of the hill, he sees far below, mayhap a half mile distant, his admiring friends and competitors. Swift as an eagle he starts on his downward course, his speed accelerating with every rod he travels. While going at this wonderful pace he must stoop down as he reaches each article of wearing apparel, snatch it from the snow, put it on, and arrive at the bottom as completely clad and equipped as when he started. In ski-running probably greater interest centres in the high-jumping, the "dette hoie Hop," as the Norwegians call it, "detta hoga hoppet" in Swedish vernacular, than any other one department of this splendid sport. It needs trained feet and a trained eye, care and experience and caution, and, above all, nerve to be a successful

jumper. Mounted upon the long narrow pinewood skis, the runner pauses at the top of a high hill. His muscular form is sharply drawn upon the blue background of the sky. He poises himself, gives mayhap another tug at the fastenings of his slender runners. He is off down the hill at a terrific pace. Midway in the hill an embankment has been made, a snow-covered platform, which juts out from the hillside and forms the precipice from which he is to make the leap. Just as he reaches the brink he crouches low, holds his "stav" before him in both clenched hands, and springs, bent, into the air, the marked curve he gives to his course propelling him all the farther on his way. Quickly the resisting air must part before his great momentum—keen, wintry air that thrills like tingling wine. In Norway there are usually—especially in mountainous regions—places along the hillsides where the natural formation of the rock affords a fine precipice from which the runners jump. The distances reached in leaps in these wild country places have not always been measured, and there are traditions of some most marvelous jumps. Near Christiania, at the town of Baerum, a wonderful jump was made about twelve years ago. A young boy, who was not old enough to enter the men's class—for ski-classing as to age is made very precise—had won the prize in his own class. He had out-jumped all his fellows, and was eager to enter the lists with some of his superiors in age. But the rules forbade. He persisted. King Oscar was present at the tourney, and the boy was at last allowed to make a leap against all comers. There is, so far as I know, no record of this jump, but it is said that the distance of 105 feet was covered.

#### THE HAREM IN JOHORE

Mr. John Fairlie, writing in the *Century* about life in the Malay Peninsula, thus describes his accidental presence in the harem of the Maharajah,

by courtesy styled the Sultan of Johore. The official residence overlooks the Straits of Malacca and is directly opposite Singapore:—

The harem is a separate building of white marble, one-story high, and decorated with flowers and palms. There is a large square room in the centre of the building, and about it are some fifty sleeping-rooms. His forty wives were mostly Circassians, who had been purchased by him. The Sultana, or legal wife, resided at the palace of Maor, some two hundred miles from the palace of her lord, with whom she had not been on good terms for ten years. Her children, the official princes and princess, were two boys and a girl. I once got into the harem by accident, but my stay was very short. I wished to see the Maharajah on business. There was always a great deal of fuss in trying to see him, and I thought to avoid this by going around to a side door and entering quietly. This I did, and suddenly found myself in the harem. There was an officer there in charge of the women, and when he saw me he called out, asking what I was doing there. It is needless to say that I turned, and made my way out as quickly as possible. The interior of the harem was very beautiful. Handsome lamps hung from the ceiling, pictures of female beauty covered the walls, and the floors were strewn with rich rugs. There were also fountains and burning incense. The women appeared to be sitting about smoking and tossing jewelry. However, I was so astounded at finding myself in such a place that I took very little notice of my surroundings. It is very difficult even for ladies to gain admission to the harem. My wife tried to do so several times, but without success. Every Monday the Sultan holds a levee for women, to receive their homage and to listen to their grievances. They assemble at 6 A. M., and when his Majesty arrives the women fall upon their faces, and exclaim, "Our King!"

## SOCIETY VERSE

### CASTLES IN THE AIR

Harry Romaine.....Ladies' Home Journal

With frescos and costly gildings,  
With tapestries soft and rare,  
I have furnished those noble buildings—  
My Castles in the Air.

But I turn from the halls that glitter  
And sparkle with every gem,  
For I know that his lot is bitter,  
Who tries to live in them.

### THE SUMMER-NIGHTS OF LONG AGO

Frederick C. Spalding

Sing me a little song as night draws nigh,  
Tender and loving, sweet and soft and  
low;  
And then I'll say a tearful last good-bye  
To the fond-remembered nights of long  
ago.

Cast a bright ray down Time's ensilvered  
floor,  
From the far-off summer nights of long  
ago!

O, Moon serene, that shone on youth's  
bright shore,  
And lit the grassy slope with purest glow,

'Tis all in vain! The joyous laugh that rang  
Is still. The bitter words and tears that  
flow.  
Cannot the voices wake of those who sang  
In the starlit summer nights of long ago.

### THE WITCHING HOUR

Clinton Scollard.....Munsey's

Snow for hours had blown and drifted,  
And the rack went scudding by;  
Spectrally the branches lifted  
Naked arms against the sky.  
What cared we though time was flitting,  
What cared we though winds made moan,  
In the witching twilight sitting  
All alone?

She within a rocker cozy,  
I upon a hassock low,  
Watching o'er her face the rosy  
Cupid dimples come and go;  
For the lover firelight heightened  
Every blush with ardor bold,  
And her locks of brown were brightened  
Into gold.

Like the fabulous "Jack Horner"  
Of the merry nursery page,  
Gleeful from a dusky corner  
Grinned an idol gray with age;

And methought his dark lips muttered  
What I longed to there avow:  
"Tell her!" were the words he muttered,  
"Tell her now!"

Then there fell a silence sweeter  
Than when air is stirred with song,  
Than when strains in mellow meter  
Swing with rhythmic sweep along.  
In her eyes a look beguiling  
Bade me not to break the spell.  
Something told me in her smiling  
All was well.

Slowly grew the firelight dimmer  
Till the angles of the room,  
Lighted by no ruddy glimmer,  
Melted in the shrouding gloom;  
And not e'en the ancient idol  
Saw Love's apotheosis,  
Or the presage of a bridal  
In a kiss.

### THE BOLD, BAD BUTTERFLY

Life

One day a poppy just in play  
Said to a butterfly "Go 'way  
Go 'way you naughty thing—Oh my!  
But you're a bold, bad butterfly!"  
Of course 'twas only said in fun.  
He was a perfect paragon  
In every way a spotless thing  
(Save for two spots upon his wing).

But tho' his morals were the best,  
He could not understand a jest;

And somehow what the poppy said  
Put ideas in his little head,  
And soon he really came to wish  
He were the least bit "devilish."

He then affected manners rough  
And strained his voice to make it gruff  
And scowled as who should say "Beware,  
I am a dangerous character,  
You'd best not fool with me, for I,  
I am a bold, bad butterfly."





THE FASHIONS AT A GLANCE

*From Drawings by A. U. in the Sunday Sun.*

## FADS, FASHIONS, AND FANCIES

### CONFESSIONS OF AN AUTOGRAPH HUNTER

Mr. Charles Robinson, in the *Cosmopolitan*, unblushingly confesses the ruses by which he succeeded in extracting the autographs of a large number of prominent men. After giving the details of various tricks which captured the signatures of Whittier, Wilkie Collins, Mr. Labouchere, Cardinal Manning, Browning, Holmes, Whitman, Lowell, and others, he concludes thus boldly:—

Autograph-collectors, however, are emphatically warned that the waste-basket—yea, even worse than the waste-basket—awaits the missives of imitators. Though I had to resort to mild imposture in some instances myself, a large number of those whom I addressed sent me their autographs on my first application, and I may select a few at random, as a sample of their quality. Here is what Prof. Owen, the famous anatomist, wrote in a painfully shaky hand: Kindly Notes like yours are comforting on the eve of my departure (aet. 87,) from this world, which, on the eve of my departure, I have found brightened by friendly notes like yours of August 25. Accept the thanks of Richard Owen. Prof. Tyndall sent me his autograph on a postal card, from his Swiss chalet, high up on the Alpine glaciers upon which so much of his thought had been spent; while Prof. Huxley, whom I besought for a "sen-

timent" of some sort, replied: T. H. Huxley. (No stock of "sentiments" on hand.) Rawlinson, however, was evidently better provided, for he sent me a Japanese proverb which ran: "Man does not live one hundred years, but by anxiety he gives himself as much care and pain as if he were to live one thousand years." Robert Louis Stevenson's reply, which was addressed "To the one civil autograph-collector," was as follows: "You have sent me a slip to write on; you have sent an addressed envelope; you have sent it me stamped, many have done as much before; you have spelled my name right, and some have done that. In one point you stand alone—you have sent me the stamps for my post-office, not the stamps for yours. What is asked with so much consideration I take pleasure to grant." Verdi, the great composer, from his mountain-retreat near Genoa, sent me a bar of music dated and signed, and Alexandre Dumas favored me with an epigram which, translated into English, runs something like this: "Life is the last thing we want to lose, because it is the first that we have found. A. Dumas." The venerable Ferdinand de Lesseps wrote me an "oriental proverb" to the effect that "an ounce of caution is better than a hundred-weight of friendship," and Sir Frederick Leighton, the painter, whom I solicited for a "sentiment"

### MAGAZINE REFERENCE

(The following articles on Fads, Fashions, and Fancies, are indexed from the February numbers)

Housekeeper's Problem .....	Forum	*Cosmopolis City Club.....	Century
Girls of Danger.....	New England	*Preservation of Autographs.....	Bookworm
Ghost and Tree Worship.....	Pop. Sci. Mo.	Women Clergymen and Doctors.....	New Rev.
Servility in Dress.....	Pop. Sci. Mo.	*House Furnishing.....	Belford
Letter-Writing.....	Godeys	Cruelty and Pity in Women.....	Monist
Flower Talks.....	Godeys	*Man's Thoughts on Marriage.....	Gentleman's
Society Leaders.....	Godeys	*January	

on art, sent me a quotation from Browning, which I have no doubt is charming if I could only decipher it, but up to date I have been unable to do so. James Payn, the novelist, likewise favored me with an impossibly illegible card scribbled all over, as also did Dion Boucicault. It is a nice question which is the most illegible reply of the trio. As an evidence that the autograph-hunter is not always looked upon by celebrities as a *bête noir*, I may cite the great Pasteur, who wrote: "It is but too easy to comply with your request. I make haste, therefore, to send you my signature." When writing to persons for their autograph, I generally made a point of drawing their attention to the fact that I enclosed a card for them to write upon. I took care, however, not to enclose it, the result being that, instead of merely scribbling his name, the celebrity addressed almost invariably wrote back to say that he had failed to find the card, and thus I secured a letter, which is, of course, far more valuable than a mere signature. As an instance I may cite the reply of Kinglake, the late historian: "I this day received your courteous letter requesting me to send you an autograph, which I do at once by the signature I attach to this note. I would have attached my signature to the card which you apparently meant to enclose, but do not find it, and presume that it was not placed in the envelope. I remain, sir, Faithfully yours, A. W. Kinglake." Also that of Charles Dudley Warner, who wrote: "If there had been in your note an enclosed card for a 'sentiment,' I cannot tell what would have come of it, but as the card was wanting I can only say that I am, Yours sincerely, Chas. Dudley Warner." As against this I offer in evidence the following snub from Andrew Lang: "Mr. Lang regrets that no card is enclosed and that he has none at hand." Here is what the author of *Tom Brown's School-days* wrote:

"They say! What say they? Let them say—  
THOMAS HUGHES."

Accompanying this was the following explanatory notelet: "This sentiment is inscribed over the door of one of our old colleges or schools, I forget which, but has always seemed to me to point to an anti-democratic virtue which is more needed on your side even than in Europe." Salvini favored me with an Italian verse. The reply of the author of *The Lady or the Tiger* was thoroughly characteristic: "Deal gently with the poor autograph-writer; he is sometimes a fairly good man. Frank R. Stockton." Having written Jules Verne that my collection would be incomplete without his autograph, he replied: "Your autograph-album is hardly incomplete because my signature is lacking; but since you desire it, behold the enclosed with the best regards of Jules Verne." Admiral Wallis who commanded the *Shannon* during her encounter with the *Chesapeake* in 1813, favored me with his signature, written "with great difficulty" in his hundredth year. Among others who willingly complied with my request for their autographs, besides those already mentioned, were Count Von Moltke, Millais, Mark Twain, the Comte de Paris, Paul du Chaillu, Rider Haggard, Mr. Blaine, William Black, Alma - Tadema, Henry Irving, Lord Hartington, Madame Albani, "Bloody" Balfour, Christine Nilsson, Ellen Terry, Lord Randolph Churchill, Marie Roze, Clark Russell, Mrs. Langtry, Henry Labouchere, General Joe Johnston, Charlotte M. Yonge, Airy, the astronomer, Mrs. Bancroft, Chas. Bradlaugh, Vasili Verestchagin, Edna Lyall, Henry George, F. Anstey, Edw. Bellamy, Burne-Jones, Amélie Rives, Wilson Barrett, Rudyard Kipling, and many other prominent persons, among whom I must not forget to mention King Kalakaua, whose signature is worthy of a signer of the Declaration of Independence. Others, however, were not so obliging. Indeed, it would

seem that the great world is divided into two camps on the question of autograph-giving. Mr. Gilbert, as might be expected from one who says such things about "the pestilential nuisances who write for autographs," turned a deaf ear to my appeal. So did the Empress Eugénie, Count Tolstoi, Gounod, Ibsen, Rhoda Broughton, Rubinstein, Meissonier, "Ouida," Bismarck, Zola, Mary Anderson, Alphonse Daudet, George Meredith, Madame Patti, Rochefort, Dr. Brown-Sequard, Michael Davitt, Sara Bernhardt, Kossuth, Fanny Kemble, Marshal Canrobert, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Prof. Herkomer, Ernest Renan, Carmen Sylva, Madame Modjeska, Jean Ingelow, President Carnot, and others.

#### GETTING CULTURE

We have now undeniably "got culture," and it is to be studied everywhere, says the London Times. The least unconventional upholsterers publicly profess their anxiety to deal in "art stuffs," "art curtains," "art embroidery," and "art pottery." These things were not so in the dark ages of the sixties, when Mr. Matthew Arnold, it is believed, first began to preach the gospel of culture to a still unawakened middle class. In those years "art" was a substantive; now it is an adjective, and may be applied to almost any object of domestic furniture. We have art coal-scuttles "in our midst," a phrase which culture has borrowed from religion, so sisterly now are the relations of these distinguished abstractions. Even in lodgings the explorer discovers art pokers and shovels, made of sheet brass so thin that it doubles up and droops, like a weary flower, in the stern daily conflict with duty. These art shovels and tongs are useless, indeed; the joints are loose, and our fingers are nipped between the chinks of the sheet brass without and the cold iron within. Still there is brass here, and art, though the citizens be driven to using their fingers as tongs and the toes of

their boots as pokers. We have assuredly got culture, and, having got it, we are at last enabled to examine and criticize it with some closeness and severity. The very phrase "getting culture," so popular in America, is borrowed, in the sisterly fashion already alluded to, from the phrase "getting religion." Now it has not always been found that when a citizen or a portion of a community gets religion it therefore becomes subdued and saintly. We meet both individuals and crowds who proclaim, even at the corners of the streets, that they have got religion, who blow a trumpet and also beat a drum before them, but who certainly do not remind the observer of the ideal religious character as conceived, say, by Thomas à Kempis. A little religion seems to go a very long way, and, in certain instances, not to include the virtues of meekness, sweetness, lowliness of heart, and unselfishness. In the same manner, if we define culture as knowing and thinking the best that is to be known and thought, we may be compelled to infer that a little culture goes a long way, makes a great deal of show at the price, and, on the whole, resembles the ramshackle loose tubes of brass which decorate the art poker, which unsuccessfully veil and greatly interfere with the usefulness of the iron within. It has been shown that culture may be acquired at an enormous discount, but there are yet cheaper ways. It suffices to read the paragraphs of gossip about some modern writers. Culture very seldom cares to study what they have done, but is content to know what they are going to do. In America this plan is a great favorite. An unfortunate author, whose name is frequently cited in the organs of American culture, has been heard to say that he wished as many Americans would buy his books as demand his autograph. "But a hundred copies of a cheap edition," he exclaimed, "suffice for the population of that vast continent which boasts that it 'just makes culture hum.'"

This man is justly punished. He speculated on exporting vast cargoes of culture at low rates, but he finds himself undersold, and demands for his autograph (accompanied usually by a six cent piece) are the sum of his golden gains. It may be remarked, incidentally, that Westward the stream of culture takes its way. Europe can supply the newest fad, which is welcomed (as far as talking about it goes) on the other side of the Atlantic. But the American effort to plant Miss Emily Dickinson's poems on our markets is confessed to be no success. Yet those remarkable strains had really all the odd qualities which culture values—and nothing else. Yet, in our poor, insular way, we continued to prefer Mark Twain, an author who owes nothing to the praises of cultured admirers. The conclusion appears to be that though culture is now decidedly cheap and common, yet it scarcely pays for the time of the man who supplies the article. The reason, no doubt, is that an excellent substitute for general use may always be acquired from the newspapers and societies at second hand.

#### THE REVIVAL OF CRINOLINE

One of the most startling announcements that has come across the sea for a long time, says the Detroit Free Press, is that there is open antagonism to the revival of the crinoline and a probability that it will succeed. One hardly knows whether to be glad or sorry. It would, of course, be an excellent thing—from the purely masculine standpoint—to have the threatened evil averted. Recollection is still sadly fresh as to the discomfort which this monstrous fashion entailed not only on mankind, but womankind as well, though the latter bore the discomfort with meekness because it was the fashion. The revival means a repetition of the old story. It means less room for the masculine unfortunate in the street cars and all other public conveyances. It means

estrangement from his feminine friends at receptions or other functions. It means being crowded everywhere, at home and on the street. It means, also, when the fashion shall have run its course, a new influx of incumbrances for our sewers and a fresh onslaught of those diseases which are due to obstructed drainage. There are old drains in the city of Detroit to-day which might still be serviceable but for the disabilities imposed on them in the subsidence of the hoop-skirt craze. At first blush, therefore, the temptation is almost irresistible to hope that the onslaught on the proposed revival may be a success. Calm reflection, however, brings the thought that the remedy may be worse than the disease, bad as the latter confessedly is. For if the tyrant man once establishes his supremacy in the matter of woman's dress it is not easy to say where he will stop. If he can by any form of organized resistance prevent the adoption of the crinoline he can dethrone the long and sweeping skirt, the theater hat and a good many of what seem to the masculine sense the abominations of woman's apparel. Would this be well? We all know what manner of man he is whose neckties are bought by woman and whose raiment is prescribed by the same authority. Do we want to introduce any such monstrosity in the attiring of our womankind, and is there not grave danger of our doing so if we give the work over to man? The crinoline is a dread and fearsome possibility; but we know the worst there is concerning it. Of the possibilities which lie behind the appareling of woman in accordance with man's requirements or taste we know nothing and can only guess. Shall we not rather bear the ills we have—and are likely to have—than fly to others that we know not of, but which are quite likely to be graver than our most pessimistic imagination? We are by no means sure that there is any occasion for fear. In spite of the boastful proclamation of



the opponents in England of the crinoline revival, we have a well-defined suspicion that woman will do in the matter pretty much as she pleases, as she always has done with respect to her arrayment. There is no well authenticated instance in history where remonstrance or opposition or ridicule ever prevented her wearing substantially what she decided to wear, no matter how unbecoming or uncomfortable or grotesque. She has been perfectly willing to array herself in a disfiguring collar to emulate a queen who wore one to conceal a goitre; and she has had more than one spasm of wearing a hump for the benefit of some deformed sister who was enabled by the use of one to conceal her deformity. The revival of the crinoline has probably been ordained for a similar purpose by some social leader who cannot stand the prevailing style; and woman will be quite willing to again sacrifice herself on the altar of friendship for the sex. Even if she were not ill-disposed to the revival the very antagonism that has been aroused is almost sure to precipitate it. She realizes, just as clearly as we can, what it means to yield in such a matter; and she is not likely to yield no matter what discomfort success entails. The crafty course for the opponents of the revival to have pursued was to advocate the change with all their might. So might there have been some hope of success; for if woman had conceived the idea that man was attempting to dictate in the matter of her dress she would have been prompt in her resentment and resistance. It may be too late now to adopt this policy because it would now excite suspicion; but it is worth trying. In the policy of open opposition there is no glimmer of hope.

#### BLOWITZ'S SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM

M. de Blowitz, the Paris correspondent of the London Times, lays before the readers of the Contemporary Review a fanciful proposal for the estab-

lishment of a School of Journalism. He says:—

One day I called together six of my friends belonging to different nationalities. I submitted to them my idea, and we elaborated together a scheme. I will not give our programme in detail, but I will say that we insisted, first, that the young aspirant to journalism should have finished his eighteenth year, and should possess the first regular degree according to the collegiate education of his country. We required the physical capacities of which I have just spoken. We demanded that he should be seriously grounded in the elements of two languages other than his own. We insisted furthermore on having five years of his time, so that his career should not begin before he was twenty-three, or even later. A younger man can not be expected to possess the maturity necessary to judge the causes and effects of events with security; for his judgment will be confined to the present horizon, and however little in this or that case general ideas may be necessary, if he has pride and has made an error of judgment, this judgment will have its baneful effect upon his mind for all the rest of his days. We would then place this young man in the hands of professors who for two years would teach him the history and literature of each of the great historic and literary divisions of Europe, running over remote periods very rapidly, and becoming more careful and detailed as one drew nearer to the present moment. He would be initiated into the origin and tendencies of spirit of his most remarkable contemporaries in every country. He would be given a general idea of the political constitutions, the ethnologic and climatic conditions, the products, the geographical situation, the means of communication, the armed forces, the budgets and the public debts of every nation. He would be given the documents necessary for consultation. He would be taught to draw both landscapes and

the human face. He would learn to box, to ride on horseback, and to use a revolver; but the science of arms, so-called, would be rigorously interdicted, because a man obliged to support his arguments by weapons, or who indulges in personalities which place, so to speak, arms in the hands of his foes, is neither a journalist nor worthy to be one. Finally, such a pupil would undergo a graduating examination, and if he failed in any way to satisfy his instructors, he would remain another year; after which, for three years more, he would spend in succession some months at school or college in other lands, so that the remaining three years should be used up by his presence at foreign schools of journalism, and travel in countries where these schools are established, as well as in countries where they might not yet exist. All these schools of journalism should form a federation. Every exclusive political opinion should be banished from them. The instruction should be eclectic, without any possibility of pressure from without, and quite free from *parti-pris*; and the free judgment of the pupil, formed by experience and conviction, should be respected. The pupils of one school, by this scheme, would be received in any one of the other schools without any extra expense, the cost of the entire course having been fixed in advance, and no new item being introduced, either for removal or trips made at the professor's orders. Appeal was to be made to the good wishes of any, to the resources, even of the world, in the name of social safety and the general good, to help in the foundation and endowment of these schools. Both resident and traveling scholarships would, of course, be established, as well as retreats for old age, or those temporarily ill from diseases contracted in the fulfilment of their duty. Each school, moreover, would obtain from the serious leading journals in its neighborhood the promise to employ, according to the special needs

of the journal, a certain number of pupils, who are thus provided with their final diplomas.

#### THE MARRIED FLIRT

In a characteristic article in the North American, Mrs. Amelia E. Barr pursues her crusade against certain evils in modern society. Says she:—

There is no salvation in the Order of Matrimony; no miracles wrought at the altar of Grace Church, or at St. Thomas's. She that is frivolous, giddy, and selfish is likely to continue frivolous, giddy, and selfish; and marriage merely supplies her with a wider field and greater opportunities for the indulgence of her vanity and greed. She reënters society with every advantage of youth, beauty, wealth, and liberty; released from the disabilities under which unmarried girls lie; armed with new powers to dazzle and to conquer. No longer a competitor for a matrimonial prize, she is a rival ten times more dangerous than she was. Setting aside the wrong done to the sacredness of the connubial relation, she now becomes the most subtle enemy to the prospects of all the unmarried girls in her set. What is the bud to the perfect rose? The timid, blushing maiden pales and subsides before the married siren who has the audacity and charm of a conscious intelligence. It is not without reason that special balls and parties have come into fashion for social buds; they are the necessary sequence to the predominance of married sirens, with whom in a mixed society no young girl can cope. They have the floor and the partners; they monopolize all the attention, and their pleasure is of the greatest importance. And their pleasure is to flirt—to flirt in all places and at all hours. In vain will some young aspirant to marriage display in the presence of the married flirt her pretty accomplishments. She may sing her songs, and play her mandolin never so sweetly, but the young men slip away with some one or other of the piquant

brides of the past year. And in the privacy of the smoking-room it is the brides and not the young girls, who are talked about—what dresses they wear or are likely to wear, how their hair is done, the history of the jewels which adorn them, and the clever things they have said or implied. Before we condemn too much the society girls of the time, we ought to consider the new enemy who stands in the way of their advancement to marriage. Is it not quite natural that the most courageous girls should refuse the secondary place to which married flirts assign them, and endeavor to meet these invaders with their own weapons? If so, much of the forwardness of the present young girl is traceable to the necessity forced upon her by these married competitors. For it is a fact that young men go to the latter for advice and sympathy. They tell them about the girls they like, and their fancies are nipped in the bud. For the married flirt's first instinct is to divest all other women of that air of romance with which the nobility and chivalry of men have invested womanhood for centuries. So she points out with a pitiless exactness all the small arts which other women use; and is not only a rival to some young girl, but a traitor to her whole sex. And yet she is not only tolerated but indulged. People giving entertainments know that their success will be in a large measure dependent upon the number of beautiful young wives present. They know the situation is all wrong, but they are sure they cannot either fight the wrong, or put it right; and in the meantime their particular ball will not increase the evil very much. Not fifty years ago, it was the young beauties that were considered and looked after, and the gentlemen asked to an entertainment were asked with reference to the unmarried girls; for it was understood that any married women present would, of course, be wrapped up in their own husbands. Then a wife accepting attentions from one young

man after another would have aroused the contempt and disapproval of every man and woman present.

#### CLOTHES

Sir Herbert Maxwell Bart says in *Blackwood's*:—

The Diary of Samuel Pepys would not be half so readable if it wanted the affectionate mention of the writer's "close bodied, light-colored cloth coat, with a gold edging in each seam, that was the lace of my wife's best pettycoat that she had when I married her;" his "black cloth suit, with white lynyngs under all, as the fashion is to wear, to appear under the breeches;" his "velvet coat and cap, the first that ever I had;" or his "new colored silk suit, and coat trimmed with gold buttons, and gold broad lace round my hands, very rich and fine." It does not, perhaps, much impress the reader with the greatness of the diarist's mind to be told how, when he went to church, "I found that my coming in a perriwigg did not prove so strange as I was afraid it would, for I thought that all the church would presently have cast their eyes all upon me;" and he brings into relief his prudence at the expense of his loyalty when he writes, "Hearing that the Queene grows worse again, I sent to stop the making of my velvet coat, till I see whether she lives or dies." But these details add to the life-like interest of the journal, whereas description of nineteenth-century tailoring would simply be intolerable. We smile in our superior way at Samuel Pepys' little vanities, and affect to be as unconscious as the lilies of the field what we are arrayed in; but it is a shallow imposture. In reality, we take as much thought and pains how to be inconspicuous and as little different from our fellows as, in chivalrous times, knights did to make their coat-armor distinctive. Most men like to wear well-cut clothes; no one cares to go about in things that look as if they had been made by a carpenter. Tri-

fling differences, which can be indulged without attracting inconvenient attention, are very dearly prized. One of the most guileless and cultivated men I have ever known betrayed some of this pardonable affectation. He lived almost constantly on his estate in the north, and certainly was far from extravagant in the matter of tailors' bills. He declared that during a quarter of a century he had only bought a single pair of white kid gloves, one of which he wore at his own, the other at his daughter's wedding. But he was the reverse of untidy in his person, and invariably dressed for dinner, even when quite alone, and always buttoned his dress-coat across his chest. During one of his rare visits to London, Stultz, who was then at the top of his profession, and, for aught I know, may be so still, was called on to make him a new dress-coat, which was duly executed, and the garment sent home. A few days later, my old friend reappeared at Stultz's, bringing his dress-coat. "Look here," he said, "this coat is not the thing at all; it must have been made for some other man." "Indeed, Sir William," replied Mr. Stultz, "that is surprising; we have always succeeded satisfactorily with your orders. Some slight alteration in the figure, perhaps. We don't grow any younger, Sir William, eh? Let us try it on." Which, being done. "It appears a perfect fit, Sir William," continued the artist, standing back to admire his own handiwork; "your figure does not seem to have changed in the least." "But it won't button, man," rejoined the customer, tugging at the lapels. "No, Sir William; it is not intended to do so. Dress-coats are invariably worn open." "But I like mine to button across." "Most unusual, Sir William," sighed Mr. Stultz; "in fact, I may say it is never done." "But I tell you I always wear my coat buttoned in the evening, and I don't care two straws what other people do." "Oh, Sir

William! if it is a characteristic, that is another matter"—and the cutter being sent for, the necessary alterations were planned on the instant.

#### JAPANESE GARDENS

Describing things to be seen in the streets of Tokio, Helen Strong Thompson, in the February Chautauquan, writes:—

We enter one of the famed public gardens, where flowers bloom every month in the year,—camelias in December, on low-growing shrubs, and on trees towering fifty feet in air; chrysanthemums of every conceivable variety; fruit trees cultivated solely for their blossoms—which are of enormous size—among these the plum, which is the poet's tree, blooming amid the snows of February, and the exquisite cherry in April, carpeting the earth with petals of snow and cream; brilliant azaleas in bewildering masses, and the wondrous lotus, with massive shield and glorious flower, unfolding tenderly and shyly in July heats. Grand Mt. Fugi, seen and loved from all parts of the empire, is made to appear in miniature. The borders are of closely clipped tea plants. Cacti, oak, bamboo, and pine are made to grow in tiny trees, not more than ten inches high. Dwarfing, variegation of leaf and petal, freaks of nature by artificial means are the specialty of Japanese gardens. Bronze and stone images of Buddha are numerous at the corners of the streets, and in the temple grounds. In the latter we found a curious collection of idols. Some of these represent the emissaries of the "lord of hell," their heads surrounded by an aureole of flame. One is treading on a sky-blue devil with a staff in its hand; another on a flesh-colored imp, while yet one more has its feet on a monster caterpillar. Beneath a clump of firs stand a crowd of stone idols, on which are pasted prayers as thick as labels in a drug shop.

## THE SKETCH BOOK: EVERYDAY LIFE

### LIFE EVERY DAY

Not long since, in a newspaper paragraph devoted to the "Chronic Grumbler," he was quoted as asking such questions as this, "Why does the man who wants to go to the top floor of a building persist in standing in the door of the elevator?" That question, says the Christian Union, is continually arising in various forms in the mind of any person who travels democratically, shoulder to shoulder with the crowd. The back platforms and doorways of cars are filled with people, compelling one to crowd and push to enter the car. People stand on the street corners and compel those who wish to use the cross-walk to step into the street, irrespective of the condition of the gutter. At a concert, in assemblies where the audience chooses its own seats, each newcomer seats himself as near the aisle as possible, and then compels the later arrivals to crowd past him, or else he steps into the aisle, quadrupling the confusion by this act. Holders of the middle seats between two aisles in a theatre will come in after the rise of the curtain, apparently without a scruple. And nothing is more common at that centre of confusion and discomfort—the Brooklyn Bridge—than to have men push and elbow their way through the crowd to get

seats, and when the car passes the Brooklyn tower these same protectors of individual rights push and elbow their way through towards the doors, getting ready to leave as soon as the car stops. Nothing is gained, not even time, for frequently the blocking of a passageway detains those who crowd, as well as those who are crowded. What can be gained by losing part of a programme through a discourteous entrance which compels others to also lose part of their enjoyment, is beyond ordinary minds to discover. It is the constant self-assertion and disregard of others that increases the friction and causes such a tremendous wear and tear of the vital forces. Certainly this is true, that life is a much more desirable privilege where there is the exercise of mutual consideration. Knowing this, why do we so constantly fail to exercise it?

### HUMORS OF RUSTIC PSALMODY

Under this title a writer in the Cornhill Magazine gives some entertaining illustrations of unconscious humor:—

Thackeray's celebrated Duke, who never went to church in town, but used to sing the hymns in the family pew in the country with fine effect, must have been a man of great moral courage. Perhaps he had discrimi-

### MAGAZINE REFERENCE

(The following articles are indexed from the February numbers)

- |                                      |              |                                     |                |
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| Life in an Insane Asylum.....        | Overland     | *Baby Farming.....                  | Lend a Hand    |
| *January                             |              |                                     |                |



nating tastes, and found in the choir gallery that amusement which in the city he preferred to draw from the more legitimate sources of recreation. Even Samuel Pepys, who chuckled at the red-vested fiddlers in Westminster Abbey, and got "mighty sport" from the clerk who sung out of tune, thought it a jest to hear "the clerk begin the 25th Psalm, which hath a proper tune to it, and then the 116th, which cannot be sung to that tune;" and if the church were the place in which to look for jests, many would no doubt have found excellent sport in the good old times. It is the fashion nowadays to deplore the disappearance of the village band, the fiddles and the viols, the flutes and the clarionets, the bassoons and the horns, that occupied the choir galleries of the country's Sleepy Hollows. We are told that it was all a sad mistake to let these time-honored instruments go before the advance of the "gusty organ," as Leigh Hunt calls it, and the wheezing harmonium. The playing, it is admitted, was not very good, the instruments were as frequently out of tune as the vocalists were out of breath, and as often as not there was more quarrelling than harmony among the performers. But an institution should be improved, not abolished; and whereas formerly every little village had its half-dozen men who could play on one instrument or other, now there are only half a dozen boys who can manage the concertina. Well, it is a pity, no doubt. There are compensations, however. If we have not heard with our own ears, our fathers have certainly declared unto us the wonderful things that were done of old time in the village choir gallery. Our forefathers found a weekly relief from the Calvinistic strait-waistcoat in what they called "fuguing" tunes, a fugue being defined by one of their own wits as a musical composition the various "parts" of which "run away" from each other, while the hearer runs away from them all! An

obscure poetaster put it in a more kindly way when he said:

A fugue let loose cheers up the place,  
With bass and tenor, alto, air,  
The parts strike in with measured grace,  
And something sweet is everywhere.

The sweetness would of course depend upon circumstances; but it may be admitted without any reserve that if the fuguing tunes of the old psalmody days were again "let loose" a good many meeting-houses would be "cheered up" in a way to delight the heart of even a nineteenth-century Pepys. The unusual effect of the successive "piling up" of lines and phrases as they were repeated *ad libitum* with ever-increasing force, was probably exhilarating if not devotional—as when Hodge set himself to sing the praises of "dra-gons stout and strong," or to tell how "some put their trust in charr'ots and some in 'orses," and so on. But the verbal effect was occasionally quite startling, though it may be doubted if the simple souls who sang ever saw the absurdity. A congregation would be heard lustily proclaiming their defiance of the Decalogue in "I love to steal—I love to steal," while all they meant to do was "to steal awhile away" to some imaginary realm of spiritual blessedness. "Stir up this stu—stir up this stu" was only the "fuguing" form of "Stir up this stupid heart to pray." And so with "And take thy pil—and take thy pilgrim home;" "My poor pol—my poor pol—my poor polluted heart;" "And more eggs—more eggs—and more exalt our joys;" "I love thee bet—I love thee better than before;" "And catch the flee—and catch the fleeting hour," and many more entertaining instances of perverted sense in song. Two trebles sang, "And learn to kiss;" two trebles and alto, "And learn to kiss;" two trebles alto and tenor, "And learn to kiss;" bass solus, "the rod."

With reverence let the saints appear,  
And bow before the Lord,  
became "And bow—wow—wow, And

bow—ow—ow,” and so on until treble, alto, tenor and bass (base enough in all conscience!) had bowed themselves hoarse and perceptibly apoplectic. The burly village butcher, sawing away at his fiddle all the time, would declare in a mighty solo, “I am Jo—Jo—Joseph,” and having reiterated this interesting information four or five times, would inquire with equal pertinacity, “Doth my fa—a—u—ther yet live?” The story has been told of an Oxford man reading in the country for his “little go,” and being saluted with the changes, “cannot pluck me—cannot pluck me—cannot pluck me from Thy hand,” he, like a Virgilian hero, drew from the words a propitious omen, whether realized or no the story-teller deponeth not. But the climax of sentiment and scientific singing was reached when the rustic vocalists took up a verse like this in the 133rd Psalm:

True love is like that precious oil,  
Which, poured on Aaron's head,  
Ran down his beard, and o'er his robes  
Its costly moisture shed.

One can understand why Bishop Seabury's sympathies were excited for poor Aaron to the extent of fears that he would not have a hair left, when he tells us that he heard a country choir tearing the bearded biblical hero to pieces after the following fashion—

Its costly moist—ran down his beard—  
Ure beard—his—beard—his—shed—  
Ran down his beard—his—down his robes—  
Its costly moist—his beard—ure shed—  
His cost—ure robes—his robes—he shed—  
I—t—s co—s—t—l—y moist—ure shed.

No wonder that when the fuguing tunes took possession of the Puritan churches of New England the clergymen began to consult their concordances in a hunt for scripture texts to hurl at the heads of the innovators. One divine succeeded in finding a motto for his purpose in “The songs of the temple shall be turned into howling,” and another preached to his people from the words, “Those that have turned the world upside down

are come hither also.” Evidently there were a good many who sympathized with the man who hung two dead cats over the door of the reputed father of fuguing tunes, to indicate his opinion of his caterwauling. The Scotch ministers had the most forcible way of keeping the “repeat” tunes out of the churches. The huge pulpit Bible would come whack down on the precentor's head if he dared to introduce any such innovation, and one parson is known to have carried away a handful of the man of music's locks as he roared, “Stop, Dauvit, stop! when the Lord repeats, we'll repeat too, but not till then.”

#### PARIS AS AN EDUCATION

The Paris letter of Mr. Labouchere's organ presents this aspect of the effect of the metropolis on the susceptible provincial mind:—

Any clever French woman who comes young to Paris is soon metamorphosed into a Parisienne. Gyp's mother, whose wit is light, bright, and strong, is a Nancienne by birth and early breeding. Madame de Récamier was a Lionnaise, and emigrated to Paris after her marriage. Josephine Bonaparte, her friend, was a creole; and Notre Dame de Thermidor (Madame Tallien) was a Bordelaise. Paris assimilated all these ladies; but Madame de Staël, though a Parisienne (she having drawn her first breath in the house where the Société Générale now has its bank), and loving passionately her natal city, was refractory to Paris standards. She was a splendid creature, warm-hearted, fluent, gifted, having marvellous power of expression and the flame and glow of genius, but was a false note in every Parisian harmony. For colloquial purposes, she did not speak as good French as no matter what market-woman. French provincial women, or rather young girls, have an extraordinary facility for picking up Parisian modes of speech, and of the best kind. A wench coming here to seek a place as a *bonne*, and

talking patois, will in eighteen months speak better French than a member of the Academy. She picks up the kind of French that Molière put into the mouth of his Parisiennes. But she cannot write as she speaks. If she attempts to use the pen, however clever she may be, the original want of education comes out, and her vocabulary is of the narrowest and most commonplace order. There are successful actresses of the minor theatres who write like cooks, they not having received any literary training in childhood. Want of education is betrayed not only in their faulty spelling, but their cramped and awkward vocabulary. And yet in conversation they may be brilliant. The educated Frenchwoman writes prettily, both the hand and the turns of speech being elegant. But she easily runs into the fault of ceremoniousness and of long-winded verbiage. Frenchwomen who have been carefully educated stand in terror of originality, a reason why they are not often interesting. The *bonne* has better opportunities for hearing literary French than the shop girl, and, her mother-wit not being damped by the fear of being original, her talk is often delightful. It is always free from affectation, and is often full of savour.

#### ESKIMO MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE

Mr. William E. Meehan, writing in the Independent, says of the Greenland Eskimos:—

There is no marriage ceremony, I believe; but there is, I have been informed, quite as ardent a courtship as in any civilized country. In the case of the thirteen-year-old wife, I understand the wooing extended over a period of several months, during which time the lover presented his innamorata with choice bits of seal, ivory, trinkets, etc. When at length the courting couple decide to cast their lots together the female gathers together her few belongings and walks away with her lover, and the two set

up housekeeping together. But although the man now has his wife, he does not absolutely own her, as far as I can learn, until a child has been born to him. His father-in-law and his mother-in-law, until that period, retaining the right to thrash their daughter and largely control her actions. While we were in McCormick Bay a mother ran away from an alleged brutal husband to a sister who lived on the shores of Robertson's Bay, some twenty miles away, and took with her, in her flight, her daughter, the fifteen-year-old childless wife of a member of the settlement. Continued brutality, such as the husband of the runaway wife is alleged to have exhibited, is said to be extremely rare. On the contrary, the affection and thoughtfulness which the husband shows for his wife is phenomenal—far more than the average white man exhibits for his spouse; although neither love nor thoughtfulness—through the custom of the country—carries him to the extent of helping her do heavy work about the *igloo* or *tupic*. This love for the wife is only equalled by the affection the father feels for his children, and nothing will give him offense quicker than for some one to strike or even speak crossly to his little ones. I remember one occasion which well illustrates this trait. One morning one of the members of the Peary party prepared some coffee in the Red Cliff House for several of the Eskimos, and, as he handed it around, a child of one of them got in his way and was spoken to sharply for it. The eyes of the father—who was just about to drink the coffee, of which he was very fond—on this flashed angrily, and setting his full cup down on the table he took the child from the house, exclaiming as he did so, that "Peary *igloo* coffee no good;" and it was some time before the injured father could be placated. I have had Eskimos with me hunting or exploring, and I never knew an instance when they did not at meal times carefully divide their

portion of food into two parts, one of which they ate and the other put carefully away in their sealskin bags to be taken home to their *cunna* (wives) and children. This love which the parents bear their offspring does not, however, always prevent the former from slaying the latter under certain circumstances, as, for instance, when one or the other of the progenitors die from natural or violent cause, and the survivor fears he or she cannot rear the children. I heard of a case in point which occurred last winter. In this instance the husband was drowned while seal-hunting, leaving a widow and two children, a girl nearly grown and a baby. As soon as the news of his death was made known, the mother, with many lamentations, strangled the youngest child, and for months after whenever she spoke of the deed she did so with tears, but insisted that she could not have done otherwise, because she had no means of supporting it. Quite as simple as the marriage ceremony is the one of divorce among the Arctic Highlanders. When a wife offends a husband beyond forgiveness, he throws her out of his *igloo* or *tupic*, and her belongings after her, and bids her begone. If the wife is the offended one, she gathers together her personal possessions, and, informing her husband that she never wishes to see him again, she departs for other shelter. In either case, the divorce is, I believe, complete.

#### STREET SCENES IN TOKIO

Helen Strong Thompson gives in the Chautauquan a picture of the Japanese Capital, a part of which we quote:—

The city is twelve miles square, and dotted with groves filled with temples. In one stands a pagoda sixty feet high. The streets are gay and festive, the houses are painted black, with black fences and black lattice. Drums are beating, thousands of flags flying. The odor of incense blends with the savory smell of sponge-cakes, griddle-cakes,

roasting nuts, and fragrant tea. Here is a man with a charcoal brazier under a copper griddle, with batter, spoons, and cups, hailing the passer-by. There is a vender of sugar jelly, exhibiting a devil, who will tap a drum and dance for our amusement. Beyond, the fire-eater rolls burning balls of camphor paste over his arms and then extinguishes them in his mouth. Here are conjurers, who bring to light noblemen, fair ladies, palaces, "the hairy foreigner," and what not? Sitting on the ground are young girls selling slips of fretted wood, which, dropped into water, open into a flower, a tree, an animal, a man, or even Mt. Fuji. Booths line the streets for selling fancy articles and toys, exquisite and ingenious enough to set even the elders wild. One wishes the American children could have a glimpse of the miniature men and women, looking so natural that one watches to see them breathe, and the mimic birds and fish; and there is a mouse prepared to spring if you touch it. Here is a carved agate flower, which is a marvel of beauty and art, and there a bit of ivory carving, which more than rivals the Switzer's work. One must needs study it half a day with a magnifying glass to learn all its wonders, for in it is a terraced mountain-side, with arbors, cottages, gardens, a lake, bridges, boats, and fishermen at their work. Step into this shop with me and you will find thirty kinds of musical instruments, one a harp with eighteen pipes, which is held and played like a flute, and can be put into a box three inches square. In the next we find clocks of curious metal and design, with specimens of bronze as fine as the world produces; and large steel mirrors equal to plate glass. Just beyond are crapes, silk and satin goods of wonderful design, velvet cloths inwrought with gold, and gold cloths too heavy for wear, and by its side a curio shop, where are richly embroidered robes, tapestries, books bound in gold, old armor, exquisite china, rare bronzes, and paintings on silk, these unsurpassed.

## LINCOLN AND SEWARD

Some interesting recollections of war times are contributed to Lippincott's by James Matlack Scovel, from whose paper we extract a few passages:—

To see these two men together was enough to decide who possessed the master-mind. It was the habit of the Secretary of State, during the progress of the Rebellion, to spend the morning hours, after a nine-o'clock breakfast, with Mr. Lincoln at the White House. The President's favorite apartment was the large east room. Here he was wont to receive the general public and indulge in what, in his quaint phraseology, he called his "baths of public opinion." No matter what the claimant's cause was, he generally got a hearing, though he might be laughingly bowed out of the room at the end of the séance, with a story that "pointed a moral" if it did not "adorn a tale"; but the casual visitor always went away in good humor with both the President and himself. But Sunday morning from ten to twelve o'clock was usually accorded to the Secretary of State and the Presidential barber. Mr. Lincoln knew whom to trust, and many a solemn conclave has been held in this historical room between two men who held in their hands the fate of a nation. It was as good as a liberal education to hear two of the most important men in the world, with the simplicity of children, discuss the events of the day, when half a million men stood fronting each other on the battle-field. Richard Vaux, of Philadelphia, met Seward in 1845 at the residence of Josiah Randall, a leader of the old Whigs. Mr. Seward was asked to meet half a dozen then famous Philadelphians, all now dead save Vaux, who says that Mr. Seward "charmed everybody, at a dinner which lasted five hours, with his gracious diction, his good humor, and

his copious and varied information on all questions of public interest." He showed to best advantage at his own dinner-table, where his sweetness and light charmed all comers, even Lincoln, who often became a good listener when any question of state-craft occupied the mind of the Sage of Auburn. And when not talking himself, the quiet twinkle in the Secretary's eye gave ample evidence that he thoroughly enjoyed the abounding humor of the President. This trend of Lincoln's mind was amusing to Seward, but it always angered Stanton, who did not often try to suppress his wrath. Lincoln once tried to read to Stanton and Seward a chapter from Artemus Ward's book. Stanton left the room in a pet, after declining to listen to the "chaff," as he called it, but giving the President a parting shot by asking him, "How do you like the chapter about yourself?" Lincoln only laughed and answered, "Do you know, it may be queer, but I never could see the fun in that chapter." Seward in conversation was slow and methodical till warmed up, when he was one of the most voluminous and eloquent of talkers. No statesman in the country had a vaster range of reading, or wider experience in the management of public affairs. He had been almost continuously in public life since he was thirty, and was educated in a State where adroitness and audacity are needed to make a successful politician, who must sometimes pretend "to see the things he sees not." The impression inevitably following an hour with Seward and Lincoln was surprise that two men seemingly so unlike in habit of thought and manner of speech could act in such absolute and perfect accord. I doubt much if they ever seriously disagreed, while the imperious Stanton often went out with his feathers ruffled considerably.



## IN DIALECT

### SEIZING THE FAMILY MULE

Andrews Wilkinson.....Times-Democrat

Bless Gawd, now Mister Sheraph!  
Is dem de words you sayed?  
You gwine to sell ole Balaam  
Bec'ase de rent ain't paid?  
You gwine break up dis fambly  
An' take our mule away,  
To fotch de little money  
De Jedge say we mus' pay?

Hit's hard enough to make it,  
'Twixt drouf an' twixt de flood,  
From plantin' time tell pickin'  
You almos' sweats yo' blood;  
But when you gits yo' cotton  
Unloaded at de gin  
An' fink you' 'counts is settled,  
Dat's whar de 'counts begin.

Commishums an' pervances,  
Wid intrust, an' de rent,  
An' proficks on yo' credick  
Is wusser worriment  
Dan trompin' down plow furrers  
An' diggin' in de groun',  
An' wurkin' on f'om daybreak  
Ontel de sun go down.

You calls me lazy, does you?  
Des look at Balaam dar,  
An' 'zamine all he backbone  
An' see how much is bar';  
Yes, dar he stan's a dozin',  
Backed up agi'n' de fence,  
Wid all his fool-mule notions,  
A critter full o' sense.

Ole mule, tho' yo's contrary  
An' tricky wid yo' heel,  
Yo' ain't like prancin horses,  
But got a heart to feel

You takes you' sheer o' mis'ry,  
Forgittin' to complain,  
A pullin' 'fore yo' master  
Thew sunshine an' thew rain.

Yo' hind hoofs is onsartin,  
But in dat tough ole hide  
De heart is des as hones',  
As any horse dee ride;  
De sperrit 's des as willin',  
De step is des as strong,  
An' 'tain't de ables' critters  
Wid ears dat's not so long.

Oh, Lawd, Almighty Marster,  
Dat we po' sinners sarve,  
Doan' lef' um take ole Balaam  
An' let dis fambly starve;  
Des keep de plough a-runnin'  
For one mo' crappin' yeah,  
An' I'll stay dar to foller  
An' step behind de sheah.

Well, take him, Mister Sheraph,  
An' leave us folks to mo'n  
For dem dat 'pends on credick  
Can't call a beas' dey own;  
Oh, lawdy, how he'll miss us  
A dreamin' in de sun,  
In dem bright Spring-time Sundays  
Wid all his week's wuk done.

Oh, glory now, Melindy  
Good glory to the Lawd!  
Dis noble Marster Sheraph.  
He say "de mule's a fraud;"  
He say "he des as no' 'count  
An' 'ceitful as all sin,  
An' taint no use to sell him—  
He's sca cely wuff his skin!"

### COLD WEATHER IN GEORGIA

Atlanta Constitution

We're-a-freezin' an' a-sneezin' an' a-wheezin'  
fit to kill,  
An' coal has reached the color of a green  
five-dollar bill;  
An' we'll soon be burnin' o' the bricks' an'  
warmin' by the stones;  
It's the toughest time we ever struck, from  
Billville clean to Bones!

Oh, for one breath of summer across the  
icy hills,  
To warm the rheumatism an' thaw the  
frozen stills!

Won't never say, "This weather's hot!" for  
brimstone would be nice  
'Longside o' this here shiverin' spell o'  
Georgia snow an' ice!

Come on, O, blazin' summer! Jes' heat your  
ovens hot,  
Throw bushels o' red pepper in the sizzin',  
whizzin' pot!  
For we're freezin' an' a-sneezin' an' a-  
wheezin' fit to kill,  
An' coal has reached the color of a green  
five-dollar bill.

## WATCH HIM NEXT SUMMER

*Chicago News-Record*

Who?—me? Y' say I  
 Cussed the heat las' J'ly?  
 I reckon not;  
 Sweated some, o' course,  
 'Twa'n't nothin' worse;  
 But hot?  
 I reckon not!

Summer I al'ys liked;  
 Lèm'nade 'n' thin's spiked,  
 'N' beer a-fizz;  
 Um! Take summer'n mine;  
 'S in my line  
 O' biz;  
 Yes, 'tis.

Me kick! Huh! What's hot?  
 Think I've forgot  
 How I felt?  
 Jes' warm an' nice;  
 You gimme ice  
 'N' I won't melt.

I'll take heat, you bet.  
 Wish 't wuz summer yet.  
 You see  
 It's this lamswozzled,  
 Chill chozzled,  
 Ding dozzled  
 Cold  
 'At gits me!

## THE HOODOO

*James Whitcomb Riley.....Green Fields and Running Brooks*

Owened a pair of skates onc't—traded  
 Fer 'em—stropped 'em on and waded  
 Up and down the crick, a-waitin'  
 Tel she'd freeze up fit fer skatin'.  
 Mildest winter I remember—  
 More like Spring than winter weather!  
 Didn't frost tel 'bout December—  
 Git up airly ketch a feather  
 Of it, maybe, 'crost the winder—  
 Sunshine swinge it like a cinder!

Well, I waited, and kep' waitin'!  
 Couldn't see my money's wo'th in  
 Them air skates—and was no skatin',  
 Ner no hint o' ice ner nothin'!  
 So, one day along in airly  
 Spring, I swapped 'em off, and barely  
 Closed the dicker, 'fore the weather,  
 Natchurly, jes' slipped the rachet,  
 And crick, tail race, all together,  
 Froze so tight cat couldn't scratch it

## SAY THEM NOW

*M. A. Maitland.....Christian at Work*

I'm thinkin' and thinkin' and thinkin',  
 And can't get it outen my head,  
 How wrongful it is that the good things  
 Are said o' folks after they're dead.

Poor Magdalene Gregg o' "The Hollow,"  
 That tother day went to her rest,  
 I hear they are puffin' and praisin',  
 And ratin' a'most with the best;

Though when she was livin', and strivin'  
 The name that she lost to redeem,  
 They showed her with little disguisin'  
 Whose eye was the one with the beam.

They find that her hand had been clothin'  
 The naked, though scrimp was her store;  
 And often the hungry ones feedin'  
 That they'd turned away from their door.

(We're told that the right hand's almsgivin'  
 'Tis not for the left one to ken,  
 And sure when she parted her livin'  
 'Twas not to win praisin' from men.

But just for His sake who received her  
 When forth from her kin she was driven,  
 Who saw her repentin' and grievin',  
 And told her her sins were forgiven.)

It's not but she'll get the rewardin'—  
 Of that I have never a fear—  
 But it would have lightened her burden  
 If she'd had their sympathy here.

So, friends, if we're owin' the livin'  
 Some words that had oughter be said,  
 Let's speak them, for fear they condemn us  
 When ears that should hear them are dead.

## READINGS FROM NEW BOOKS

### BURGLAR AS WITNESS

Montagu Williams, Q. C., recently deceased, was for many years a leading English barrister in large criminal practice. In early life he had passed short periods on the stage and in the army, and his varied experiences were subsequently woven into a delightful book of reminiscence, "Leaves of a Life." Some years ago he became a police magistrate, and before his death had completed another volume of recollections, just published, with the title *Round London: Down East and Up West* (Macmillans), from which we extract these interesting pages:—

In April, 1865, I was engaged as counsel in a rather remarkable case, which was known as the Cornhill burglary. There were several persons charged—a man named Brewerton and his wife, a man named Caseley and his wife, and three others. Thomas Caseley (with whom I propose principally to deal) was described as twenty-three years of age, and his wife as twenty-six. The former defended himself and I appeared for the latter. Caseley was known to be one of the most expert burglars in the metropolis, and he had already undergone one sentence of penal servitude, which proves that he must have entered upon a criminal career at an early age. He had two nicknames, one being "Counsellor Kelly," and the other "Tom the Madman." The establishment broken into was that of Mr. Walker, a large jeweller's on Cornhill. It appeared that on Saturday, the fourth of February, the assistant, after placing the whole of the stock in one of Milner's iron safes, left the premises at half past seven in the evening. As usual, the gas was left burning in the shop,

which was open to inspection by the police and other passers-by through apertures in the shutters. The safe was so placed as to be distinctly seen by any one looking through these apertures, and by an ingenious arrangement of mirrors a person standing in any part of the shop would also be visible from the outside. When the assistant returned to the premises on Monday morning at half past eight o'clock, he found that the shop had been entered by a hole in the floor, and that the safe had been opened and ransacked. It appeared that the thieves had forced an entry into the rooms of Mr. Mitchell, a tailor, in the lower part of the building, and had cut their way through the ceiling. The value of Mr. Walker's stock was about six thousand pounds, and nearly the whole of it had been stolen. The booty included four hundred and sixty-five watches and one hundred and sixty gold chains. It was manifest that some considerable time had been occupied in the operations of the culprits. In all probability they had remained on the premises during Saturday night and the greater part of Sunday. The safe had been forced very cleverly, there being no external marks of violence upon it. During the trial the police declared that the tools used must have been "beautiful instruments." The assistant lost no time in communicating with the police, and Inspector Potter, of the S Division, Inspector Brennan, Thomas Foulger, and Sergeant Moss, of the City Police, who were among the cleverest officers in the London force, were told off to investigate the matter. It appeared that, very soon after the burglary, Caseley opened a meat-pie shop at 142 Whitechapel Road, and

there, on Friday, the twenty-fourth of February, Potter, Moss and Brennan arrested the Brewertons and some of the other culprits. On the premises were discovered several articles of jewellery that were stolen from Mr. Walker's shop, together with one hundred pounds in cash, and two receipts for money recently lodged at the London and Westminster Bank, one being for a sum of two hundred and fifty pounds and the other for a sum of one hundred and fifty pounds. The officers next proceeded to the Caseleys' private dwelling, 13 Ely Terrace, Bow Road. One of them knocked at the door, whereupon Mrs. Caseley put her head out of a window and said: "Who are you?" "We are police officers," was the reply. They waited for a minute or two, but as the door was not opened they forced the lock, entered, and rushed up stairs. The two Caseleys were at once taken into custody, after which the house was searched, with the result that the officers discovered a box containing a number of Mr. Walker's watches and chains, gold coin to the amount of one hundred and ninety-six pounds and a fifty-pound note. The proceeds of other burglaries were also found, together with a life-preserver, which had been placed in the bed under the pillow, a collection of skeleton keys, several screwdrivers, a revolver and some caps and bullets. On the way to the station a conversation took place between Potter and the male prisoner. Caseley was reported to have said: "What robberies are you going to buff me for? I can prove where I was at the time of Johnson's robbery and the Strand robbery. I was doing time. But I am right for Walker's." "Who are the others?" asked Potter. The prisoner gave two names, adding: "If you will allow me to give evidence I will tell you all about it." The officer replied: "I can make no promises. That will be a matter for after consideration;" and there the conversation ended. At the close of the

case for the prosecution I urged that there was no evidence against my clients, Mrs. Caseley and Mrs. Brewerton, they being married women and having acted under the control of their husbands; and upon my producing their marriage certificates, the court held that I was right, and directed a verdict of acquittal to be returned as against them. Thomas Caseley, in the course of a long address, which was not devoid of ability, stated that since he last came out of prison he had been getting an honest living, and that he had been in no way connected with the burglaries for which he was being prosecuted. He criticised the evidence in detail, and explained that the expression he made use of when arrested was not, "I am right for Walker's job," but "My God! what will you say next? What next are you going to buff me for?" Caseley called witnesses, amongst whom was his father, to prove an alibi, but this part of the case entirely collapsed, and in the end all the male prisoners were found guilty. Brewerton and Caseley were each sentenced for fourteen years' penal servitude. In consequence of the revelations at this trial, Mr. Walker brought an action against Messrs. Milner to recover the value of the stolen property, on the ground that the safe had been guaranteed to resist the violence of burglars. This action was tried before the Lord Chief Justice and a special jury at the Guildhall, and attracted a great deal of public attention. Caseley himself was called as a witness, and his evidence was very interesting and amusing. He was brought up in custody, and wore the convict garb. In describing how the burglary was committed, he said: "I went to Cornhill on Saturday, the fourth of February. There were four others besides myself. Two of them and myself went into the house. We went into Number 68, at the corner of the archway of Sun Court. It was exactly ten minutes to six in the

evening. We went to the floor over Charles Crossley's. We sat down there until twenty minutes to eight, when we received a signal that Mr. Walker's shopman had gone by the 'bus. Sir Charles Crossley's is the floor over Mr. Walker's shop. We opened Sir Charles Crossley's safe, and did nothing else for some hours. As far as I can remember," proceeded the witness, putting his hand to his forehead, "we did nothing more till twenty minutes to twelve on Saturday night, when we got into the tailor's, where we stayed the whole of Sunday morning. We then cut a hole in the ceiling and let ourselves into Mr. Walker's shop. This was exactly eight minutes to three on Sunday afternoon; we saw the time by a clock in the shop on the left-hand side of the safe. We cut our way through the ceiling, then through the floor, and then through the oil-cloth that covered the floor. One of the two men came in along with me. We took some tools in with us—crowbars and sundries. We had to go back again, because we got the signal that the policeman was coming around; but very soon we got the signal 'All right' and returned. We then tested the safe to see whether we could open it, despite the disadvantages we were laboring under. "Now tell me," said the Lord Chief Justice, evidently much interested, "how did you test it?" "Why, you see," replied the witness, with the patronizing air of one who enlightens ignorance, "we did it by striking in a small wedge between the jamb and the door, to see if it were capable of bearing the amount of pressure we were about to put upon it." "Yes, and what was the result of the test?" inquired his lordship. "It held the wedge," smilingly replied the witness. "The wedge bit, as we say, and so we knew the safe would give. We were agreeably surprised. The police constantly disturbed us. The constable did his duty. He came round every nine minutes, and when he came, of

course we lost our purchase on the safe. Every time the policeman came round we descended into the tailor's. After the first small wedge was put in I put a small bar in also, to feel the amount of resistance. It relieved the wedge, and we found the door giving. I turned round to my comrade and said: 'See here. It's all right. It will do.' Then I put in a larger bar and pried open the door." Asked how long he was occupied, from first to last, in opening the door, Caseley replied: "Well, we went in at five minutes to three, and the whole property was cleared out of the safe, and we were in Sir Charles Crossley's washing ourselves at a quarter to four. Of course, there are three minutes to be deducted out of that in every nine, as it took one minute to get from the safe to the tailor's, one minute to get back to the safe, and one minute to replace the tools. I carried the tools in my breast. We only used two bars, the others were not required. We did not expect to find a Milner safe; we thought it would be one of the easier ones. You see, my lord," addressing the judge, "T—'s safes are easier than Milner's, and G—'s are easier than T—'s. At twenty minutes to five we were three miles away." The cross-examination of the witness gave rise to a great deal of laughter. Asked how many safes he had opened, he replied: "Three of Milner's. We purchased two to experiment on. They were single-door Milners. One resisted for hours before it gave way, and then we had to use an unlawful bar to it." "An unlawful bar!" interposed the Lord Chief Justice; "what may that be?" "A bar, my lord," explained the witness, "that would not be used to commit a burglary. The tools we use in a burglary we call lawful tools; we call them unlawful when they are too long, or when they make a noise." "You used the best class of lawful tools at Cornhill, I suppose?" said the counsel. "When you say lawful," returned Caseley, with a slightly puzzled expression, "do you



mean the word as a barrister would use it, or as a burglar would use it?" At this there was a roar of laughter, in which the Lord Chief Justice joined. "I mean the word in your sense," the counsel explained, when silence was restored. "Yes," said Caseley, "they were the best kind of tools. I carried them in a violin case. We had a bar, my lord," he added, again addressing the judge, "which we did not use on this occasion, and which we call the alderman. It will open any safe, no matter how good it is." "Is there a lord mayor as well as an alderman?" asked the learned counsel. "No," was the quiet reply; "but we have a citizen—that's a small one; and a citizen's friend, which is smaller still." Asked to explain how the signals were given, Caseley said: "There were two men outside at opposite points, and they let us know that a policeman was coming by walking past. That signal was given to a third man who was seated upstairs in Sir Charles Crossley's arm-chair, and he passed the word down to us by pulling a string." "What time," asked the Lord Chief Justice, "would you have taken to open the safe in question if you had been quite sure of not being interrupted?" "My lord," answered the witness, with great solemnity, "I swear I could have opened it in a quarter of an hour with the instruments I used that night. With the alderman I could have done it at once." Whether or not the jury believed the evidence of the witness I cannot say. Possibly they did not, because they returned a verdict for the defendant.

#### THE SWINDLING PROMOTER

In no country does the promoter of doubtful enterprises, or "undertaker" as he is sometimes called, thrive as he does in England, for nowhere else is there so much money seeking investment. Mr. Montagu Williams's picture of one of these worthies is drawn to the life:—

At the time when I was reading for

the bar, and eating my dinners at the hospitable board of the Inner Temple, no man was better known as a financier and company promoter than Leopold Stiff. Scarcely a new venture was launched but he manipulated the ropes. He had a finger in every pie. Mr. Stiff's office, which was not a hundred miles from the Old Jewry, was more like an enormous bank than a private establishment. The bustle and commotion that went on there were astonishing. All day long people passed in and out, upstairs and downstairs, dozens of clerks hurried hither and thither, doors slammed, bells rang, and everywhere were noise, commotion and movement. The premises themselves were built in the most costly style, and were an ornament to the thoroughfare. Several broughams and hansom cabs were usually to be seen waiting in the roadway outside. On entering the building the visitor passed up a broad marble staircase, and his progress was likely to be impeded by the number of persons ascending and descending. In the throng were noblemen, officers in the army, clergymen, fashionably-attired ladies, mothers and wives of the middle class, and, in fact, all sorts and conditions of men and women. At the head of the stairs stood a page in livery, who was available for taking the visitor's card into Mr. Stiff's private office. On the ground floor were any number of little rooms, each of which contained a chair, a writing table, and a sofa or small settee. Anybody who wished to have an interview with Mr. Stiff was shown into one of these apartments, where he had to wait until the great man was able to come to him. One day I paid him a visit, to enquire as to the value of certain securities. He saw me in one of the rooms I have described, and I must confess that his manner was the perfection of politeness and affability. He explained that he was so busy he scarcely had time to breathe, but that he would make a note of enquiry

and get his head clerk to write to me on the subject. "Good-bye," said he, shaking me by the hand. "You must excuse my running away. I have a board meeting going on in room A, and in my large room there are specimens of the gold ore taken from the great Gull Mine, the prospectus of which you may have seen. People from all parts of the country have come up to see it. I wish you had been older, for I would have put you on the directorate. I've put your friend, Col. S., on. He dined with us at home last night." As we passed out into the corridor a clerk came up and whispered something to him. The next minute he was shaking hands with an elderly gentleman, who was about to be ushered into the little apartment we were leaving: "I'll be with you in ten minutes," said Mr. Stiff to the new comer; "can't spare a moment now." He disappeared down the corridor, and the page shut the old gentleman in. Before leaving the premises I thought I would pay a visit to the large room, being rather curious to inspect the specimens of the Gull Mine ore. Happening to see one of the liveried servants of the establishment, I asked him the way thither, and he very graciously volunteered to be my guide. A remarkable sight met my eyes as I entered the room. It was crowded with men and women of all classes, including country gentlemen, widows, city merchants and clergymen. Every one was closely inspecting the ore, which lay on tables placed about the apartment, or scrutinizing the charts and maps which hung upon the walls. Standing in the middle of the throng, chatting very affably with those about him, was Mr. Stiff, whom I was surprised to see, as I had fancied he had left me to return to the board-room. He was admirably dressed for office purposes, wearing a well-cut black velvet jacket and a double-breasted white waistcoat, across which hung a gold and turquoise watch-chain. He had a ruddy

complexion and iron-grey hair, and I do not think I ever saw a man more calculated to inspire persons with confidence. He looked a philanthropist every inch of him. For my part, however, I confess that I had no consuming desire to take shares in the Gull Mine. That evening, as I was about to leave the chambers where I was reading, I received a letter answering the enquiry I had made in the morning, and enclosing an invitation to dinner from Mr. and Mrs. Leopold Stiff. I had never been to their house, and as I had a curiosity to go there, I accepted the invitation. The house, which was situated in a fashionable quarter of London, was magnificently appointed—in fact, a little too magnificently appointed. As you entered, you were literally mobbed by footmen, who were ablaze with yellow and crimson. The drawing-room was hung with exquisite water-colors, which must have cost any amount of money. It called up a smile to my lips to see the host pointing them out to Lady H., one of the reigning beauties, and discoursing to her on art. The company was a little mixed. There were one or two city magnates and their wives pompously marching about the room, the Marquis and Marchioness of A., Lord H. L., whose name, at that time, figured on many boards of the directors, and several others ejusdem generis. The dinner was excellent, the wine beyond reproach, and the flowers among the choicest I have ever seen. After dinner there was a concert. It was arranged by Signor P., who was the conductor of the Italian Opera at the time, and among the performers were several of the leading lights of the musical world. In fact, I am bound to say that, could one have only forgotten how the money which procured the entertainment was acquired, it would have been possible to pass a most enjoyable evening. Years rolled by, and it came about that dark clouds gathered over the London money market. A disastrous drought crippled

the finances of a foreign land, two large English houses were reported to be hopelessly involved, a panic spread through the city, and half-a-dozen bubble companies burst in a single day. Several directors were prosecuted, and our friend Leopold Stiff was in an extremely bad way. It was rumored that, though apparently ruined, the well-known promoter, having executed some timely settlements, and having, in days gone by, sent large sums of money out of the country, was still a wealthy man. Whether this was so or not I am unable to say. One thing is certain—if he had escaped ruin, a large percentage of those who had placed money in his concerns were less fortunate. Of all the companies that had gone to grief, the Gull Gold Mine, Limited, proved to be the greatest swindle. Remarkable as it seems, though some pieces of very rich ore were found on the estate before the company was floated, not another solitary speck was discovered there after the capital had been subscribed. Unfortunate individuals in all parts of the country had placed their savings—in some cases to the extent of the last shilling they could scrape together—in the Gull Mine, and the consequence was that when calls were made prior to the winding up, thousands of persons of all grades were involved in absolute ruin. It was rumored one day in the city that Leopold Stiff had sought an asylum in a foreign land; but this, strangely enough, proved not to be the case. Within forty-eight hours a vigilant press informed the country that a warrant had been issued for his apprehension and that, it having been duly executed, he had made his appearance before the Alderman at the Mansion House. It would have been an odd coincidence had the presiding judge been one of those city magnates who were guests at the sumptuous entertainment I have described as having been given some years before at the company promoter's magnificent West

End House. This was, I am happy to say, not so; but—which comes to very much the same thing—one of these very individuals, actuated, it may be, by a not unnatural curiosity, was seated throughout the proceedings on the bench beside the Alderman. The proceedings, as is usual in this Court, were of a quiet and businesslike nature. Sufficient evidence was tendered to enable the accused to be sent for trial, and the very able counsel which represented him asked but a few questions. Leopold Stiff was committed to take his trial at the next session of the Central Criminal Court. Bail was applied for and tendered to a very considerable amount, but refused, and the prisoner was conveyed to Newgate in the prison van. An application was afterwards made to the Court of the Queen's Bench for the removal to that—the highest criminal court in the kingdom—of any indictment that might be found against the prisoner at Old Bailey. This application, as might have been expected, was at once refused. I may remark in passing, that so far as these applications are concerned, things have very much changed since that time. The late Lord Chief Justice Cockburn had the greatest objection to sanctioning such removals, and only did so on rare occasions and under very exceptional circumstances; but now, provided the defendant be a man of means, the application is seldom refused. The day for delivering the gaol of Newgate soon arrived, and the date was fixed for the trial of Mr. Leopold Stiff. This was, of course, a cause célèbre, and the rush of persons seeking to obtain admission to the Court was almost unprecedented. The number of witnesses, too, was unusually large. Has the reader ever visited the Old Bailey while the sessions are on? Possibly not, and he may therefore like me to give some description of the locus in quo. Turning to the left from Ludgate Hill you find yourself in a narrow, unimportant thoroughfare, with less than

its fair share of pavement. The roadway is pretty sure to be choked with vans, either lumbering along with Smithfield or some city warehouse as their destination, or hovering about the railway and steamboat goods depôt. On the right-hand side is the Court House. What an interesting medley of human beings you find inside the lobby and on the pavement!—weeping women in black shawls, a couple of well-drilled compassionate policemen, shabby Jews with anxious faces, Bill Sikes and his young woman, a few detectives, and any number of nondescript males consorting in groups and talking in a whisper. Of course there are a few public houses hard by. You always find them in the immediate vicinity of criminal courts. During the sessions these places do a roaring trade. Witnesses, prisoners' friends, prosecutors, and solicitors' clerks mingle together in a heterogeneous mass, all eager for a drink, a few for food. The public-house immediately opposite the Court House is always so full as to be scarcely approachable. I wonder how many alibis have been concocted on those premises, how many prosecutions have been, as they term it, "squared," and how much false swearing planned! Of course, when executions were public, the proprietors of these houses, in addition to their ordinary profits, received large sums of money from persons who came from the West End and elsewhere to witness those terrible spectacles. The culprits were hanged early in the morning, and it was no uncommon thing for parties of men and women to proceed to these public houses over night, provided with hampers of food and champagne, with which, by way of killing time until the "show" took place, they kept up the most disgraceful orgies throughout the small hours. I was told by the late Mr. Jonas, who for a great many years was governor of the gaol, that the scenes which used to be enacted on those premises were a dis-

grace to civilization. Happily, executions are no longer public. There are two entrances to the Old Bailey, one approached from the public thoroughfare, and the other approached from the courtyard of the prison. You reach the latter by passing up some steps which are on the right-hand side as you enter through the broad gateway. This entrance is used by the Judges, Aldermen, Sheriffs, and other officers of the Court, by counsel, and, on occasions such as the one to which I am referring, by the few privileged members of the public who have been furnished with tickets of admission. In order to prevent a crush, wooden barriers are erected at the bottom and top of the stone steps, and they were certainly needed on the day of Mr. Leopold Stiff's trial. On the occasion in question the roadway outside the Old Bailey was blocked with carriages and hansom, and from half past nine to ten o'clock in the morning the pavement and lobby were crowded with people, many of them ladies. The moment the doors of the Court were opened every inch of available space was seized upon, and the Sheriff ordered the outer gates of Newgate to be closed. It was a pouring wet morning, and on a rainy or foggy day I don't think there is a more depressing place in the world than the Old Court of the Old Bailey. There are two doors leading into the Court from the corridor. One is used by the Judges, the Aldermen and Sheriffs, and a few selected visitors, who either take their seats upon the bench or in a contiguous enclosure that looks like a huge private box. The second entrance from the corridor is used by barristers and their clerks, solicitors, and other persons having business in the Court. The centre of the chamber is occupied with seats for the members of the Bar, and below them is the solicitor's bench. Between the judge and the jury—both of whom command a fine view of the dock—is the witness-box.

Underneath the jury-box sits the usher, an individual who must enjoy very little sleep in a natural way at night, for while the trials are on he is rarely to be seen with his eyes open. Once or twice during the day, however, he rouses himself by a great effort, and, in stentorian tones, shouts "Silence!" and this, generally, at a time when everything is so still that you could almost hear a pin drop. Over the jury-box are three large windows furnished with reflectors, in front of which hang huge lamps for use in foggy weather. Just over the dock is one of the most interesting places in the Court. I refer to a little gallery that is principally used by the friends of the prisoners. Most of the celebrated murderers of the century, including Lamson, the Stauntons, Pook, the Mannings, and Catherine Wilson—to take a few names at hazard—were tried in this Court. What scenes those walls have witnessed! What terrible agony have I seen suffered there myself! The cries of despair that have issued from that little gallery from time to time when a verdict has been pronounced, or a sentence passed, will never be forgotten by those who heard them. At length there are the two knocks, and the Judge, the Lord Mayor, and the Sheriffs, preceded by the mace bearer, entered the crowded Court. The prisoner ascends from below into the dock, steps up to the rail, and is called upon by the Clerk of Arraigns to plead to the indictment. "Not guilty," he replies in a firm voice. Leopold Stiff has very little changed in appearance. His hair has grown a shade or two greyer, that is all. The same scrupulous care is observable in his dress and the same smile plays upon his face. The dramatis personæ in this most interesting act in a remarkable drama have a peculiar interest for me. At the back of the Court I catch sight of two ladies who were among the guests at the dinner-party I attended at Mr. and Mrs. Stiff's house several years before, and there,

ready to ascend the witness-box, is one of the very clergymen whom I had seen handling the gold ore of the Gull Mine. Very distinguished counsel appeared for the prisoner, but the result of the trial, which occupied the whole day, was a foregone conclusion. Mr. Leopold Stiff was found guilty, and sentenced to five years' penal servitude. From a West End mansion to Millbank is truly a curious transition.

#### KIPLING OUT-KIPLINGED

"Mr. Punch's Prize Novels" by R. C. Lehman (U. S. Book Co.), contains parodies of Mrs. Humphry Ward, Clark Russell, Rider Haggard, William Black, and other popular writers of the day. A sample novel is given herewith:—

#### BURRA MURRA BOKO

BY KIPPIERD HERRING

Author of "Soldiers' Tea," "Over the Darodees," "Handsome Heads on the Valets," "More Black than White," "Experimental Dittos," etc., etc.

*Polla dan anta cat anta.* What will you have, Sahib? My heart is made fat, and my eyes run with the water of joy. *Kni vestog rind, Scis sorstog rind,* the Sahib is as a brother to the needy, and the afflicted at the sound of his voice become as a warming-pan in a *fôr postah*. Ahoo! Ahoo! I have lied unto the Sahib. *Mi ais an dlims.* I am a servant of sin. *Burra Murra Boko! Burra Murra Boko!* There came a sound in the night as of an elephant-herd trumpeting in anger, and my liver was dissolved, and the heart within me became as a *Patoph Buttah* under the noonday sun. I made haste, for there was fear in the air, Sahib, and the *Pleez Mahn* that waiketh by night was upon me. But oh, Sahib, the cunning of the serpent was with me, and as he passed I tripped him up, and the raging river received him. Twice he rose, and the gleam of his eyes spake in vain for help. And at last there came a bubble where the man had been, and he was seen no more. *Burra Murra*



*Boko! Burra Murra Boko!* That night I spake to her as she stood in the moonlight, "Oh, sister of an oil-jar, and daughter of pig-troughs, what is it thou hast done?" And she, laughing, spake naught in reply, but gave me the *Tcheke Slahp* of her tribe, and her finger fell upon my face, and my teeth rattled within my mouth. But I, for my blood was made hot within me, sped swiftly from her, making no halt, and the noise of fifty thousand devils was in my ears, and the rage of the *Smdk duns* burnt fierce within the breast of me, and my tongue was as a fresh fig that grows upon a southern wall. *Auggrh!* Pass me the peg, for my mouth is dry. *Burra Murra Boko! Burra Murra Boko!* Then came the Yunkum Sahib, and the Bunkum Sahib, and they spake awhile together. But I, like unto a *Brerra-bit*, lay low, and my breath came softly, and they knew not that I watched them as they spake. And they joked much together, and told each to the other how that the wives of their friends were to them as mice in the sight of the crouching *Tabbikat*, and that the honor of a man was as sand, that is blown afar by the storm-wind of the desert, which maketh blind the faithful, and stoppeth their mouths. Such are all of them, Sahib, since I that speak unto you know them for what they are, and thus I set forth the tale that all men may read and understand. *Burra Murra Boko! Burra Murra Boko!* "Twas the most ondacint bedivilmint I iver set eyes on, sorr. There was I blandandhering widout —" "Pardon me," I said, "this is rather puzzling. A moment back you were a Mahajun of Pali, in Mar-wur, or a Delhi Patham, or a Wali Dad, or something of that sort, and now you seem to have turned into an Irishman. Can you tell me how it is done?" "Whist, ye oncivilized, backsliding pagin!" said my friend, Private O'Rammis, for it was indeed he. "Hould on there till I've tould ye. Fwhat was I sayin'? Eyah, eyah,

them was the bhoys for the dhrink. When the sun kem out wid a blink in his oi, an' the belly-band av his new shoot tied round him, there was Porters and Athus lyn' mixed up wid the brandy-kegs, and the houl of the regiment tearin' round like all the devils from hell bruk loose. Then I knew there'd be thrubble, for ye must know, sorr, there was a little orf'cer bhoys cryin' as tho' his little heart was breakin', an' the Colonel's wife's sister, wid her minowderin' voice—" "Look here, O'Rammis," I said, "I don't like to stop you; but isn't it just a trifle rash—I mean," I added hastily, for I saw him fingering his bayonet, "is it quite as wise as it might be to use up all your material at once? Besides, I seem to have met that little orf'cer bhoys and the Colonel's wife's sister before. I merely mention it as a friend." "You let 'im go, sir," put in Porters with his cockney accent. "Lor, Sir, Terence knows bloomin' well wot 'e's torkin' about, an' wen 'e's got a story to tell, you know there aint one o' us wot'll get a bloomin' word in; or leastways hi carn't." "Sitha," added Jock Athus. "I never gotten but one story told mysen, and he joumped down my throat for that. Let 'un taalk, Sir, let 'un taalk." "Very well," I said, producing one of the half-dozen bottles of champagne that I always carried in my coat-tail pockets whenever I went up to the barracks to visit my friend O'Rammis, "very well. Fire away, Terence, let us have your story." "I'm an ould fool," continued O'Rammis in a convinced tone. "But ye know, Jock, how 'twas. I misremembered fwhat I said to her, but she never stirred, and only loked at me wid her melan-colious ois, and wid that my arm was round her waist, for bedad, it was pretty she was under the moon in the ould barrick square. 'Hould on there,' she says, 'ye boiled thief of Deuteronomy. D'ye think I've kem here to be philandhering afther you. I'd make a better man than you

out av empty kyartridges and putty.' Wid that she turned on her heel, and was for marching away. But I was at her soide again before she'd got her left fut on the beat. 'That's quare,' thinks I to myself; 'but, Terence, me bhoy, 'tis you knows the thricks av the women. Shoulder arrums,' I thinks, and let fly wid the back sight.' Wid that I just squeezed her hand wid the most dellikit av all squeezings, and, sez I, 'Mary, me darlint,' I sez, 'ye're not vexed wid Terence, I know;' but you never can tell the way av a woman, for before the words were over the tongue av me, the bhoys kem raging an' ramshackling —." "Really, O'Rammis," I ventured to observe, for I noticed that he and his two friends had pulled the other five bottles out of my pocket, and had finished them, "I'm a little disappointed with you to-day. I came out here for a little quiet blood and thunder before going to bed, and you are mixing up your stories like the regimental laundress's soapsuds. It's not right of you. Now, honestly, is it?" But the Three Musketeers had vanished. Perhaps they may re-appear, bound in blue-gray on the railway bookstalls, with many quotations from reviews. Perhaps not. And the worst of it is, that the Colonel will never understand them, and the gentlemen who write articles will never understand them. There is only one man who knows all about them, and even he is sometimes what my friend O'Rammis calls "a blandandhering, philandhering, misundherstandering civilian man." Which his name is Kippierd Herring. And that is perfectly true.

#### BEAU NASH

Mr. Edmund Gosse, poet and essayist, chats easily and pleasantly concerning rare, curious and out-of-the-way books that he happens to possess. Gossip in a Library (Lovell, Coryell & Co.) he calls his little tome which is addressed to book-lovers, but is perfectly intelligible to just plain ordinary readers who are not collect-

ors. The chapter on Brummell's predecessor is interesting:—

There are cases, not known to every collector of books, where it is not the first which is the really desirable edition of a work, but the second. One of these rare examples of the exception which proves the rule is the second edition of Goldsmith's *Life of Beau Nash*. Disappointment awaits him who possesses only the first; it is in the second that the best things originally appeared. The story is rather to be divined than told as history, but we can see pretty plainly how the lines of it must have run. In the early part of 1762, Oliver Goldsmith, at that time still undistinguished, but in the very act of blossoming into fame, received a commission of fourteen guineas to write for Newberry a life of the strange old beau, Mr. Nash, who had died in 1761. On the same day, which was March 5th, he gave a receipt to the publisher for three other publications, written or to be written, so very probably it was not expected that he should immediately supply all the matter sold. In the summer he seems to have gone down to Bath on a short visit, and to have made friends with the Beau's executor, Mr. George Scott. It has even been said that he cultivated the Mayor and Aldermen of Bath with such success that they presented him with yet another fifteen guineas. But of this, in itself highly improbable instance of municipal benefaction, the archives of the city yield no proof. At least Mr. Scott gave him access to Nash's papers, and with these he seems to have betaken himself back to London. It is a heart-rending delusion and a cruel snare to be paid for your work before you accomplish it. As soon as once your work is finished you ought to be promptly paid; but to receive your lucre one minute before it is due, is to tempt Providence to make a Micawber of you. Goldsmith, of course, without any temptation being needed, was the very ideal Micawber of letters, and the result of paying him before-

hand was that he had, simply, to be popped into the mill by force, and the copy ground out of him. It is evident that in the case of the first edition of the *Life of Beau Nash* the grinding process was too mercifully applied, and the book when it appeared was short measure. It has no dedication, no "advertisement," and very few notes, while it actually omits many of the best stories. The wise bibliophile, therefore, will eschew it, and will try to get the second edition issued a few weeks later in the same year, which Newberry evidently insisted that Goldsmith should send out to the public in proper order. Goldsmith treats Nash with very much the same sort of indulgent and apologetic sympathy with which M. Barbey d'Aurevilly treats Brummell. He does not affect to think that the world calls for a full-length statue of such a fantastic hero; but he seems to claim leave to execute a statuette in terra cotta for a cabinet of curiosities. From that point of view, as a queer object of vertu, as a specimen of the bric-à-brac of manners, both the one and the other, the King of Beaux and the Emperor of Dandies, are welcome to amateurs of the odd and the entertaining. At the head of Goldsmith's book stands a fine portrait of Nash, engraved by Anthony Walker, one of the best and rarest of early English line-engravers, after an oil picture by William Hoare, presently to be one of the foundation-members of the Royal Academy, and now and throughout his long life the principal representative of the fine arts at Bath. Nash is here represented in his famous white hat—galero albo, as his epitaph has it; the ensign of his rule at Bath, the more than coronet of his social sway. The breast of his handsome coat is copiously trimmed with rich lace, and his old, old eyes, with their wrinkles and their crows' feet, look demurely out from under an incredible wig, an umbrageous, deep-colored ramille of early youth. It is a wonderfully hard-featured, serious, fatuous face, and it

lives for us under the delicate strokes of Anthony Walker's graver. The great Beau looks as he must have looked when the Duchess of Queensbury dared to appear at the Assembly House on a ball night with a white apron on. It is a pleasant story, and only told properly in our second edition. King Nash had issued a verdict forbidding the wearing of aprons. The Duchess dared to disobey. Nash walked up to her and deftly snatched her apron from her, throwing it on to the back benches where the ladies' women sat. What a splendid moment! Imagine the excitement of all that fashionable company—the drawn battle between the Majesty of Etiquette and the Majesty of Beauty! The Beau remarked, with sublime calm, that "none but Abigails appeared in white aprons." The Duchess hesitated, felt that her ground had slipped from under her, gave way with the most admirable tact, and, "with great good sense and humor, begged his *Majesty's* pardon." Aprons were not the only red rags to the bull of ceremony. He was quite as unflinching an enemy to top-boots. He had already banished swords from the assembly-room, because their clash frightened the ladies, and their scabbards tore people's dresses. But boots were not so easily banished. The county squires liked to ride into the city, and, leaving their horses at a stable, walk straight into the dignity of the minuet. Nash, who had a genius for propriety, saw how hateful this was, and determined to put a stop to it. He slew top-boots and aprons at the same time, and with the shaft of Apollo. He indited a poem on the occasion, and a very good example of satire by irony it is. It is short enough to quote entire:

FRONTINELLA'S INVITATION TO THE ASSEMBLY

Come, one and all,  
To Hoyden Hall,  
For there's th' Assembly to-night.  
None but rude fools  
Mind manners and rules,  
We Hoydens do decency slight.

Come, Trollops and Slatterns,  
 Cocked hats and white aprons,  
 This best our modesty suits;  
 For why should not we  
 In dress be as free  
 As Hogs-Norton squires in boots?

Why, indeed? But the Hogs-Norton squires, as is their wont, were not so easily pierced to the heart as the noble Slatterns. Nash turned Aristophanes, and depicted on a little stage a play in which Mr. Punch, under very disgraceful circumstances, excused himself for wearing boots by quoting the practice of the pump-room beaux. This seems to have gone to the conscience of the Hogs-Norton at last; but what really gave the death-blow to top-boots, as a part of evening dress, was the incident of Nash's going up to a gentleman, who had made his appearance in the ball-room in this unpardonable costume, and remarking, "bowing in an arch manner," that he appeared to have "forgotten his horse." It had not been without labor and a long struggle that Nash had risen to this position of unquestioned authority at Bath. His majestic rule was the result of more than half a century of painstaking. He had been born far back in the seventeenth century, so far back that, incredible as it sounds, a love adventure of his early youth had supplied Vanbrugh, in 1695, with an episode for his comedy of *Æsop*. But after trying many forms of life, and weary of his own affluence, he came to Bath just at the moment when the fortunes of that ancient centre of social pleasure were at their lowest ebb. Queen Anne had been obliged to divert herself, in 1703, with a fiddle and a hautboy, and with country dances on the bowling-green. The lodgings were dingy and expensive, the pump-house had no director, the nobility had haughtily withdrawn from such vulgar entertainments as the city now alone afforded. The famous and choleric physician, Dr. Radcliffe, in revenge for some slight he had endured, had threatened to "throw a toad into King Bladud's

well," by writing a pamphlet against the medicinal efficacy of the waters. The moment was critical; the greatness of Bath, which had been slowly declining since the days of Elizabeth, was threatened with extinction when Nash came to it, wealthy, idle, patient, with a genius for organization, and in half a century he made it what he left it when he died in his eighty-ninth year, the most elegant and attractive of the smaller social resorts of Europe. Such a man, let us be certain, was not wholly ridiculous. There must have been something more in him than in a mere idol of the dandies, like Brummell, or a mere irresistible buck and lady-killer, like Lauzun. In these latter men the force is wholly destructive; they are animated by a feline vanity, a tiger-spirit of egotism. Against the story of Nash and the Duchess of Queensbury, so wholesome and humane, we put that frightful anecdote that Saint-Simon tells of Lauzun's getting the hand of another duchess under his high heel, and pirouetting on it to make the heel dig deeper into the flesh. In all the repertory of Nash's extravagances there is not one story of this kind, not one that reveals a wicked force. He was fatuous but beneficent; silly, but neither cruel nor corrupt. Goldsmith, in this second edition at least, has taken more pains with his life of Nash than he ever took again in a biography. His Parnell, his Bolingbroke, his Voltaire, are not worthy of his name and fame; not all the industry of the annotators can ever make them more than they were at first—pot-boilers, turned out with no care or enthusiasm, and unconsciously prepared. But this subtle figure of a Master of Ceremonial; this queer old presentment of a pump-room king, crowned with a white hat, waiting all day long in his best at the bow-window of the Smyrna Coffee-House to get a bow from that and the other, and alas! better accredited royalty, the Prince of Wales; this picture of an old beau, with his toy-shop

of gold snuff-boxes, his agate-rings, his senseless obelisk, his rattle of faded jokes and blunted stories—all this had something very attractive to Goldsmith both in its humor and its pathos; and he has left us, in his *Life of Nash*, a study which is far too little known, but which deserves to rank among the best-read productions of the infinitely sympathetic pen which has bequeathed to posterity Mr. Tibbs and Moses Primrose and Tony Lumpkin.

#### LOVE ON THE PLAINS

To his thirty and odd published works Mr. Bret Harte adds one more charming tale of frontier life and love entitled *Susy* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) Again the reader is transported to California's plains, to live in the clear, dry atmosphere, to follow the lonely trail winding between the rolling seas of grain, to loiter in the mysterious seclusion of woodland depths, treading the carpet of pine-needles, and finding a pleasure withal in calling all these things by their lazy, musical Spanish names. The heroine is a laughing daughter of the open air, suited to her environment, and yet not in sympathy with it. When a child, Judge Peyton brought her and her boy companion from an emigrant-train on the plains, and adopted her. Trained through childhood under Mrs. Peyton's careful supervision, she is then placed at the convent school at Santa Clara, while Clarence Brant, who has lavished his boyish love upon her, is sent East. Several years elapse, and then the story opens with Susy's return from the convent for the holidays. Clarence Brant, in the meanwhile has become a man, has inherited a fortune, and is expected at the rancho. The following scene takes place the day after his arrival, under the *madroño* tree previously designated by the love of his youth as a trysting place. He enters my lady's bower thrilled with recollections of boyish days. Let the author describe the meeting in his own way:—

He heard the crackle of a starched

skirt behind him, was conscious of the subtle odor of freshly ironed and scented muslin, and felt the gentle pressure of delicate fingers upon his eyes. "Susy!" "You silly boy! Where were you blundering to? Why didn't you look around you?" "I thought I would hear your voices." "Whose voices, idiot?" "Yours and Mary's," said Clarence innocently, looking round for the confidante. "Oh, indeed! Then you wanted to see *Mary*? Well, she's looking for me somewhere. Perhaps you'll go and find her, or shall I?" She was offering to pass him when he laid his hand on hers to detain her. She instantly evaded it, and drew herself up to her full height, incontestably displaying the dignity of the added inches to her skirt. All this was charmingly like the old Susy, but it did not bid fair to help him to a serious interview. And, looking at the pretty, pink, mocking face before him, with the witchery of the woodland still upon him, he began to think that he had better put it off. "Never mind about Mary," he said laughingly. "But you said you wanted to see me, Susy, and here I am." "Said I wanted to see you?" repeated Susy, with her blue eyes lifted in celestial scorn and wonderment. "Said I wanted to see you? Are you not mistaken, Mr. Brant? Really, I imagined that you came here to see *me*." With her fair head upturned, and the leaf of her scarlet lip temptingly curled over, Clarence began to think this last phase of her extravagance the most fascinating. He drew nearer to her as he said gently, "You know what I mean, Susy. You said yesterday you were troubled. I thought you might have something to tell me." "I should think it was *you* who might have something to tell me after all these years," she said poutingly, yet self-possessed. "But I suppose you came here only to see Mary and mother. I'm sure you let them know that plainly enough last evening." "But you said"—began



the stupefied Clarence. "Never mind what *I* said. It's always what *I* say, never what *you* say; and you don't say anything." The woodland influence must have been still very strong upon Clarence that he did not discover in all this, that, while Susy's general capriciousness was unchanged, there was a new and singular insincerity in her manifest acting. She was either concealing the existence of some other real emotion, or assuming one that was absent. But he did not notice it, and only replied tenderly: "But I want to say a great deal to you, Susy. I want to say that if you still feel as I do, and as I have always felt, and you think you could be happy as *I* would be if—if—we could be always together, we need not conceal it from your mother and father any longer. I am old enough to speak for myself, and I am my own master. Your mother has been very kind to me,—so kind that it doesn't seem quite right to deceive her—and when I tell her that I love you, and that I want you to be my wife, I believe she will give us her blessing." Susy uttered a strange little laugh, and with an assumption of coyness, that was, however, still affected, stooped to pick a few berries from a manzanita bush. "I'll tell you what she'll say, Clarence. She'll say you're frightfully young, and so you are!" The young fellow tried to echo the laugh, but felt as if he had received a blow. For the first time he was conscious of the truth: this girl, whom he had fondly regarded as a child, had already passed him in the race; she had become a woman before he was yet a man, and now stood before him, maturer in her knowledge, and older in her understanding, of herself and of him. This was the change that had perplexed him; this was the presence that had come between them—a Susy he had never known before. She laughed at his changed expression, and then swung herself easily to a sitting posture on the low projecting branch of a hemlock. The act

was still girlish, but, nevertheless, she looked down upon him in a superior, patronizing way. "Now, Clarence," she said, with a half-abstracted manner, "don't you be a big fool! If you talk that way to mother, she'll only tell you to wait two or three years until you know your own mind, and she'll pack me off to that horrid school again, besides watching me like a cat every moment you are here. If you want to stay here, and see me sometimes like this, you'll just have to behave as you have done, and say nothing. Do you see? Perhaps you don't care to come, or are satisfied with Mary and mother. Say so, then. Goodness knows, I don't want to force you to come here." Modest and reserved as Clarence was generally, I fear that bashfulness of approach to the other sex was not one of these indications. He walked up to Susy with appalling directness, and passed his arm around her waist. She did not move, but remained looking at him and his intruding arm with a certain critical curiosity, as if awaiting some novel sensation. At which he kissed her. She then slowly disengaged his arm, and said: "Really, upon my word, Clarence," in perfectly level tones, and slipped quietly to the ground. He again caught her in his arms, encircling her disarranged hair and part of the be-ribboned hat hanging over her shoulder, and remained for an instant holding her thus silently and tenderly. Then she freed herself with an abstracted air, and a half smile, and an unchanged color except where her soft cheek had been abraded by his coat collar. "You're a bold, rude boy, Clarence," she said, putting back her hair quietly, and straightening the brim of her hat. "Heaven knows where you learned manners!" And then, from a safer distance, with the same critical look in her violet eyes, "I suppose you think mother would allow *that* if she knew it?" But Clarence, now completely subjugated, with the memory of the kiss upon him, and a heightened

color, protested that he only wanted to make their intercourse less constrained, and to have their relations, even their engagement, recognized by her parents; still he would take her advice. Only there was always the danger that if they were discovered she would be sent back to the convent all the same, and his banishment, instead of being the probation of a few years, would be a perpetual separation. "We could always run away, Clarence," responded the young girl calmly. "There's nothing the matter with *that*." Clarence was startled. The idea of desolating the sad, proud, handsome Mrs. Peyton, whom he worshipped, and her kind husband, whom he was just about to serve, was so grotesque and confusing, that he said hopelessly, "Yes." "Of course," she continued, with the same odd affectation of coyness, which was, however, distinctly uncalled for, as she eyed him from under her broad hat, "you needn't come with me unless you like. I can run away by myself,—if I want to! I've thought of it before. One can't stand everything!" "But, Susy," said Clarence, with a remorseful recollection of her confidence yesterday, "is there really anything troubles you? Tell me, dear. What is it?" "Oh, nothing—*everything*! It's no use—you can't understand! *You* like it, I know you do. I can see it; it's your style. But it's stupid, it's awful, Clarence! With mamma snooping over you and around you all day, with her 'dear child,' 'mamma's pet,' and 'What is it, dear?' and 'Tell it all to your own mamma,'—as if I would! And 'my own mamma,' indeed! As if I didn't know, Clarence, that she isn't. And papa, caring for nothing but this hideous, dreary rancho, and the huge, empty plains. It's worse than school, for there, at least, when you went out, you could see something besides cattle and horses and yellow-faced half-breeds! But here—Lord! it's only a wonder I haven't run away before!" Startled and shocked as Clarence was at this revelation, accompanied as it

was by a hardness of manner that was new to him, the influence of the young girl was still so strong upon him that he tried to evade it as only an extravagance, and said with a faint smile, "But where would you run to?" She looked at him cunningly, with her head on one side, and then said: "I have friends, and——" She hesitated, pursing up her pretty lips. "And what?" "Relations." "Relations?" "Yes,—an aunt by marriage. She lives in Sacramento. She'd be overjoyed to have me come to her. Her second husband has a theatre there." "But, Susy, what does Mrs. Peyton know of this?" "Nothing. Do you think I'd tell her, and have her buy them up as she has my other relations? Do you suppose I don't know that I've been bought up like a nigger?" She looked indignant, compressing her delicate little nostrils, and yet, somehow, Clarence had the same singular impression that she was only acting. The calling of a far-off voice came faintly through the wood. "That's Mary, looking for me," said Susy, composedly. "You must go, now, Clarence. Quick! Remember what I said—and don't breathe a word of this. Good-by." But Clarence was standing still, breathless, hopelessly disturbed, and irresolute. Then he turned away mechanically towards the trail. "Well, Clarence?" She was looking at him half reproachfully, half coquettishly, with smiling, parted lips. He hastened to forget himself and his troubles upon them twice and thrice. Then she quickly disengaged herself, whispered "Go, now," and, as Mary's call was repeated, Clarence heard her voice, high and clear, answering "Here, dear," as he was plunging into the thicket.

After the unsatisfactory termination of this interview, it will be interesting to know that in the end, Brant discovers that it is not Susy whom he really loves, but her mother, a young and blooming widow, who ultimately marries him; while the irrepressible Susy runs away to Sacramento, marries an actor, and leads a roving life.

## WILLIAM WATSON'S VERSE

The poet William Watson wrote some verses upon the death of Tennyson that resulted in his receiving a pension at the instance of Mr. Gladstone. He soon after suffered mental eclipse, which those who know him pronounce but temporary. From his poems, just issued by Macmillan & Co., we extract a few specimens of his varying styles:

### LINES TO OUR NEW CENSOR

[Mr. Oscar Wilde, having discovered that England is unworthy of him, has announced his resolve to become a naturalized Frenchman.]

And wilt thou, Oscar, from us flee,  
And must we, henceforth, wholly sever,  
Shall thy laborious jeux-d' esprit  
Sadden our lives no more forever?

And all thy future wilt thou link  
With that brave land to which thou goest?  
Unhappy France! we used to think  
She touched, at Sedan, fortune's lowest.

And you're made French as easily  
As you might change the clothes you're  
wearing?  
Fancy!—and 'tis so hard to be  
A man of sense and modest bearing.

May fortitude beneath this blow  
Fail not the gallant Gallic nation!  
By past experience, well we know  
Her genius for recuperation.

And as for us—to our disgrace,  
Your stricture's truth must be conceded;  
Would any but a stupid race  
Have made the fuss about you we did?

### A SONG OF THREE SINGERS

Wave and wind and willow-tree  
Speak a speech that no man knoweth;  
Tree that sigheth, wind that bloweth,  
Wave that floweth to the sea:  
Wave and wind and willow-tree.

Peerless perfect poets ye,  
Singing songs all songs excelling,  
Fine as crystal music dwelling  
In a welling fountain free:  
Peerless perfect poets three.

Wind and wave and willow-tree  
Know not aught of poet's rhyming,  
Yet they make a silver chiming  
Sunward climbing minstrelsy,  
Soother than all songs that be.

Blows the wind it knows not why,  
Flows the wave it knows not whither,  
And the willow swayeth hither,  
Swayeth thither witlessly,  
Nothing knowing save to sigh.

### MENSIS LACRIMARUM

March, that comes roaring, maned, with rampant paws,  
And bleating withdraws;  
March,—'tis the year's fantastic nondescript,  
That, born when frost hath nipped  
The shivering fields, or tempest scarred the hills,  
Dies crowned with daffodils.  
The month of the renewal of the earth  
By mingled death and birth:  
But England! in this latest of thy year  
Call it—the Month of Tears.

### ART MAXIMS

Often ornateness  
Goes with greatness;  
Oftener felicity  
Comes of simplicity.

Talent that's cheapest  
Affects singularity;  
Thoughts that dive deepest  
Rise radiant in clarity.

Life is rough:  
Sing smoothly, O Bard.  
Enough, enough,  
To have found life hard.

No record Art keeps  
Of her travail and throes.  
There is toil on the steeps,—  
On the summits, repose.

## LITERARY DISCUSSION

PAUL BOURGET

The New York Herald gives the following sketch of the author of *Cosmopolis*:—

Paul Bourget is the son of a distinguished member of the University—professor, then rector, of the Academy of Clermont. M. Bourget dreamed for his son the same career to which his own life had been consecrated. To better prepare him for it he sent his son to finish his studies in Paris, but when it became a question of his entering the *Ecole Normale* the young man felt his wings grown, had already tasted the value of liberty, and could not resolve on the step. His mind was very independent, unfettered, inquisitive, somewhat rebellious, and his tendencies as innovator were horrified at the tradition of the school, which must be agreed to at all costs; fear seized him and he flatly refused to submit to his father's wishes. To punish this disobedience his father refused to maintain him. The young man, left to himself on the streets of Paris and abandoned to his own resources, had then some hard and bit-

ter years. He was but twenty, of youthful appearance, with delicate features, pale complexion, romantic long hair and somewhat negligent dress. Bourget at this time thought only of writing verses. His mind, dreamy, and slightly tinged with mysticism, had not yet applied itself to observe and consider things earthly. It soared in ether, troubled sometimes by soft pagan remembrances, memories of the great masters he had cherished and learned by heart on the college benches, to which at one moment he had been tempted to consecrate his life. For he had followed during a whole year the classes of Greek at the *Ecole des Hautes Etudes*. Sometimes the grand drama of Calvary, the mystery of love and redemption, attracted him. One day, struck by the touching words of Christ to Pascal, "Remember, my son, it was for thee I shed this blood," he wrote a piece on this drop of blood divine which was to regenerate and fertilize the world, bringing to mankind the new religion of love and the two words which could respond to the needs of every soul—pardon and hope.

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\*Recent German Fiction ..... Blackwood  
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 \*Ariosto ..... Temple Bar  
 \*Gower Street Reminiscences ..... Temple Bar  
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## HIS WRITINGS.

In the Globe and then in Parliament he wrote articles which attracted notice. One among others remains celebrated for his invention of the word "decadent." Trusted with theatrical and literary criticism, he accomplished the one honorably, but in the other revealed quite exceptional aptitude, an acuteness of observation, a depth of view, a happiness of expression and a modesty of form, which later were displayed in all their plenitude in his contemporaneous portraits. His first attempt in the field of fiction is called "Irreparable." All the good qualities and all the defects of Bourget are there in germ. Anglomania is one of Bourget's most striking features, which it is but fair to say does not confine itself to externals. Bourget is not English alone in his dress, the elegance and cut of his clothes, his cleanliness, his linen, his bath, his shoes from the Strand; he is English also in his preoccupation, for the moral idea, always so evident in him in spite of a strangely complex imagination, full of contrasts, having depths which border on and at times even plunge into vice, with pleasure and at the same time aspirations toward an elevated and pure ideal. While as novelist he was writing on and exposing all these worldly tendencies, these exaggerated tastes for refinements peculiar to a special society of idlers and men of money, the man became captivated with this same luxury, was dazzled by this glitter of which his imagination augmented singularly the value. He put off the old man, abandoned his Latin quarter, his friendships, became a man of the world, correct, elegant; the chrysalis turned into the butterfly—a brilliant, bold butterfly, intoxicated even by success of all sorts and not always sufficiently on its guard against the lovely blue lights which have at times cruelly singed him. However that may all be, there was, as it were, emulation between the author and the

man. After "Mensonnge" Paul Bourget has given us "Le Disciple," regarded by some as the best of his works, but which has against it the fact of being too directly inspired by a poignant Assize Court drama, then "Cœur de Femme," a less general favorite, in which the manner of the novelist has been found to take too much place, substituting itself for the interest and ideas, and in which the denouement—the retreat of the principal heroine into a convent—has been criticised.

## BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON

The National Observer records these characteristics of the Norwegian poet-politician:—

An unrivalled versatility of energy, finding expression in every kind of literary form, from the epic to the pamphlet, is perhaps his most striking characteristic: therewith an unbridled restlessness, responsible primarily for the violent contrasts of opinions by which the various stages of his career are marked. He was a fighter born, and by criticism, as later by demagoguery, he made a thousand enemies. But the best part of his powers he has devoted to the work of fanning the fires of patriotism, and his services are esteemed great by his countrymen. True, he has often damaged his influence by violence of language and crudeness of theory; and as often as not he has found it more comfortable to love his country from Paris and other nests of exile than from Norway (where he has tried the experiment of living as the ideal Norse land-owner: not much to the liking of any one concerned). But even in his violence and his onslaughts, there is more of the Berserk's fury than the factitious zeal of the agitator, and a Viking *fin de siècle* is necessarily a being of many contradictions. The misfortune is that he has striven ever to make the worse the better cause. Tooth and nail he has opposed the Union with Sweden. During the long struggle with King



Oscar concerning the Veto, he was the most eloquent mouthpiece of the Radical party. But the wrongs which have fed the fire of his indignation are wholly fanciful. Compared to him Mr. Timothy Healy seems almost reasonable, but Björnson (who is not named the Great Bear for nothing) awoke so lively an enthusiasm that time was when his bust was decorating half the parlors of Christiana. However, when the din of political faction is silent, and Ibsen has faded into a literary curiosity, the artist of *Arne* and the peasant stories will live in the minds of men—for that artist is the real Björnson.

#### JAMES PARTON

The late James Parton is compared to Boswell and pronounced a prince among biographers of this country by Mr. Julius H. Ward, who says in the *New England Magazine*:—

Whether his subject was a friend or a foe, whether he believed in the integrity and principles of the man or not, he brought the signal quality of unswerving truthfulness and impartiality to his work; and his ability to tell a good story is such that in his books you never think of the writer apart from his work. He reaches the highest point of good work, which is the forgetfulness of self. Mr. Parton is remarkable among the writers of his time for this quality. George Bancroft struts through his "History of the United States" like a turkey gobbler in a barnyard, conscious at every step that he is bigger than his subject. We have no more striking instance of self-consciousness in our literature, unless it may be in the whoops of Walt Whitman; but even Whitman's utterances are the words of a man who has seen a vision. It is necessary, in order that Mr. Parton's work should be rightly appreciated, that he should be neither exalted as if he were what he was not, nor misunderstood in his true capacity and outreach. He was a very gifted and remarkable man, but he belonged not

to the rank of men of genius, but to the small and distinct class of men who do their work without pushing themselves into notice, and who have a rare faculty for seeing things and describing them as they are. He would be the last to claim a rank for himself that did not belong to him. He was not a man without opinions and convictions, but he was too well-rounded not to respect the convictions of others and not to know his place. If he did not see the whole of a subject, he did not pretend that he did. A more absolutely honest man I have never known. When he trusted others, which was not the work of a moment, he trusted with his whole nature. He had been so accustomed for many years to using his experiences objectively and to making his materials do duty in print, that his whole intellectual life was as responsive to his will as the keys of the piano to the intentions of the player. He rejoiced like most literary workers in a few friends, well chosen, to whom he could speak with entire freedom. It was my privilege to enjoy this freedom of access to him; and although we did not meet often, when we did meet he was something more than communicative, and we found amid wide differences of opinion that there was a large range of common ground between us. He had no enmities to others, no fads to be treated tenderly, no whims to be allowed for, but was a simple, earnest, resolute, hard-working man, who had his bread to earn, and who tried to do his duty in the position where he found himself.

#### THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS

Mr. Richard Hovey sends to the Atlantic a discriminating paper on the late T. W. Parsons. He says:—

An artist first of all, he was drawn more toward the services of the ancient Church, for whose adornment art has so bountifully poured out its treasures, than to any balder form of worship. To him the world was a problem in beauty and emotion. He

was not incommoded with a message, as so many of his contemporaries were. This has been, perhaps, to the detriment of his reputation in the past; it may be to its advantage in the future. The man who speaks too consciously a message to his own time is apt to have none for any other. Parsons wrought from first to last in the true artistic spirit, and it is not unlikely that his chief claims to the recognition of the future will be found in qualities of form and style. Not the least among these qualities will be that sturdy literary independence which, amid the widespread æsthetic revival of this century, achieved a success of a purely æsthetic nature on lines entirely unaffected by the contemporary fashion. In a time of metrical experiment and of the new and strange harmonies of Rossetti and Swinburne, he alone of the artistic school of poets, uninfluenced even by Coleridge or Shelley, worked in the severe methods of an earlier day. Dryden and Pope seem to have been his earliest masters, but not for long. The versification of Dryden, which Keats learned to appreciate at its true value, remained always to some extent a factor in Parsons' art, but he soon threw over the jingle of Pope's measure for the fuller, statelier, and in truth simpler manner of Collins and Gray. Yet his matured style is neither that of Collins, with whom he had close resemblances, personal and poetical, nor that of Gray, though unquestionably akin to both. Parsons had, besides, a certain bent for plain words and homely images that sometimes became Dantesque. Indeed, the life-long study which he gave to Dante could not be without its influence on his own expression—an influence potent for strength and directness. Parsons was probably Gray's inferior in point of taste, for otherwise we can hardly understand how he could put forth in the same volume, and sometimes in the same poem, such inequalities as he permitted himself. Yet it must be said, as an offset to this, that

he seldom made himself responsible for a poem by publishing it. He occasionally had verses in the magazines, and even, if the whim took him, in the newspapers; but only twice in his life did he bring the question of his critical judgment fairly within the scope of comment by issuing a volume to the public. The first of these volumes, which contains the famous *Lines on a Bust of Dante*, may perhaps rely upon the youth of its author as an explanation of its unevenness. The other, *Circum Præcordia*, published in the year of his death, and consisting of a versification of the collects of the Church together with a few original poems of a religious character, is of even and sustained excellence, though rising to the level of his best work only in its concluding poem, *Paradisi Gloria*. Mrs. Parsons had several other volumes printed for private circulation only, but of these the author frequently knew nothing until the bound copies were placed in his hands. What he would himself now select to give to the world no one can tell; possibly as carefully edited a volume as even that of Gray. Such a volume would, I believe, be one of the treasures of American verse—a book that lovers of poetry would carry with them as they would similar thin volumes of Herrick, Marvell, Collins, or Landor.

#### EDWARD FITZGERALD

A writer in *Temple Bar* has collected many interesting facts regarding a poet of whom too little is known. He says:—

Edward Fitzgerald, the friend of Tennyson, and who stood first of all his friends in Thackeray's affections, had a very distinct personality. He was retiring and modest, simple in his manners, loving before all things books and music and the converse of a kindred spirit. He had made himself acquainted with the best of our literature, and had successfully translated from some foreign masterpieces. His talk drew Tennyson to Fitzgerald's

cottage and fireside, and Thackeray unbent in the society of a man who made no pretensions, though he had more reason to do so than ninety-nine hundredths of literary men. What he produced was little, but of the first quality. The "Letters and Literary Remains of Edward Fitzgerald" appeal to a wider audience than they have yet reached; for, though many knew him, more did not; and the memoir of a man we never heard about is not the one we select, perhaps, for our book-box. But within these red covers there is a personality so congenial and a charm of style so rare that we feel as if we knew the writer more intimately than many of our friends. Edward Fitzgerald was born in Suffolk in March, 1809, but his earliest years were spent in Paris. He was sent to King Edward's School at Bury St. Edmunds, when he was twelve years old, where Dr. Malkin was the master, and where John Mitchell Kemble was one of Fitzgerald's contemporaries. He afterwards went to Cambridge in 1826, where he had for tutor at Trinity, Peacock, afterwards Dean of Ely. His greatest friends made at school and college—though, for the most part, not men of his year—were James Spedding, Archdeacon Allen, W. M. Thackeray, Dr. Thompson, of Trinity, and the three brothers Tennyson. These were his chief associates in those days, and for these his friendship never cooled. Fitzgerald entered no profession. Having a younger son's allowance from his father, he entered upon a life of leisure and of occasional, rather than sustained, literary effort, which had in it less of ambition than of experiment, and in which he cultivated his tastes and sympathies. \* \* \* In 1831 some verses of his appeared in the Athenæum, which delighted Charles Lamb, who said, in a letter to Moxon, he "envied the writer." The subject was called "The Meadows in Spring"—a theme which, from the time of Theocritus to that of Mr. Gilbert, has proved inspiring; but Fitzgerald's lines, it would seem,

deal more with the consolations of winter, a fire, a friend, a book, a pipe, and memories, not forgetting something else in a brown jug, then bedtime, and a prayer on the hearthstone; and so through the days of winter, till, suddenly, the "bold sun" shines into the room:—

"Then the clouds part, swallows soaring  
between,  
The spring is alive, and the meadows are  
green;  
I jump up like mad, break the old pipe in  
twain,  
And away to the meadows, the meadows  
again."

But the whole of this delicious little poem should be read. We will not give it here, that we may send people to the book itself. After this he stayed with his friend Allen, and went on to Tenby, that delicious little corner of the earth, with her dainty foot in the sparkling sea. He complained, when he returned to London, of that solitude in a crowd of which most of us have had more or less painful experience. It drove Fitzgerald to letter-writing. He loved to talk, by means of pen and ink, with congenial friends; it "keeps alive my humanity very much," he says. John Allen, afterwards Archdeacon, was one of them, and he not only wrote to him, but copied verses for him, by Carew, which might otherwise have been missed. Fitzgerald was a model correspondent, for, while he loved to write and "vent himself in a letter," yet he was very indulgent to his correspondents about replies, and sometimes waived his claim to them altogether. "Once every week at least," he said, "I feel spurred on by a gathering-up of feelings," for love of those to whom he was writing; "yet if I once hear you say it makes your conscience uneasy till you answer, I shall give it up." One can but wonder that those to whom he thus outpoured himself, loving him as they undoubtedly did with considerable constancy, so often, made him no response or answer of any kind. It seems that Fitzgerald and his friend John Allen had started a

collection of extracts, copied into a volume which they labelled "Paradise"—a field of delight into which they might turn at any time, and "go in and out and find pasture." They compared their treasures occasionally, and kept each other aware of what each had inserted; and so, without any formal scheme or arrangement, they probably read the same books, and lived in sympathy, although long and widely separated. Fitzgerald's friendship with the three brothers Tennyson I have already spoken of: one feels a sort of stolen pleasure in reading, here and there, of the Laureate, as it were, *à la dérobée* in London. For instance, where Fitzgerald writes one April, "We have had Alfred Tennyson here; very droll, very wayward; and much sitting up of nights, till two or three of the morning, with pipes in our mouths, at which good hour we would get Alfred to give us some of his magic music; which he does between growling and smoking, and so to bed." And again, when speaking of Thackeray, he writes to John Allen, "I like 'Pendennis' much, and Alfred said he thought it was quite delicious, it seemed to him 'so mature.' You can imagine Alfred saying this over one's fire, spreading his great hands out." Another time, when he "went to A. Tennyson's chambers in Lincoln's Inn" (do the gods then live so nigh among us, and we know it not?) and "recreated myself with a sight of his fine old mug, and got out of him all his dear old stories, and many new ones. He is republishing his poems" (1850), "the 'Princess,' with songs interposed. I cannot say I thought them like the old vintage of his earlier days, though perhaps better than other people's." Another time, when walking with Tennyson in Regent Street, they stopped before two figures of Dante and Goethe in a window. "I said, 'What is there in old Dante's face that is missing in Goethe's?' and T., whose profile then had certainly a remarkable likeness to Goethe's, said,

'The Divine.'" Fitzgerald did not live till 1884, or he would have participated in what a writer in the Daily Telegraph called "an amused but respectful sense of incongruity," when the Laureate was created a baron. *Poeta nascitur, non fit*; but a lord can be made any day.

#### SEVENTH COMMANDMENT NOVELS

*Miriam Coles Harris*.....*Lippincott's*

We are told by a recent critic that in America the novel of the future "will deal with society in a strictly conventional meaning of the term. There alone are to be found romantic, poetic, enchanting human beings. There alone is there sufficient leisure for the evolution of exquisite tastes, of evanescent and aerial yet captivating impulses, of feelings not the less profound and overmastering because they have been clarified and thrice distilled." This may be true of older societies, but there will always be those who, even in them, feel that the great masters are not inevitably at their best in so-called social studies. For one instance, contrasting Maggie Tulliver, Hetty Sorrel, Dinah Morris, with Gwendolen Grandcourt, they are inclined to feel the field of genius is not so circumscribed. That our own and only great national successes in fiction have been hitherto in *genre* pictures is indisputable. Irving, Hawthorne, Bret Harte, Mrs. Stowe, and the new hand that has just painted for us "A Humble Romance" and kindred stories, are nearer to the standard of sincere art than any of the host of "society" novelists who have raised such hopes in their fellow-countrymen's hearts at various epochs during the past twenty-five years. The fact is, we must first catch our hare. We must have a society before we can paint it. The crude aniline imitation of other social fabrics which we call "society" is not adapted to artistic treatment. It is adapted to screaming farce, but not to high comedy, certainly not to deep and thoughtful analysis of any

kind. It is not picturesque; it does not lend itself to good effects. A train of cars or a puffing steamboat would be as much out of place in a landscape of Nicholas Poussin's or Claude Lorraine's, as a chapter of New York "high" life in a story that was destined to live as long as Nicholas Poussin's and Claude Lorraine's art has lived. A truthful study of life taken at random from any sphere must always be of present value, but a novel that deals solely with the aspirations and achievements of an ephemeral class must be content with ephemeral applause and short-lived success. Our society as a society is unformed, chaotic, almost grotesque. Its leaders have, like the aborigines of our country, assimilated the fire-water of the foreign pale-faces, but have, like them, omitted to receive the weightier matters of the law. Is an idle class like this to set the pace for our young men and women? Among these are our children to be taught to look for those "romantic, poetic, enchanting human beings" of whom the critic speaks? Till within a few years it has been our good fortune to fall into line with English modes of thought and to take the cue in fiction from that honest home-breeding island. Now we are told that the national palate rejects coarse English beef and pudding, and that the subtly-flavored complications of French *chefs* are demanded by this high-bred society where only the "romantic, poetic, enchanting human being" is grown, and where the social career of a woman begins with her marriage. The rank and file of American manhood and womanhood may protest against this; but "it takes strong arms to swim against the current," and it is well perhaps to take into account this Gallic tidal wave. The French novel is pre-eminently the seventh-commandment novel. It is almost impossible to find one based on any other theme, or at least to find one uncomplicated with it. The French novelist does

not always approve marital infidelity; on the contrary, he generally points morals with misdemeanors and adorns tales with adulteries, avowing his sole aim to be showing the tragic end of evil. But flight and not argument is the law that masters of holy living lay down for souls in that sort of peril: "Turn away mine eyes, lest they behold vanity," is Holy Writ, and hard good sense. What you think about unceasingly, you end by doing; what you look at continually, ring-streaked and speckled or pure and clean, gets inwrought into your most intimate being. Jeremy Taylor reminds us that "those creatures that live amongst the snows of the mountains turn white with their food and conversation with such perpetual whiteness." We are a mass of inheritances; there is, as Goethe says, nothing original about us but our will, our intention. We are reproductions, chameleons, echoes; human nature has not much to be proud of. But if it is not born clean, it can at least have an intention not to be unclean. It can have a will to save its young from pollution. It can think a little about the methods of such salvation. It can remember that "a child's home is its doom," that the fireside is where we learn not only our grammar, but our religion, our morals, and that the library-table in the house where we are brought up is our true *alma mater*.

#### THE SHORT STORY

A. T. Quiller-Couch.....Speaker

Gossips declare from time to time that the Short Story is "rising in popular favor": from time to time other gossips (or perhaps the same) announce it to be sinking. I don't know what the distance may be between its zenith and nadir: nor do I propose to inquire, having next to no interest in gauging the popular intelligence. The Short Story will always be a useful study and good practice for an author at one stage in his education: at another it will always be



useless and harmful. Nathaniel Hawthorne in his later years conceived and put into practice an heroic resolution. He sat down and read again his "Twice Told Tales" and "Mosses from an Old Manse." His reperusal suggested the following reflection: "How on earth did I ever come to write those blasted allegories?" The epithet has often struck me as unnecessarily harsh. It suggests, at any rate, a certain bitterness: and I have come to believe that he felt this bitterness. He saw that these short stories had really injured his later work. Let us get rid at once of a misconception. Commercially minded friends—the chrematistic novelist before all—will often urge upon a young writer that he prodigally wastes invention on this form of art; that he pours out on five pages that which, with ordinary economy, might be spread—as one cuts bread and butter for a large family—over three volumes, and offered to the public at ten-and-six-pence the volume; that he is unmindful of old age, etc., etc. I believe this advice to be either a covert insult or rank nonsense. If a man, knowing that the average length of human life falls but little under three-score years and ten, select a profession likely to leave him at forty without a shot in his locker, then no doubt he makes a mistake and must pay for it. But shall he therefore be applauded, at twenty-five or thirty, for offering to the public goods which he knows to be inferior? This seems to me a case in which business caution treads close on the heels of fraud. The advice looks mean. It is in fact superfluously mean. For imagination grows by exercise; and if a man's best is good, he may give it again and again without apprehension, aware from his reading of biographies and from his own observation, that in literature, if anywhere, the words of the old epithaph hold good:

"What I gave, I have;  
What I have, I spent."

Moreover, an artist, who knows his business, can see of any incident or

human combination or catastrophe whether it properly makes a long story, or a short, or an episode in a long story. To him it is no matter of caprice. Short stories are not long ones condensed: neither is the novel an expanded *conte*. Of course, while learning his business, he will make many mistakes and often (for instance) set down as a short story that which, to wear its full significance, should stand as an episode in a tale of wide development. But there is nothing on earth, or in heaven, to forbid his repairing the mistake and translating his first sketch into its right place in a large picture. And yet the writing of short stories is full of danger: nor can I imagine anything worse for a novelist than to continue writing them after he has learned what they can teach. They teach him to be concise in language, exact in selecting his facts; how to make each sentence score a point; how to produce an immediate effect. But although it is very pleasant to be able to produce an immediate effect, to be perpetually doing so is the mischief itself. Was there ever a great book written that did not contain many dull pages? Would "Paradise Lost" be worth more than five pounds if (to use the reviewer's phrase) the excitement were "well maintained" and the reader kept "from the first page to the last in a state of breathless suspense?" Would Balzac be so mighty if he did not at times bore us mightily? Ask rather if America would be the most interesting continent on the planet did she not contain Ignatius Donnelly and the Great Central Plain? A book must have level fields and dusty highroads as well as rocks and cascades; east wind and Scotch mist as well as sunshine and zephyrs; if it is to represent a real earth set in a real atmosphere. But the inveterate writer of short stories loses sight of this necessity. He resembles that most pitiful of comedians who must win a laugh from the galleries with each sentence; and who, for the sake of present applause, defaces the

character he represents and wrecks the play. He cannot tell when to be quiet, or how to work gradually to a great effect. For the sake of a dozen birds in the hand he loses that inestimable one in the bush. And this impatience is bad not only for his art, but for his health. It feeds that nervous irritability from which we are all suffering nowadays. We who worry over small successes—a lyric, a fable, a phrase—can neither digest so easily nor live so long as the slow masters who built on large lines and slept, perhaps, as they plastered in stone upon stone of no remarkable beauty, content to wait for applause until the completed edifice claimed it from the critic. I hold, too, that although to write short stories may help a man to handle English with deftness, the

Short Story itself will never reach perfection in English. The language is too full and hardly precise enough. It wants sea-room, to use a metaphor sufficiently apt. It cannot turn, as French can, in its own length. One of the cleverest feats in French storytelling is to advance on the tale by brisk conversation. But in England, as a rule, conversation doesn't advance: it marks time. Have we ever had a writer who can make dialogue express action, or tell, as Dumas so often tells, a whole story in a page or two of give-and-take sentences measuring, on an average, six words apiece? Lastly, we may observe that short stories are apter than others to offend against the essential cheerfulness of English literature.

## A LETTER FROM ELIA

Some unpublished letters of Charles Lamb have recently come to light in England. The following addressed to an old friend soon after Lamb's return from France is among those given in the Cornhill:—

TO MISS NORRIS.

[No superscription.]

[1825.]

"Hypochondriac. We can't reckon avec any certainty for une heure . . . as follows:

ENGLAND.

"I like the Taxes when they're not too many,  
I like a sea-coal fire when not too dear;  
I like a beefsteak, too, as well as any,  
Have no objection to a pot of beer;  
I like the weather when it's not too rainy,  
That is, I like two months of every year."

ITALY.

"I also like to dine on Bacaficas,  
To see the sun set, sure he'll rise to-morrow,  
Not through a misty morning twinkling weak as  
A drunken man's dead eye in maudlin sorrow.  
But with all heaven and himself that day will break as  
Beauteous, as cloudless, nor be forced to borrow  
That sort of farthing candlelight which glimmers  
Where reeking London's smoky cauldron stimmers.

"Kind regards to Mama & remembrances to Frere Richard. Dieu remercie mon frere can't lizer Fransay. I have written this letter with a most villainous pen—called a Patent one. En finis je remarque I was not offensé a votre fransay et I was not embarrassé to make it out. Adieu. I have not quite done that—instead of your company in Miss Norris; epistle has determined me to come if heaven, earth & myself can compass it. Amen."

[No signature.]

## TENNYSON READING MAUD

To record a memory, to express a thought, is the purpose of Dr. Henry van Dyke, in the following beautiful description of the laureate's voice and manner when reading his own poetry. We give this extract from the *Century*:—

It was near the end of August in the year 1892. The full tide of summer had ebbed away; the days were shortened. Already the pale, silvery light of a rainy afternoon was waning over the terrace at Aldworth, and the falling roses of the garden, and the yellow fields from which the harvest had been gathered. Far away, through the broad southern window of the poet's study, one could see the drifting gleams upon the South Downs, which told that the sun had not set. But within, it was twilight. The dusk gathered in the corners and smoky shadows veiled the shelves of books, the high screen, the few pictures on the wall. At the western end of the room two tall candles were burning on the writing-table, and between their scintillating disks of light the face of Tennyson was outlined just as he describes the *Lotos-Eaters*—

Dark faces pale against that rosy flame.

It was a massive, noble, powerful head, such as Michelangelo might have given to one of his prophets; the forehead high, the countenance long, the chin square and slightly projecting. Age had wrought some changes in it since the days of manhood's prime, when the portrait was made which deserves to be established as the standard representation of the poet's face. The physical charm was less; there were heavy lines about the mouth, and blue veins standing out on the sunken temples, and gray hairs in the thin beard. But youth had not wholly disappeared, even at eighty-three. The long, sparse locks that fell from beneath the velvet skull-cap, and

The knightly growth that fringed his lips, were as dark as ever; the brown eyes,

half veiled by drooping lids, were full of dreamy light, and able still to flash with sudden fire. But the voice was even more remarkable than the face for its suggestion of youth in age. Worn a little, as it must be after so many years, and breaking now and then when weary, it was yet deep-chested and resonant, thoroughly masculine, capable of expressing immense passion. Its most striking quality was its directness, its sincerity. There were no false accents or inflections in it, no affectations, no polite disguises. It kept a touch of its native Lincolnshire in the broadened vowels and rolling r's. It was a true and honest voice; a picture to the ear of the man from whom it came. He held a volume of *Maud* in his hand, and was talking about it, as he loved to do: "I want to read this to you because I want you to feel what the poem means. It is dramatic; it is the story of a man who has a morbid nature, with a touch of inherited insanity, and very selfish. The poem is to show what love does for him. The war is only an episode. You must remember that it is not I myself speaking. It is this man with the strain of madness in his blood, and the memory of a great trouble and wrong that has put him out with the world." Then he lifted the book close to his eyes, and began to read: "I hate the dreadful hollow behind the little wood."

It was the strangest reading in the world; ignoring all the formal rules of elocution, going straight to the heart of the matter, yet unconsciously creating its own form and art, obedient to the inevitable law of all true passion, which always makes the sound fit the sense. The voice was raised a little higher than the speaking tone; sustained at the same level through line after line; almost monotonous in its measured chanting. It was not melodious, or flexible. It was something better. It was musical, as the voice of the ocean, or as the sound of the wind in the pine trees, is musical.

In the impassioned lines it rose and swelled like the roar of the tempest through the woods; in the passages which expressed grief and loneliness it broke and fell suddenly, like the sobbing of low waves on the beach. Each canto had its own movement, a distinct, rhythmical flow, a separate and significant cadence, which the poet had surely heard in his own mind before he put it into words. The poem had been written to music, and it was read to music, lyrically, emotionally, metrically; in a word, it was intoned, not artificially, but naturally, just as we often find ourselves intoning when we walk on the sea-shore, or in the forest, and our thoughts sing themselves over and over to the sound of the wind or the waves. Intense feeling, whether of joy or sorrow, love or anger, rapture or despair, is almost always metrical. It comes in throbs and beats; it ebbs and flows in an involuntary rhythm. Tennyson's voice expressed this perfectly. He was absorbed in the passion of his poem; possessed by it, carried away with it. The reading of the first canto forced me at once to feel, as never before, a profound sympathy with the hero. Here was a man noble at heart, sensitive, impulsive, whose whole nature was disordered, like "sweet bells jangled out of tune," by the tragedy of his youth. The pain and trouble of his soul burst out in a great cry of protest over his father's death,—

O father! O God! was it well?

and the morbid shadow that had fallen even upon his vision of the natural world expressed itself with loneliness in the pathetic line,

And the flying gold of the ruin'd woodlands  
drove thro' the air.

He saw nothing clearly, nothing exactly as it was, nothing in the cold light of reason. His feeling colored everything with sombre hues. But how intensely he felt! What an incredible force of passion throbbed in the condensed invective against the cruel-

ties and falsehoods of the "age of peace!" Every epithet was like a blow. Then came the reaction, when his passion had ebbed and left him cold and weak; and on this depression dawned the face of Maud. It troubled him. He struggled against it, and denied its beauty, but still it haunted him—

Luminous, gemlike, ghostlike, deathlike,  
half the night long  
Growing and fading and growing, till I  
could bear it no more.

While he yet fought against its power, and tried to settle himself in the solitude of a bitter philosophy, the voice of Maud came into his life—

A voice by the cedar tree  
In the meadow under the Hall.

How splendidly the poet gave the meaning of that voice, a song of life and love, a song of liberty and courage, a song of true manhood ready to die for the native land! And now the double spell of beautiful face and inspiring voice was complete. The man who had said, "I will bury myself in myself," belonged to himself no longer. He was under the power of love, and from this point onward the chief interest of the poem lay in the unconscious working of that power upon his character and life.

I marveled again and again, as the old poet's voice poured itself through the varying cantos, at the exquisite and unpremeditated art with which he brought out an expressive word, or emphasized a forcible line. I wondered at the exact truth of the descriptive phrases, like "the dry-tongued laurels' pattering talk," and at the felicity of the prophetic emblems—the weeping angel beside the urn above Maud's seat in the village church, the lion "claspt by a passion-flower" on the gate-post of her garden. I rejoiced in the changeful music which seemed to range through all possible moods. But most of all I was amazed at the intensity with which the poet had felt, and the tenacity with which he pursued the moral meaning of the poem. It was love, but not love

in itself alone, as an emotion, an inward experience, a selfish possession, that he was revealing. It was love as a vital force, love as a part of life, love as an influence—nay, *the* influence which rescues the soul from the prison or the madhouse, of self, and leads it into the larger, saner existence. This was the theme of "Maud." And the poet's voice brought it out, and rang the changes on it, so that it was unmistakable and unforgettable—the history of a man saved from selfish despair by a pure love.

#### THE MODERN PRESS

*The Speaker*

The future of the Press may become for us a somewhat startling problem. We too may suffer in our turn from the neurosis of the age, and the Press may play its part in aggravating the malady. It may become, as it is already in America—in whose journalistic footsteps we have of late been showing some tendency to follow—the principal element in the high-pressure life which is breaking down the nervous system of the generation. What can be imagined more harrowing to the nerves than the daily living amid American newspapers with their "scare headings" clamoring and yelling from every column as if trying to shout each other down—not to speak of the nature of the matter to which these headings call attention? We may come to this ourselves, and even go beyond it. Recent inventions in printing and paper-making machinery, coupled with certain recent journalistic tendencies that have begun to manifest themselves, open up a prospect which the prophetic eye cannot behold without apprehension. The number of those who seek a commercial profit by dealing in printed matter is increasing enormously, and must go on increasing with the growing facility with which printed matter may be produced. The increased competition must increase the violence and recklessness of the expedients by which competitors will strive to force

the sale of their wares. We have already had a "Missing Word" craze, a "Maiden Tribute," and the personalities of the New Journalism. We are bound to have these things again under other names, and new things akin to them, louder and shriller and multiplied exceedingly. America is some stages ahead of us in this branch of civilization; and we know what thoughtful Americans think of the power of the Press in that country, where the public life is wholly under its domination. Its hideous vulgarities, its shameless exploitation of vice with the blatant swagger of the panderer posing as the moralist, its ruthless invasion of the rights of the individual, its disregard of every consideration of honor, decency, compassion and even patriotism, in its "enterprising" pursuit of "information à outrance"—this, with its background of intimidated private life and blunted and debased public feelings, we may have reproduced here some day. True that day seems far off yet. It looks as if it would take a lot to break down the soothing and sedate reserve which most of our newspapers happily still affect. But there have not been wanting symptoms, even amongst the most sedate, of a readiness to break through these restrictions. Once the barriers are thrown down, it will not be easy to control the torrent. American editors of the finer and more conscientious sort groan as they see their papers dragged in spite of them into the roaring whirlpool. They are helpless: it is a struggle for existence. The editor of one of the leading old-established papers of New York said recently to the present writer, "The success of the — (naming a new style of daily of tremendous popularity) has set back the wholesome development of our press by twenty years." For the new venture was a phenomenal success, and the older and more respectable journals were driven to copying its methods. When one reflects on these things, on the vast possibilities of cheapness, on the



newly-developed traffic in the second-hand, on the ease with which noxious methods from abroad are beginning to be adopted, a nightmare arises before the eyes, and one is almost tempted to believe in M. Zola's lugubrious vision of a generation crushed into the ditch by the wheels of the new printing-presses ere yet the great social factor has become an instrument of unalloyed beneficence for humanity.

#### THE MODERN NOVEL

Mr. F. Marion Crawford pursues the subject of modern novel-writing by a second paper in the February Forum. Discoursing on the emotional tension of modern fiction, he believes that the deeper interests and passions of the human heart are the same the world over, the racial and culture differences being only skin-deep. After defining the novel as a pocket-theatre, he says:—

The novel must amuse, indeed, but should amuse reasonably, from an intellectual point of view, rather than as a piece of good fun. Its object is to make one see men and women who might really live, talk, and act as they do in the book, and some of whom one would perhaps like to imitate. Its intention is to amuse and please, and certainly not to teach or preach; but in order to amuse well it must be a finely-balanced creation, neither hysterical with tears nor convulsed with perpetual laughter. The one is as tiring as the other, and, in the long run, as unnatural. It is easy, comparatively speaking, to appeal to the emotions, but it is hard to appeal to the heart. This may sound somewhat contradictory at first, but there is truth in it nevertheless. The outward emotions are in real life much more the expressions of the temperament than of what we call the heart. We all know that there are men and woman who laugh and cry more easily than others, and we are rather inclined to believe that these are not they who feel most deeply. A very

difficult question here presents itself. Bacon says somewhere that we are apt to extol the powers of the human intellect without invoking its aid as often as we might. This extolling of humanity has been a fashion of late years, and it has not yet disappeared, though its popularity is waning fast. In England Sir Andrew Clarke, M. D., has recently talked learnedly of "the religion of the body" and Lord Coleridge with eloquence of "the religion of the mind." These things are good enough, no doubt, but what of the religion of the heart, which is after all the only religion there is—if the heart is the earthly representative of the soul? There are some people—fewer than is generally supposed—who really do not believe in the existence of the soul. Let me tell them that they are very near to denying the existence of the heart. Perhaps some of them do, and they may live to repent of their unbelief in this world, if not in the next. What is the heart, or, rather, what do we in common conversation and writing understand by that word? It looks a great deal like attempting to define belief, but belief has received an excellent definition, for belief is knowledge and nothing else, so far as the individual who holds it is concerned. What we call the heart in each man and woman seems to mean the whole body of innate and inherited instincts, impulses, and beliefs, taken together, and in that relation to one another in which they stand after they have been acted upon throughout the individual's life by the inward vicissitudes and the outward circumstances to which he has been exposed. When all this is quiescent, I think we call it Self. When roused to emotional activity we call it the Heart. But whatever we call it, it is to this Self or Heart that everything which is ethic and therefore permanent must appeal.

In conclusion Mr. Crawford records his belief that the foundation of good fiction and good poetry is ethic rather than æsthetic.

## NOTES OF FICTION

A Republic without a President, by Herbert D. Ward (Tait), is a fanciful sketch of a design to kidnap the Executive and hold him for a ransom. Other tales are comprised in the same volume. C. Haddon Chambers's Thumb-Nail Sketches of Australian Life (Tait), are brief and breezy, and Grace Greenwood's Sketches and Stories (Tait), descriptive, biographical and anecdotal. A Daughter of Venice, by John Seymour Wood (Cassell), is an entertaining sketch of Continental existence, in which Italian and American marital customs are brought into sharp contrast. The illustrations are by Francis Thayer. A Born Player, by Mary West (Macmillan), is a well and simply told tale of a youth with fine natural gifts for the stage, who is encouraged by Edmund Kean to relinquish theology for the buskin. His struggles with a sense of duty, as it is presented to him, and his final decision forms the theme of a story in which sentiment and refined passion have a leading part. We also note Furono Amati, a dramatic romance touching the artistic side of New York life, by Mrs. L. C. Ellsworth (U. S. Book Co.) and Mostly Marjorie Day, a pleasant tale by Virginia F. Townsend (Lee and Shepard), in which the novelty is presented of an American girl worth many millions marrying an American. Other new novels are A Conquering Heroine, by The Duchess (Tait), The Romance of a French Parsonage, by M. Betham Edwards (Lovell, Gestefeld & Co.), The Countess Pharamond, the scene of which is also laid in France, by Rita, an author who follows The Duchess in making a story composed almost wholly of dialogue, The Cipher Despatch, by Robert Byr (Worthington), The Mysterious Mr. Jarvis, a tale of realism without salaciousness, by Frederick Giles (W. D. Rowland), and Mr. and Mrs. Herries, by May Crommelin (John A. Taylor and Co.) Among pictures of English life may be

mentioned: Florence Warden's Sea Mew Abbey (Lovell, Coryell & Co.), Grant Allen's Blood Royal (Cassell), Mrs. Alexander's Mammon (Lovell, Coryell & Co.), One of the Bevans, by Mrs. Robert Jocelyn (Lippincott), Mrs. Henry Wood's Danesbury House (Rand, McNally & Co.), picturing with realistic touch the horrors of intemperance, and in the attractive Unknown Library (Cassell), Gentleman Upcott's Daughters, by Tom Cobbleigh. The Grand Chaco is a tale of adventure in South America, by George Manville Fenn (Tait). John Strange Winter, famous as the creator of Bootles' Baby, writes the story of an English school-girl's love, entitled Those Girls (Tait Sons & Co). Underlying the lighter vein of small talk which predominates in this story there is a substratum of seriousness and pathos. Little Comrade Mine, by Martha Barr Banks (D. D. Merrill Co.), is a simply written book for children.

## MISCELLANEOUS NOTES

The Parsifal of Richard Wagner, translated from the French of Maurice Kufferath (Tait), traces the growth of the composer's most spiritual production. The legend is first recounted, and its appearance in literature historically noted with its various transformations and adaptations. Close attention is paid to the early performances and the history of the work, and the volume is completed by an analysis of the score. The illustrations from scenes of the drama are not a valuable addition, but the work will be of service to those who would acquire some knowledge of the great master's last composition. The Interpretations of Nature (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), by Nathaniel Southgate Shaler, professor of geology at Harvard, is a study of leading questions which have at once a relation to natural history and to theology. The attraction of this work is the showing of the state of mind to which the student of phenomena is brought by influences

which are entirely independent of theological opinions. Seriousness, impartiality, moderation, are the qualities which make J. Pringle Nichol's Sketch of the Life and Works of Victor Hugo (Macmillan) a useful addition to the history of literature. There is an intimate connection between Hugo's personality and his works. He is an imposing example of the truism that in the books of every writer is the man himself. There are pages of Hugo which are tiresome; there are others not surpassed. There was, in Hugo, much of the average middle-class citizen, and he at times betrays poverty of thought. But of his power over words it is impossible to say anything in excess; his gift of imagination was supreme. He was not a great dramatist, he was totally and solely the great lyrical poet. It is true that in a large proportion of his verses the head usurps the heart, but not always. A poet is primarily an intellectual being: to allege, therefore, that the intellectual faculty preponderates in his writings, is a dubious sort of censure. But of all Hugo's works, his romances are the most popular. They are sometimes impossible and unreal, but therein lies their literary value. The greatest of them is the unequal and unwieldy *Les Misérables*; the most perfect, artistically, is *Notre Dame de Paris*; but the highest flights of genius are to be found amid the extravagance and absurdity of *L'Homme qui Rit*. These are some of the views expressed by the critic in his chapters on Hugo, the poet, the romanticist, the politician, the man. In *The Technique of the Drama* (Brentano), Mr. W. T. Price sets forth the principles upon which largely depend the success of a modern play. The author admits that technique is subordinate to the moral and æsthetic elements, yet affirms that a technical knowledge is essential to honest, artistic work. The first bound volume of Meehan's Monthly, a magazine of horticulture and botany, is a notable monument

of enterprise and well-directed skill. The colored plates by Prang, continuing the work of *The Flowers and Ferns of the United States*, are the special feature of a periodical that appeals at once to the expert and the novice. The thirty-third volume of *The Dictionary of National Biography* (Macmillan), extending from Leighton to Lluelyn, is especially rich in names connected with the artistic and literary world. Sir Peter Lely is the subject of a discriminating sketch by Lionel Cust, while Charles Leslie, the American painter, is treated by Cosmo Monkhouse. Jenny Lind and the celebrated comedian, John Liston, are among the representatives of the stage presented, and in the sphere of letters we have George Henry Lewes and "Monk" Lewis, both by Leslie Stephen, Charles Lever, by Dr. Garnett, Mark Lemon and Lingard, the historian, by appreciative writers. David Livingstone also falls in this volume, and Lenthall, Speaker of the Commons in a troublous time. The Dictionary, which is now edited by Sidney Lee, upon the lines laid down by Leslie Stephen, continues its high character for comprehensiveness, impartiality and a just proportion in the arrangement of its articles. In the latter quality especially, no cyclopædia known to us can be compared to it. In the notices of eminent persons, its facts, gathered from recognized authorities, are trustworthy, and its judgments both fair and liberal; but a special value attaches to its notices of those minor celebrities of whom no accessible biography exists. The Family Life of Heinrich Heine, by his nephew, Baron Ludwig von Embden, has been translated and edited by Charles DeKay (Cassell). The volume comprises a large number of family letters, extending from 1820 to a short time before his death in 1856, and are of an intimate and peculiarly personal character, though referring less than the reader could wish to the poet's intellectual activities.

## HUMOR AND ANECDOTE

### HOW MR. BLAINE LOST A HAT ON THE MCKINLEY BILL

Senator Blackburn is quoted in the New York World to this effect:—

"The McKinley bill had been passed by the House and was on the calendar of the Senate. One day in July when Senators Allison, Hale and myself sat in a committee room waiting for Mr. Blaine, who finally appeared with a particularly glossy and irreproachable silk hat—a brand new shining plug. The tariff bill had nothing to do with the subject in hand, but being introduced, Mr. Blaine said of it: 'This bill is an infamy and an outrage. It is the most shameful measure ever proposed to a civilized people. Go on with it and it will carry our party to perdition.' I said: 'I wish you were in the Senate, Mr. Blaine, to announce yourself in such terms.' 'I wish I were,' he answered. 'If so, I would stamp it under my feet and spit on it,' and then advancing towards Senators Allison and Hale, he snapped his finger in the face of each alternately and said: 'Go on with your drivelling idiocy and see to what destruction it will lead the Republican party. Pass this bill and in 1892 there will not be a man in all the party so beggared as to accept your nomination for the Presidency.' Then he dissected the bill mercilessly, particularly the sugar schedule. I reminded him that to protect an American industry involving the labor of boring a hole in a maple tree and boiling the juice, the Senate had agreed to give the maple sugar growers of New England a bounty of two cents. He seemed hardly able to credit what I told him. 'It isn't true,' he said. Allison and Hale confirmed me. 'I suppose this was done

at the solicitation of Morrill and Edmunds?' he inquired. Mr. Allison replied in the affirmative. 'It is a good sample of the breadth of their statesmanship,' said the Secretary. His new beaver was lying on the table. With a sudden blow he brought his clenched hand down on it with such force as to smash it flatter than a pancake, and seizing the battered chapeau, he hurled it against the wall."

THE LATEST FORM OF LITERARY HYSTERICS.—The little bird stood on the roof of the cowshed and scratched its neck. Afar down the valley a lone ragman drove his chariot slowly along and chanted his plaintive lay. The wind moaned through the chimneys, the red sun looked dimly down through the smoke, and the little bird stood on the roof of the cowshed and scratched its neck.

The little bird stood on the roof of the cowshed and scratched its neck. Sadly the stray policeman in the gray distance swiped a banana from the cart of a passing Italian and peeled it with a grimy hand. He was thinking, thinking. And the dead leaves still choked the tin spout above the rain-water barrel in the back yard.

The little bird stood on the roof of the cowshed and scratched its neck. Adown the gutters in the lonely street ran murky puddles on their long, long journey toward the distant sea. Borne on the wings of the sluggish breeze came a far-off murmur of vagrant dogs in fierce contention, and life was a hollow mockery to the homeless cat.

The little bird stood on the roof of the cowshed and scratched its neck. And it softly said:

"I scratch because it itches!"—  
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